THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

Collier's

DECEMBER 18, 1948

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The Eisenhowers of Kansas

By QUENTIN REYNOLDS

Got any old stock certificates?

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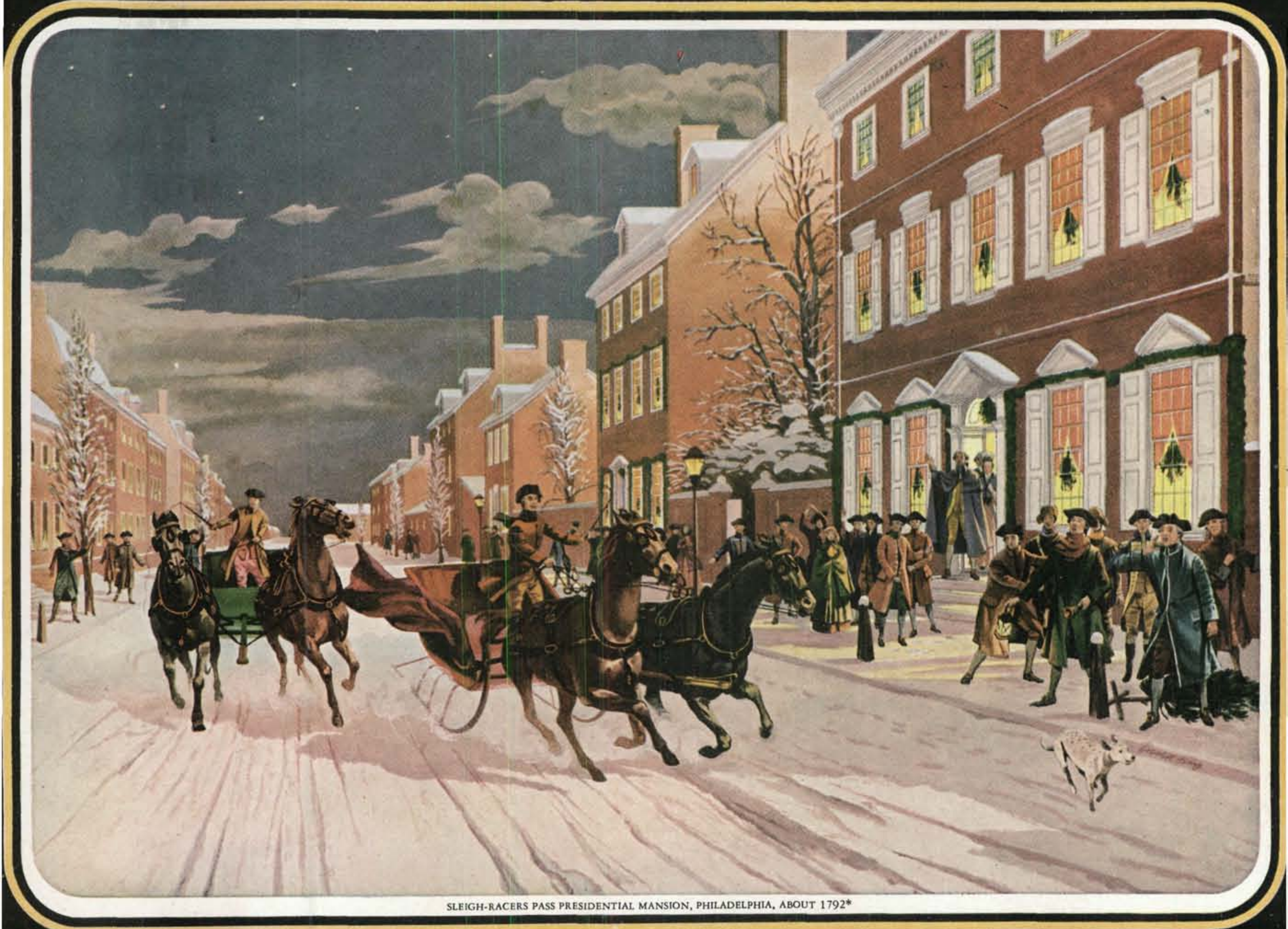
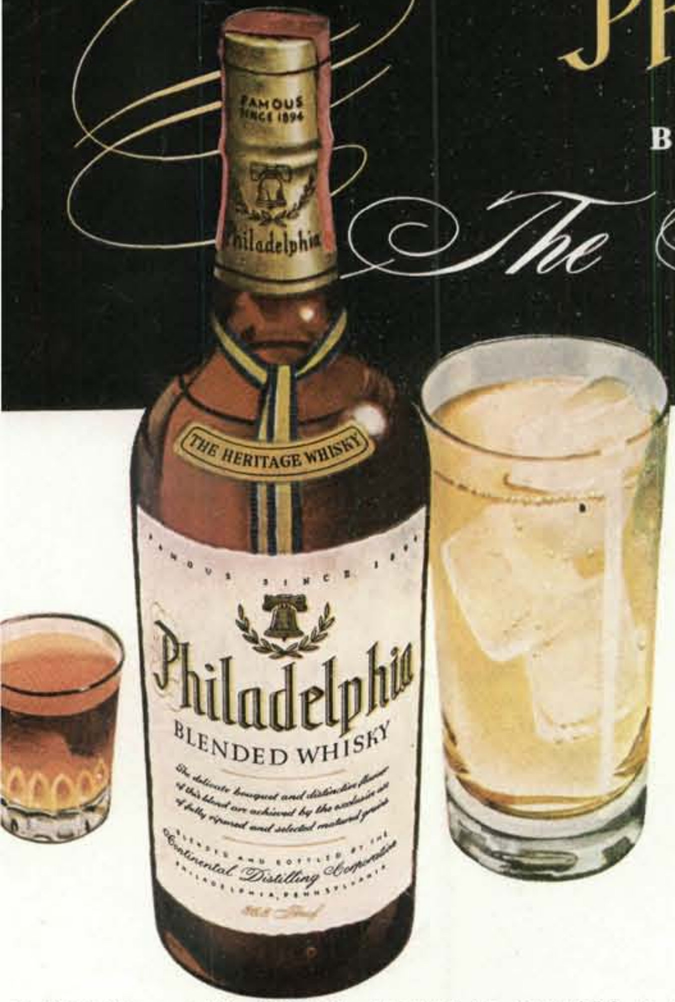


SLEIGH-RACERS PASS PRESIDENTIAL MANSION, PHILADELPHIA, ABOUT 1792*

Philadelphia

BLENDED WHISKY

The Heritage Whisky


FAMOUS SINCE 1894
Philadelphia
THE HERITAGE WHISKY
FAMOUS SINCE 1894
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BLENDED WHISKY
Continental Distilling Corporation

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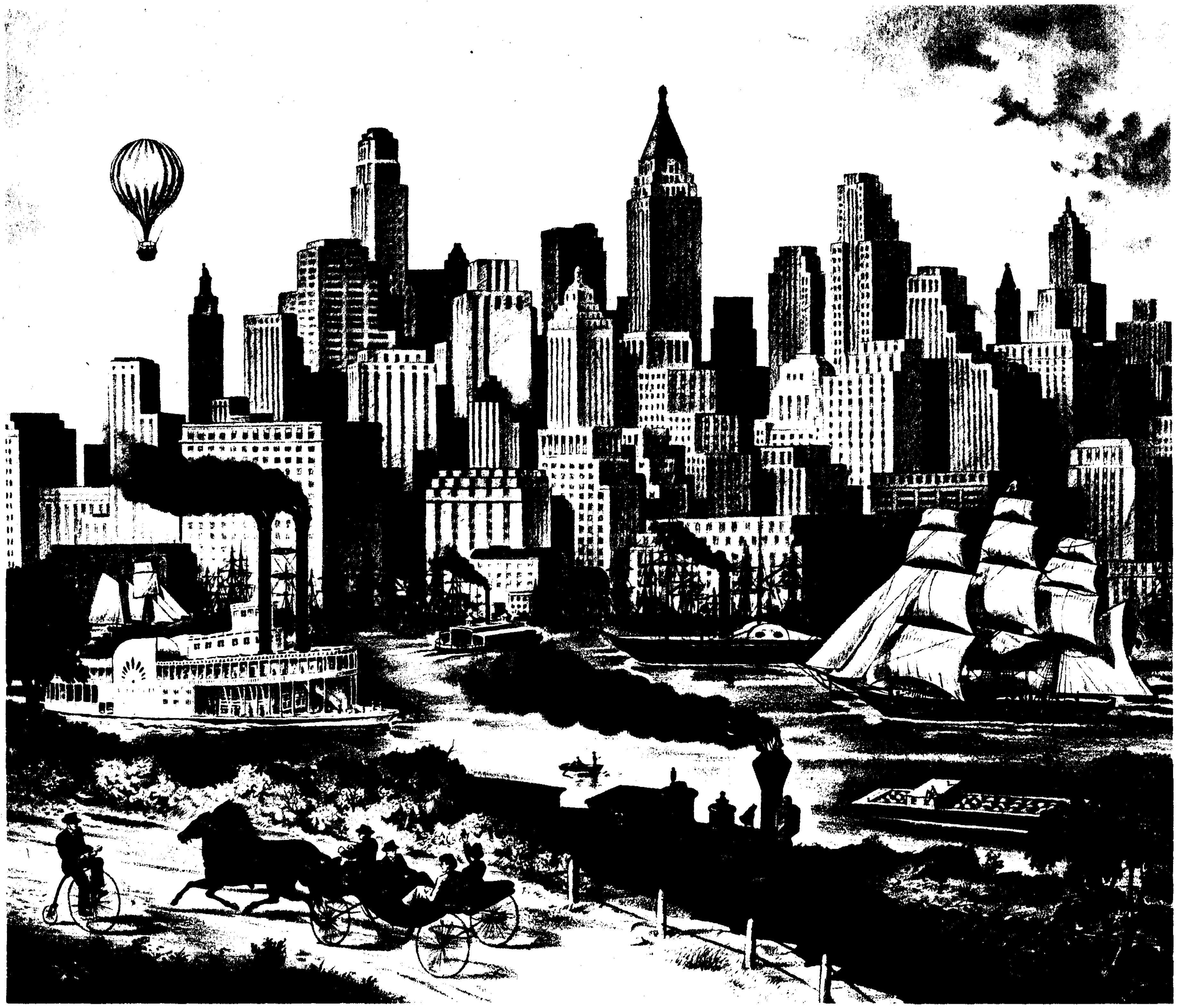

What's missing here?

FORTUNATELY, only the artist has turned back the wheels of progress. He did it by drawing a modern city with one thing missing. He left out the thing that makes modern transportation possible—the energy of oil.

Fortunately, the wheels of progress are not turning back—they are turning forward and will keep on turning forward. The benefits we get from oil will be even greater tomorrow than today. The thousands of men and women working in the great field of petroleum research are your guarantee of that. *Their* past record confirms their promise of further progress.

Out of American petroleum research has come better gasoline for your automobiles, better asphalt for your roads, better aviation fuel for America's planes, special lubricants for thousands of different types of machines and engines, diesel fuels for modern trains and tractors, fuel oil for giant ships and home heating, synthetic rubber, plastics, insecticides, paint, cosmetics, modern medicines—the complete list would fill pages.

With research—and with the rivalry of many companies each trying to make better products and invent better ways to serve you, the oil industry sets the pace for progress. It is breaking new records almost every day: in production—in refining—in marketing—in service. The 34,000 individual oil companies in America are progress minded. And their progress makes for "better living"—means more comfort and convenience for you.

Oil Industry Information Committee
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THERE'S A PLUS FOR YOU IN PETROLEUM'S PROGRESS

Picture OF THE MONTH

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer presents
"WORDS AND MUSIC"
Starring (alphabetically)
JUNE ALLYSON • PERRY COMO
JUDY GARLAND • LENA HORNE
GENE KELLY • MICKEY ROONEY
ANN SOTHERN *with* **Tom DRAKE**
Cyd CHARISSE • Betty GARRETT
Janet LEIGH • Marshall THOMPSON
Mel TORME • VERA-ELLEN
Color by TECHNICOLOR
Based on the Lives and Music of
• Richard RODGERS & Lorenz HART
Screen Play by FRED FINKLEHOFFE
Story by GUY BOLTON and JEAN HOLLOWAY
Adaptation by BEN FEINER, Jr.
Musical Numbers Directed by ROBERT ALTON
Directed by NORMAN TAUROG
Produced by ARTHUR FREED

Unquestionably, the best number that has ever appeared in a motion picture is "Slaughter On Tenth Avenue". Gene Kelly dances it in the exciting new musical "Words and Music".

But, mark *our* words . . . there's a lot more to the picture than that. The unforgettable catalogue of Rodgers and Hart songs makes the picture a worthy rival to "Till The Clouds Roll By".

In bringing "Words and Music" to the screen, M-G-M has caught the well-known pulse of Broadway and recreated its rhinestone quality. In a brilliant Technicolor mounting, we share the lives and hum the music of one of the greatest of America's song writing teams, Richard Rodgers and Lorenz Hart.

This is a spare-nothing production. Judy Garland, fresh from her triumphs in "Easter Parade" is once again her great self. Mickey Rooney, perfectly cast in the role of the unpredictable lyricist, writes many beautiful love songs, but the songs fail to win him the girl of his dreams.

June Allyson, Ann Sothern, Betty Garrett, Cyd Charisse, Perry Como, Lena Horne, Marshall Thompson, Vera-Ellen and Mel Torme. A parade of stars who sing and dance through a hit parade which includes the following: "Falling In Love With Love", "Where or When", "Blue Moon", "With a Song in My Heart", The Lady Is A Tramp", "My Heart Stood Still" and countless others.

Tom Drake plays Dick Rodgers, the shy, quiet composer known today throughout the nation for his "Oklahoma" score. Lovely Janet Leigh is his sweetheart and inspiration.

Sharing the curtain calls are Director Norman Taurog, responsible for the fine dramatic sequences, and Robert Alton who staged the dances and musical numbers.

Producer Arthur Freed, with "Words and Music" emulates his own recent success "Easter Parade".

"W and M" is Wonderful and Marvelous – and then some!

("Blue Moon" is available on M-G-M Records.)

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

Collier's

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The Week's Mail

SMOG & POLLUTION

Collier's is gratified by the tremendous response aroused by Bill Davidson's articles: Our Poisoned Air (Oct. 23d) and Our Poisoned Waters (Oct. 16th) in the United States. Of the many letters received in universal praise of this Collier's crusade, we are reproducing this typical cross section.

DEAR EDITOR: Pollution is not a subject many writers prefer to toy with; it isn't discussed in upper-avenue drawing rooms. Pollution associates with filth, with unclean diseases like smallpox and scrofula.

When a great national publication will give of itself as did Collier's on October 9th, 16th, 23d, so that all will understand, I wish to join with the thousands and thousands who will read, then stand mute with uncovered head.

Our town runs city sewage into a fine stream called the Elkhorn, and, to date, our paper (and I can go beyond that and say myself alone) is the only one to call a halt (enclosed one ed.).

C. V. (CHRIS) ROBERTS, Fremont, Neb.

. . . The enclosed clipping from the Pittsburgh Sun-Telegraph, as of October 31st, reads: "17 Die at Donora as Smog Strikes at Asthma Victims."

I had just been reading Bill Davidson's Our Poisoned Air. The clipping confirmed the article so closely and the disaster occurred so shortly after publication, I could not help but send it to you. Magazines do indeed try to prevent such occurrences as this, but no attention is given them until it is too late.

RAY W. GRAHAM, Canonsburg, Pa.

. . . As one who witnessed the smog cleanup in St. Louis in 1940, and who

COLLIER'S THE NATIONAL WEEKLY Vol. 122, No. 25. **PUBLISHED WEEKLY** by the Crowell-Collier Publishing Company, Springfield, Ohio, U.S.A., Publishers of Collier's, Woman's Home Companion, The American Magazine. Executive and Editorial Offices, 250 Park Avenue, New York 17, N. Y. Thomas H. Beck, Chairman of the Board; Albert E. Winger, President; T. L. Brantly, Peter J. Dennerlein, J. B. Scarborough, William L. Chenery, Edward Anthony, Vice-Presidents; Denis O'Sullivan, Secretary; C. F. Norsworthy, Treasurer.

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CHANGES OF ADDRESS should reach us five weeks in advance of the next issue date. Give both the old and new addresses.

ENTERED as second-class matter at the Post Office, Springfield, Ohio, under Act of March 3, 1879, and at the Post Office, Toronto, Canada.

MANUSCRIPTS or art submitted to Collier's, The National Weekly, should be accompanied by addressed envelopes and return postage. The Publisher assumes no responsibility for return of unsolicited manuscripts or art

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We expected this . . .

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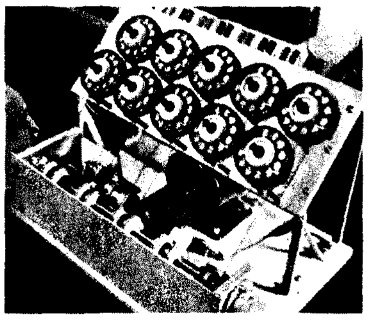
Here at Western Electric, we've been making Bell telephones since 1882. But telephones themselves are only about 6% of the equipment used in your service. The other 94% includes wire, cable, switchboards, trucks, poles, tools, office equipment. With the exception of buildings, we make or supply almost everything Bell telephone people use—and test it with utmost care.

Guarding the quality of things used in your Bell telephone service is one way that Western Electric helps to make it the world's best.



This machine spins dials 40,000 times a day—day after day—to make them prove they're good for at least 500,000 twirls.

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SOUTH WIND'S safety won for it the coveted Underwriters' Laboratories Seal.

suffered from Los Angeles smog for three years, I read Our Poisoned Air with great interest.

A few days after that issue came out, St. Louis had its first really bad smog in several years.

Then came the Donora, Pa., tragedy.

Now it has happened in the United States.

Norton B. Moore (Ph.D.), St. Louis, Mo.

It Happened Here—Donora, Pa.

. . . I have wondered for years why the government did not stop this nuisance.

I am a farmer forty-five years old, own my own 160 A. Thirty years ago I watched the land slipping away downstream and nothing done until the dry era of the '30s. I have traveled through the Middle West, Rocky Mts. and saw the streams and rocks all stained and polluted with mine wastes and sewage. I am sending your article to the County Farm adviser.

John H. Kilian, Carlinville, Ill.

. . . Bill Davidson didn't mention Philadelphia. Couldn't he get near enough? He'd have had plenty to write about. When will the article on poisoned soil be issued? We drink from the water, we breathe the air—we eat food produced from the poisoned soils. . . . Louis Dodge, Philadelphia, Pa.

. . . You could change New York City from a Second Pittsburgh to a really healthy place to live.

Do keep up this good work. How can the individual help?

Mrs. J. S. Sharp, New York City

. . . I would like to acquaint you with the pollution of Onondaga Lake near this city from factory waste and the sewage of our city. . . . Albany is quietly sidestepping the cleaning up of this once beautiful lake.

Leon J. Brown, Syracuse, N. Y.

. . . The Coeur d'Alene River that runs below my ranch once was the scene of herds of cattle, deer and white swan and was alive with fish. Now if you let cattle run near it they soon die or become so poor that they are worthless.

The lake below my farm is known as Swan Lake. Every spring the white swans come here but most of them die from lead poisoning. If one was to kill a swan the fine would be $500 or up to three years' imprisonment.

R. B. Richardson, Black Lake, Idaho

. . . Our problem has *not* been solved. The City of Middlebury and other towns make the Otter Creek a dangerous, sluggish stream, sickening even to look at, here in Vermont.

I am keeping copies of both articles and together with Our Plundered Planet in which I shall insert them, they are going to circulate among all our friends.

Charles and Elizabeth J. Hendel, Brandon, Vt.

. . . You are making a real contribution toward the prevention of cancer. Laboratory studies of chemicals that cause cancer accomplish little if people go around breathing in soot-filled air that may contain these chemicals.

We are testing samples of soot collected in New York. . . .

William E. Smith, M.D., Sloan-Kettering Institute for Cancer Research, New York, N. Y.

. . . I read with amazement Bill Davidson's statement that Portland was *planning* to do something about the Willamette River.

This is an old joke with the residents of this city. Every few years there is a big campaign to "Clean up the Willamette! Save the salmon," etc. Everyone gets all enthused and votes for it or contributes, then grins because we are certain we will hear why it cannot be done now but later it will, etc., etc.

Mrs. Tod Barclay, Portland, Ore.

. . . It may be a surprise to you, as it is to many persons, that industry is responsible for only about 10 per cent of stream pollution. America's steel companies, therefore, are not and never have been major offenders. They have spent millions of dollars for research into this vital problem.

Much of the work has revolved around an exhaustive study of the treatment and disposal of spent pickling liquor. This liquor, formed when steel is immersed in acid to remove oxide scale, constitutes one of the major waste products of the industry. Already close to 150 methods of solving the problem practically and economically have been carefully weighed. The principal trouble with these methods as permanent measures is their excessive cost. The big problem now is to bring down that cost.

Walter S. Tower, President, American Iron and Steel Institute, New York City

. . . I work on the Erie Railroad as a fireman and I believe that my run takes me by some of the *filthiest streams* in the country. I see oil wells which send forth their share of salt water and other excretions; sewage and waste from refineries and tanneries all going into streams which go into the Allegheny.

Have you ever caught a black bass or rainbow trout out of the Allegheny River? The trout and bass have little balls of fur in their stomachs and they say that they taste like oil.

But below Johnsonburg, the Clarion is in my mind the most filthy stream in the world. In the summer the stench will just about turn your stomach.

Ralph Jacobs, Salamanca, N. Y.

. . . A quarter of a century ago Biscayne Bay in Dade County, Florida, offered an ever-changing, breath-taking pattern of clear pastel shades.

Today the water of the bay ranges from a cloudy, forlorn green to a noisome and murky brown. There is only disgust for the filth, and fear of its effect on the health of a quarter-million people.

John Q. Citizen naps complacently on the banks of his man-made cesspool.

Don McCarthy, Miami Beach, Fla.

. . . Some years ago I was connected with several chemical plants and what we did to the sweet waters with our waste materials was a crime. When forced to correct the measure, we found it could be done at little cost.

No less of importance is that of shore erosion along Lake Erie accruing year after year from the savage waves of the lake.

C. H. Richardson, Sandusky, Ohio

. . . Schenley Distillers has for years cooperated with authorities in an effort to keep the nation's streams free of distillery waste.

At a cost of more than $2,500,000 we have constructed eleven dry-houses in Kentucky, Indiana, Pennsylvania, Maryland and Massachusetts, to process what formerly was waste "spent stillage" into livestock and poultry feeds. Besides maintaining a close chemical and bacteriological check on streams in the vicinity of our distilleries, Schenley also has installed waste disposal and treatment plants in two states and currently is working on plans to help insure Baltimore a clean source of water from the Patapsco River . . . experimental projects for improving methods of disposing of residue.

Carl J. Kiefer, Schenley Distillers Corporation, New York City

IN CASE OF EMERGENCY...

The miracle of America is our standard of living. This prosperity is the product of a thrifty people, the reward of systematic saving and spending.

Even as we give our children an allowance we teach them to save—show them the value of being prepared for that day when savings may turn into a college education, a new home, a better way of life. We tell them too, how savings can protect against the perils of money emergencies and literally "buy" security.

Sometimes however, savings are not large enough to open the door of opportunity, to bring about a realization of our dreams and hopes. Few families go through life without sometime facing an emergency requiring more money than they have available. It is these basically thrifty people that are served by Household Finance Corporation and its subsidiaries.

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Household Finance keeps in touch with members through letters and a publication designed for them. We answer all questions and supply information from time to time.

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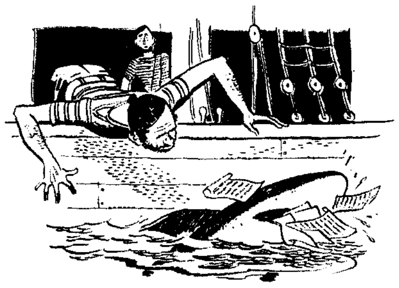
★ KEEP UP ★ With the World

BY FRELING FOSTER

ONE OF AMERICA'S most baffling unsolved murder cases was the shooting of David and George Smith in the Severs Hotel in Muskogee, Oklahoma, on April 26, 1930. Wealthy brothers from Connecticut, they occupied room 819 while the connecting room 817 was occupied by the two men who accompanied them, PS and JW, their business partners and lifelong friends. At nine on the tragic night, while PS was shaving in the bathroom of 817, two strangers walked in the unlocked door of 819, quickly killed the Smiths, bound and gagged JW and escaped without leaving a single clue. Strangest of the questions concerning the crime still are (1) why no one heard the shots, not even PS in the bathroom, and (2) why the murderers when departing removed the hotel key from the inside of the door and inserted from the outside a crude one of their own that neither fitted nor could turn the lock.



IN 1799 NEAR the coast of Jamaica, a vessel named Nancy, suspected of carrying contraband, was seized by a revenue cutter and taken into Port Royal. Before it was boarded, however, the crew disposed of the forbidden part of the cargo and the captain likewise threw overboard the ship's papers, substituting a faked set he had prepared for such an emergency. At the trial a few days later, he and the officers were about to be acquitted of the charge of smuggling, for lack of evidence, when the master of another cutter walked into the court with the Nancy's original papers which his men had discovered in the stomach of a shark they had harpooned that morning. Consequently, the defendants were convicted. Today, these documents, called The Shark's Papers, are on exhibition in the Institute of Jamaica in Kingston, and the shark's head is preserved in the Royal United Service Institution in London.

TEN INDIAN CHIEFS were visiting the White House in 1864, when their guide and interpreter was bribed by P. T. Barnum to bring them to his American Museum in New York for exhibition, on the pretext that they were to be given a public reception. After this so-called reception had taken place hourly for a week, the chiefs realized they had been tricked and departed in disgust, telling Barnum to go to blazes. A few months later, through the carelessness of an employee, the 24-year-old museum caught fire and burned to the ground.

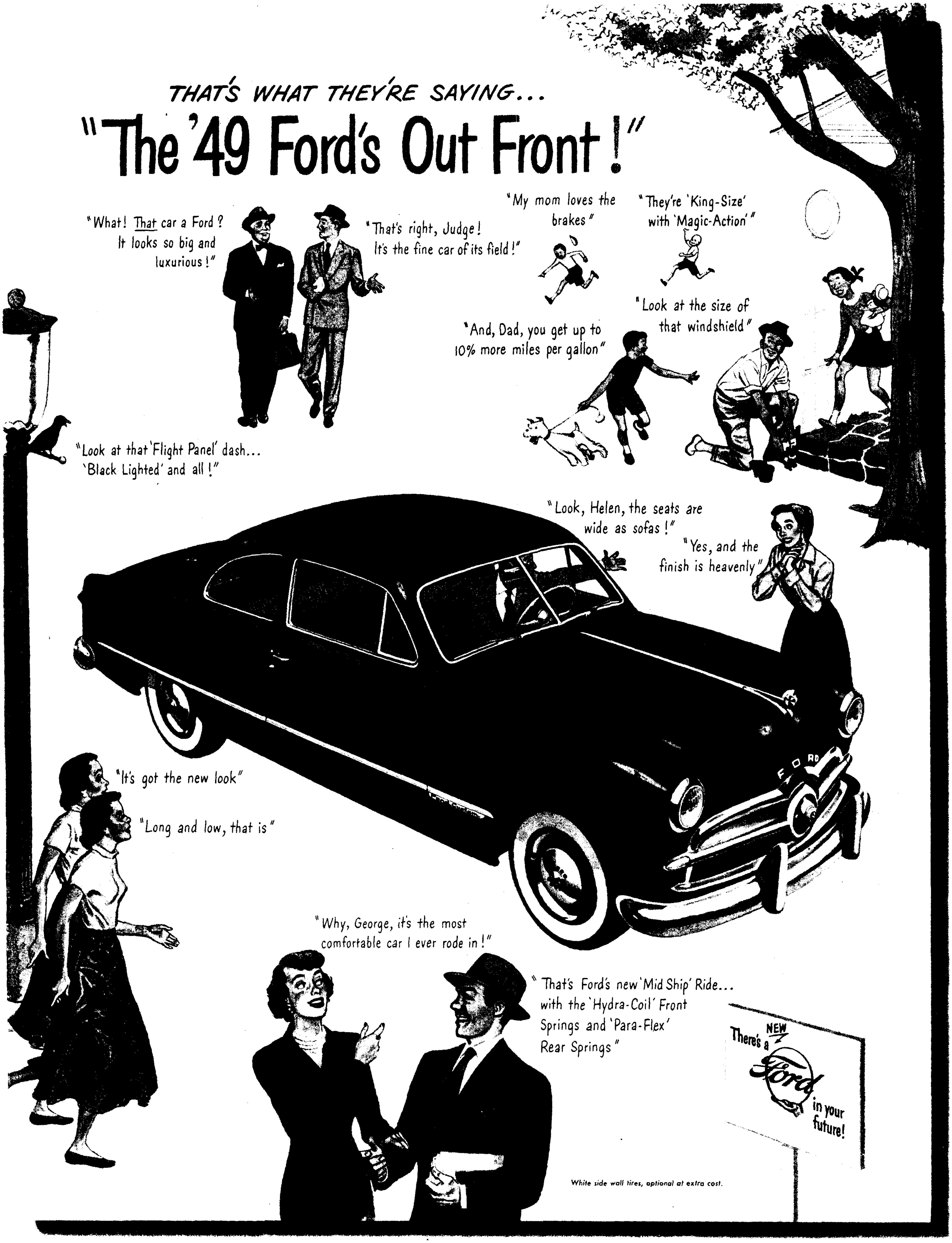
DURING THE BLOODY Thirty Years War when Rothenburg an der Tauber, Germany, was finally captured, Marshal Tilly of the conquering army was so enraged by the town's prolonged resistance that he proclaimed it would be annihilated. An innkeeper then presented Tilly with a three-quart tankard of fine wine and after he and his seven aides had emptied it, the marshal's heart softened and he announced that Rothenburg would be spared if any citizen could drink the huge tankard in one draught. Whereupon a brave soul stepped forward and accomplished the feat, thus consuming what was probably the largest drink in history and the only one that ever saved a town from destruction.

DRAWINGS BY JACK BETTS

Ten dollars will be paid for each fact accepted for this column. Contributions must be accompanied by their source of information. Address Keep Up With the World, Collier's, 250 Park Ave., New York (17), N. Y. This column is copyrighted and no items may be reproduced without permission

THAT'S WHAT THEY'RE SAYING...

"The '49 Ford's Out Front!"



"What! That car a Ford? It looks so big and luxurious!"

"That's right, Judge! It's the fine car of its field!"

"My mom loves the brakes"

"They're 'King-Size' with 'Magic-Action'"

"Look at the size of that windshield"

"And, Dad, you get up to 10% more miles per gallon"

"Look at that 'Flight Panel' dash... 'Black Lighted' and all!"

"Look, Helen, the seats are wide as sofas!"

"Yes, and the finish is heavenly"

"It's got the new look"

"Long and low, that is"

"Why, George, it's the most comfortable car I ever rode in!"

"That's Ford's new 'Mid Ship' Ride... with the 'Hydra-Coil' Front Springs and 'Para-Flex' Rear Springs"

White side wall tires, optional at extra cost.

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works wonders in the looks of your hair. It *looks* natural . . . it *feels* natural . . . and it *stays in place.*

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new Vaseline cream hair tonic
TRADE MARK ®

***** *This special compound gives lustre . . . keeps hair in place without stiffness.*

The Week's Work

This week's cover: *Photographer John Mechling ran into Nancy Liljenstein, vacationing New Orleans beauty, at the Festival of Arts at Laguna Beach and stalked her around the exhibits. Detecting no flaws, he asked her to pose for him. She and Miss Kitty both co-operated.*

ICHARD WILCOX started writing at Yale, where he headed the oldest monthly in America, the Yale Literary Magazine. On graduating in '40, he went to work for Life. "I had the great good luck (if you can call it that) to be the only correspondent at sea with the Pacific fleet west of Pearl Harbor when the war broke out," he says. "For a few days I wished I'd studied to be an accountant."

However, Mr. Wilcox (along with 13,000,000 other people) adjusted and saw a lot of the world in the process, filing many dramatic stories and writing two books. "I really began to live when I joined the Coast Guard in '44," he says. "My *tour de force* was to accompany Commander Jack Dempsey around the world in '44-'45. Let me sum up my many graphic memories of Jack by saying he is one of the finest guys in the world."

On the tour Wilcox did 22 countries, 19 Pacific islands and every continent but one. Collier's has published several Wilcoxes with exotic backgrounds. "But I have never visited the Congo," he admits. "I got the machete idea in High Pressure in the Congo (p. 24) after watching natives shave and pick teeth with machetes in a score of hot and humid places.

SIDNEY HERSCHEL SMALL, our Short Shortist of the week (Husband's Day, p. 56), is a third-generation Californian, which means the Northern variety, who has been writing for twenty-five years. Most of his stories for Collier's have a Far East or Chinatown setting. Husband's Day is the first short short he's ever done.

"As the years go on I ache here and have pains there," he reveals. "And so do my friends. We all grunt and moan about it. There you have the background of the story. I fortunately have a doctor who doesn't think a man should stop smoking, drinking and staying up after nine because he's going on 190.

"Anyhow, we have Mother's Day, Father's Day and Groundhog Day and even Mother-in-Law's Day. Why not a day for husbands? Why, I can see all the husbands every December 18th going off to work with a calla lily in their buttonholes."

PAUL GREEN (Case of the Missing Stockholders, p. 28) is a thirty-five-year-old New Yorker who's published about 125 articles on subjects ranging from bra making to code wizards. Trained as an accountant he spent seven years in the Merchant Marine as a seagoing bookkeeper, publishing his own shipboard newspapers on the side.

During this time Paul had Will Rogers work for him as guest columnist; was potshotted at in Havana by revolutionists; missed the boat in Panama, Rio and California; unwittingly formed part of a Communist uprising in Buenos Aires while shopping along Calle Florida; was thrown in the clink once in Santos, Brazil, for not wanting to pay a bill of 65 milreis (13 cents); and learned to dance the rumba in Panama with an entertainer who said she was Josephine Baker.

After leaving the sea, Green did odd jobs for fancy New York bistros and Billy Rose. He is now promoting Todd Shipyards and a fog machine.

Partner Sidney Fields is a Columbia grad, has worked as a cabdriver, lugged a camera "upstairs" in the Air Force, and once took some fairly exclusive pictures of Mussolini.

Green liked a column Fields does for the New York Daily Mirror, called Only Human, so they teamed up. Fields acts as the legs, Green the brain in getting their work together.

KEN JONES, who reports on New Jersey's Amazing Powder Puff Farmer (p. 30), recently completed a 15,000-mile flight with the Air Force, during which he tried to make a fire with four sticks of dynamite in the Rockies back of Denver.

AIR FORCE PHOTO

Ken Jones (left) meets Chloe, a cottonmouth moccasin, in the Everglades

This may explain a certain odd strain in Mr. Jones' make-up. For instance, he is an accomplished worrier. He claims to be dean of the J. Kenneth Jones Institute for Worrying, which, for a small fee, offers 24-hour worrying service to all members.

This outfit operates in conjunction with the J. Kenneth Jones Memorial Haircut Foundation, and the J. Kenneth Jones Absentee Motion Picture Attendance Bureau, which attends movies for you when you're too busy and calls you on the phone the next day and tells you how you liked the show. . . .

TED SHANE

"That I would surely want in a Christmas watch"

"BEST-DRESSED WOMAN"
Gertrude Lawrence is an idol of theatregoers in London as well as New York

said ***GERTRUDE LAWRENCE***

when she was told

of the DuraPower Mainspring

in the new ***ELGINS***

she admired

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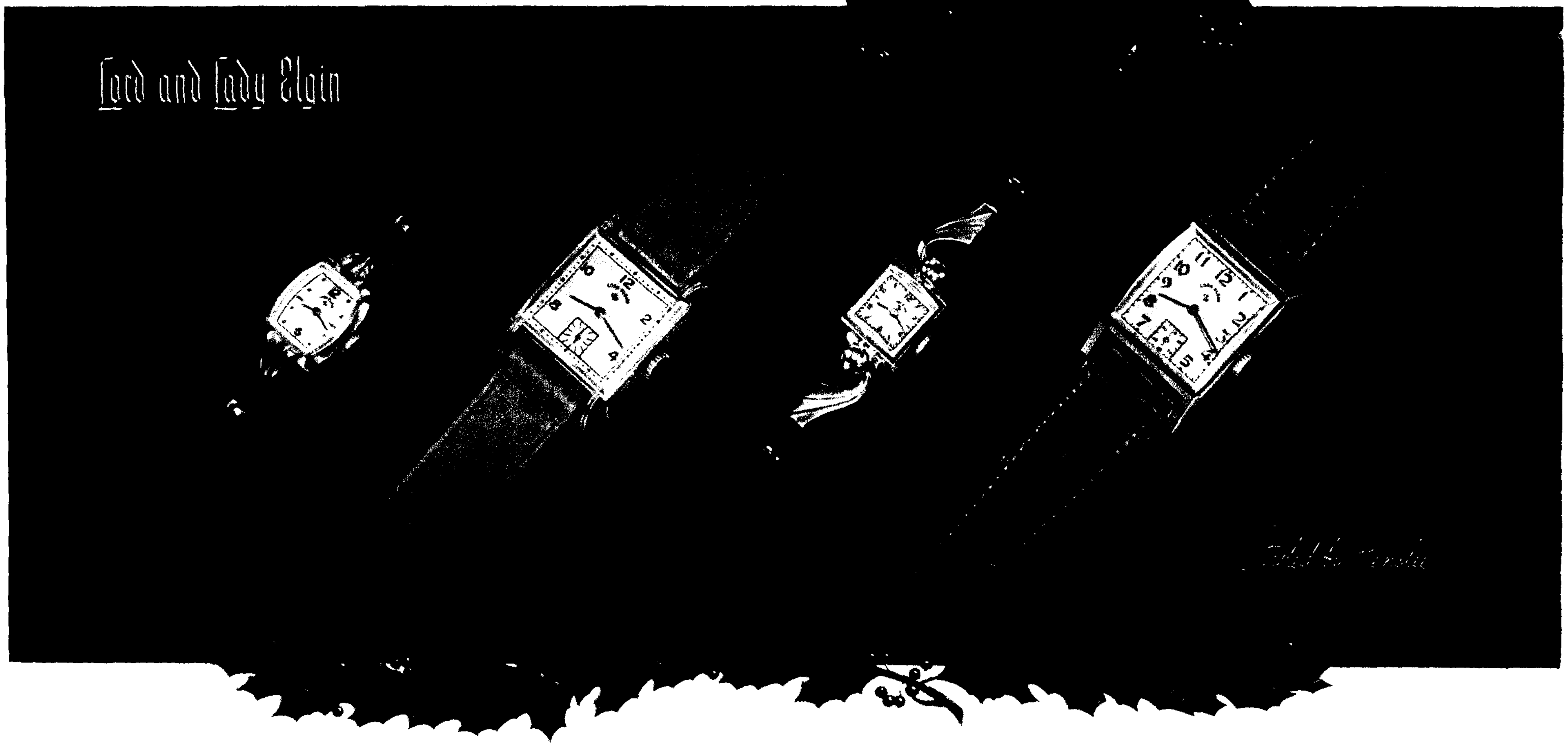

Enthusiasm over Elgin Watches goes deeper these days—deeper than the smart styling you instantly admire. For there is a new miracle in the part that makes them run . . . a
nspring that everyone, like Miss Lawrence, would "surely want in a Christmas watch." It is
n's exclusive new DuraPower Mainspring!

This mainspring in Elgin Watches will never, never rust—and rust is the greatest cause
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ter accuracy through the years. In fact, the DuraPower Mainspring eliminates 99% of all
irs due to steel mainspring failures! And you get at no extra cost this latest achievement of
rica's great creative and productive genius.

See the stunning new Elgins at your jeweler's—watches that have won praise from
y of America's best-dressed women and men. Look for the DuraPower symbol "dp"
he dial. There's no doubt about it . . . the one you love will be *happier* with an Elgin Watch.

Lord and Lady Elgins are priced from $67.50 to $5000.00. Elgin De Luxe from $47.50 to $67.50. Other Elgins as low as $29.75. All of these prices include the Federal Excise Tax.

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The genius of America . . . to wear on your wrist

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Sometimes you're lucky when you cry

CRYING OFTEN MEANS you've *sidestepped* a lot of grief.

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There are many other ways, too, in which your own body automatically averts mishaps. Reflex action snatches your hand away from a hot stove before you're badly burned. You stumble or trip, and instinctively you catch yourself to avoid a painful fall.

Yet, in spite of the quickest of quick reflexes, serious accidents *do* happen. Every day, people slip, take a tumble, break bones, get cut or burned. All too often, they're faced with months in the hospital, unable to work.

And the aftermath of many of these misfortunes is as tragic as the accident itself. That's the tormenting, day-after-day worry over costly medical expenses, loss of earning power, unpaid rent and grocery bills.

But fortunately, that distressing part of an accident *can* be avoided.

Your best protection from such mental anxiety is adequate accident coverage in the Travelers. The way to get it—is to call your Travelers agent, now.

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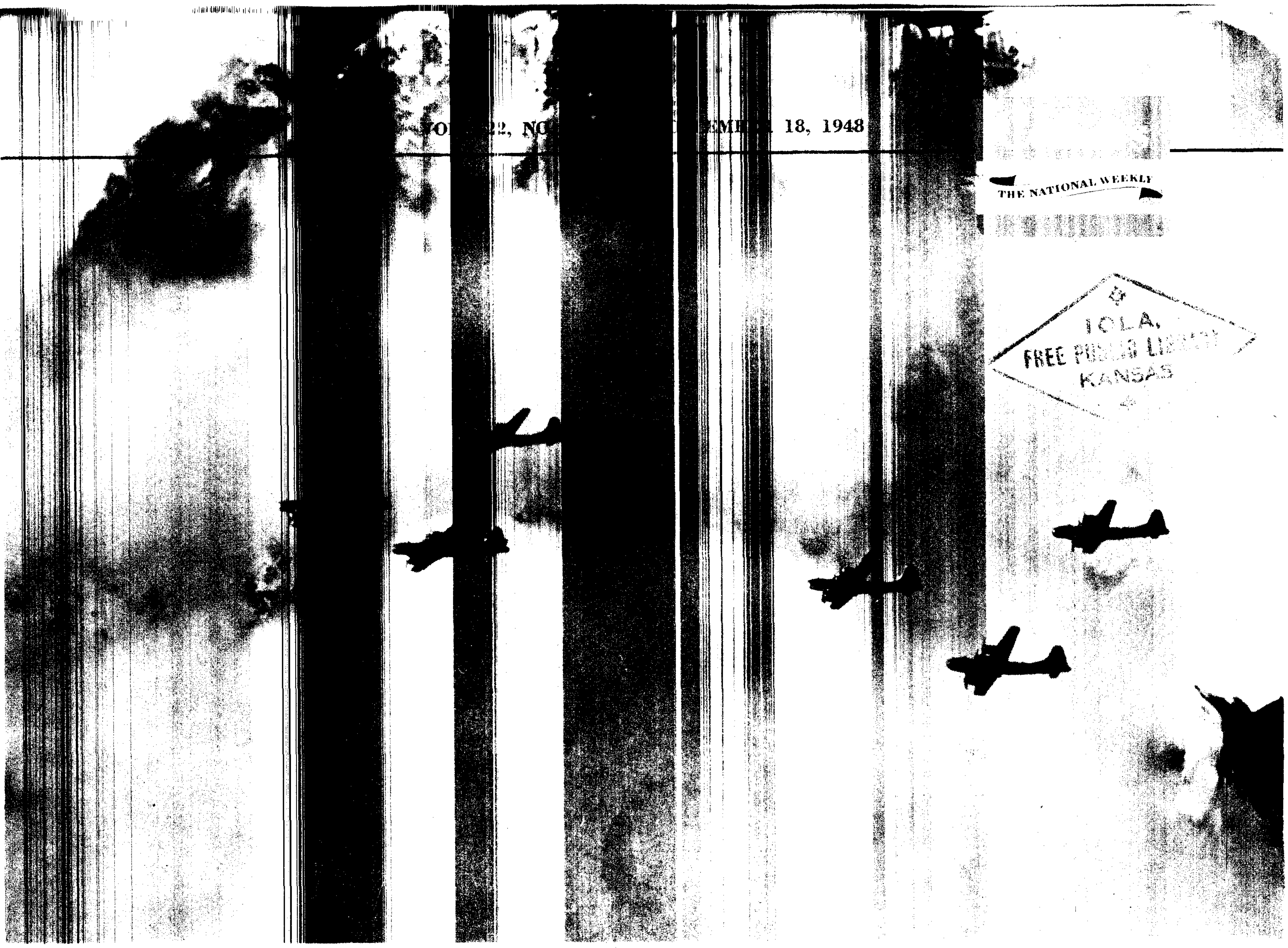


AIR FORCE PHOTO

Alaska's icy mountains cannot hinder a superfortress' flight. Through this pass, bombers from Siberian bases could lead the way for invasion of the United States

The Russian Knock on Alaska's Door

By FRANK KLUCKHOHN

Hunched in the Arctic like an angry bear, Siberia bristles with air bases. Skirting this coast, the writer prayed for a view of the cloud-covered strips from which bombers could blast helpless Alaska—and then the iron mists parted!

AS WE moved down the runway, a snowstorm blasted at the Nome airfield. Our old plane wobbled on the ice, its twin motors began to roar and then we were airborne. The plane tossed sickeningly in the wind as we gained altitude. Tiny Nome was barely visible to the left—a cluster on the sea—and the last outpost of America faded into swirling snowflakes. "These rubber boats are useless," the pilot said. "We couldn't live five minutes in the icy waters below us now."

With one of the startling changes that occur in this weird zone, the air became calm. The sea had disappeared. Snow clouds were below us, and a second thin cloud layer lay above us. We were moving in a gray world with blurred horizons.

A sharp crack sounded along the plane's skin. Then another. The craft shivered. Ice was breaking off the propellers and hitting the plane.

This was my seventh attempt to catch a glimpse of Russia's forbidden Siberian coast, and unless we could fight our way clear of the enveloping mists—the iron mists of the Soviet, it seemed—I would have no more success this time than I had on the six previous tries.

Upon my arrival in Nome less than a month before it suddenly became terribly evident to me that the public in general, though absorbed in the crisis in Europe, were unconcerned about our exposed outpost in the North. For, in the dreadful event of war, Alaska is the most logical place for invasion to come.

From air bases dotted along the Soviet's eastern Siberian coast it is not more than a 3,000-mile flight to New York and most of industrial America, a distance well within the range of moderately new bombers. How well equipped are the Russians for such a project few people in general know. No correspondent, to my knowledge, has yet flown close enough to the Siberian coast in weather which permitted enough observation to get the facts.

The pilot was speaking again. "Look, a double sun!"

Two suns, equal in size and equally dim, appeared through the grayness. One seemed to be about six feet below the other. This is an atmospheric phenomenon of the North.

The pilot was flying on instruments. The magnetic pole lay more west than north of our position and its proximity made compass needles swing drunkenly and play odd tricks. Here, where the imaginary longitudinal lines of the earth converge more sharply, it is difficult to navigate under the best of conditions and easy to get off course.

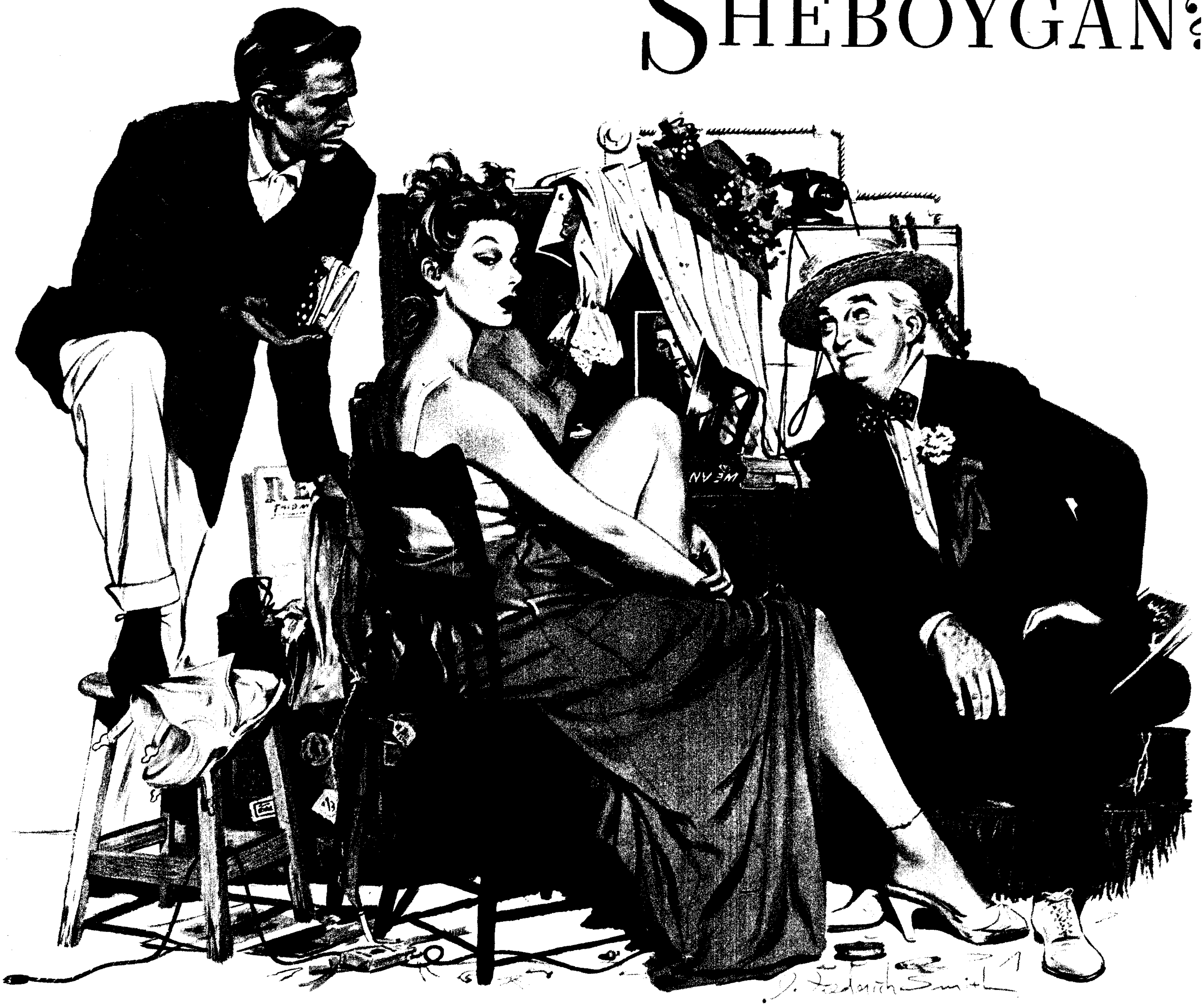
The clouds scattered a trifle as we came over Cape Prince of Wales, the continental point nearest Asia. We came down to look. Jagged, saw-tooth mountains with snow blowing off them in flat sheets poked up through the weather, and tumultuous winds again battered the plane.

"Better get out to sea where it's calmer," the pilot said. "The gales at this point can tear a plane apart."

Out over the Bering straits again the going was smoother. We sighted the Diomedes—Big Diomede, belonging to the Russians; Little Diomede, owned by the U.S., where the East adjoins the West at the international date

(Continued on page 49)

SHEBOYGAN



"Look, if I gave you a hint would you take it?" I asked her. "Why don't you go back home?"

It was opening night, the biggest moment in Doll's life, and Willy ruined it for her—deliberately

"THIS is a great little girl, Willy," Cal said. He had the grin on his face, the bashful grin of a little boy who's been caught in the cookie jar. I knew that grin. He hadn't been in any cookie jar. "You're going to like her, Willy. She's got a lot of talent."

He was a liar, and I knew it.

"Fine," I said weakly. "Fine."

What else do you say to a guy who's got eight million dollars and is paying your salary out of it?

It was really a little silly, the whole thing. If Cal wanted her in, she was in. All I did was write the music for the show and direct the musical sequences; a guy with curly hair named Emil did the choregraphy, and Joe Hamilton directed the straight stuff. Cal was the producer. That's what it would say in the playbill: Produced by Calvin Memly. I suppose the citizens might even believe it, not realizing that he was just eight million bucks with a hobby, incapable of producing anything without help.

Eddie, the piano player, came out and stuck a sheet of music on the rehearsal piano. He put his hands on the keys.

"Spotlights!" Cal hollered. "Presenting—Miss Doll Monahan!"

Eddie played some chords, and on she came. She was wearing some sequins here, some sequins there, some netting, and a great deal of skin. She came on a little too slowly, her face full of pearly teeth in a fraudulent smile, her hands moving in funny little gestures as if she wanted to cover her nakedness and run. She was a redhead.

From the neck down she was standard. The face —well, who can tell anything about a face from row twenty-three? The talent was standard, too. She did Sunny Side of the Street, so help me; she sang, in a way, and she did a tap routine in the middle of it. Cal came up the aisle and sat down beside me.

"Great, huh?" he said. "I think this little girl deserves a solo specialty. We can work it in."

"Do we have to?" I said wearily.

"I'll let you work it out. Soon as she's dressed, you can talk to her."

I gave her five minutes to get her clothes on and then thumped the door. When I came in, she was sitting in front of the mirror wiping the make-up off. Sammy Hotchkiss was sitting on the busted couch; they were making conversation.

You have heard about Sammy, I presume. The show was built around him, which meant it was sure-fire, because Sammy never misses. He is maybe sixty, one of the greatest comics who ever lived, and one of the few gentle people I have ever known in this throat-cutting trade. On his round face is a constant expression of pleased surprise, as if he'd just been kissed on the forehead. The girl was giving

ILLUSTRATED BY J. FREDERICK SMITH

CHEYENNE? TOPEKA?

By WILLIAM PORTER

him a big, happy smile, and I guessed what he'd been telling her. I figured the situation called for another treatment.

"Look, if I gave you a hint, would you take it?" I asked her, ignoring Sammy. "Why don't you go back to Great Falls?"

"Where?"

"Or is it Cedar Rapids? Ogden? Sturgeon Bay?" I went on.

She stopped looking eager. "I thought I was hired," she said.

"Officially, you're hired. Like I said, this is a hint."

"Are you sore at me about something?" she said, puzzled. "Cal said you'd work with me on my specialty. Cal said I was terrific. So does Mr. Hotchkiss here."

"Mr. Hotchkiss is a wonderful old liar who believes in being nice to people," I said. "And when Cal says you're terrific, he's talking about something other than your talent." I sat down beside her. "Look, you're not very good. Go back to Sandusky. You'll save yourself a lot of trouble."

"Mr. Hale," she said, "I'm twenty-seven years old. I started from a hole beneath the bottom of the ladder, and I've worked my way up. I've hopped cars, given permanents, sung in choirs, night clubs and at funerals. For nine years I've worked for a shot at the top. I've got it. Don't argue about it with me."

"This is what is known as the facts of life," I said. I leaned a little closer and looked at her, hard. The brown eyes were big, the kind you can drown in, so I stopped looking so hard. "There's another thing," I said. "You're Cal's discovery. I know how it is with his discoveries. To put it plain, baby, Cal is poison for little girls. For details, see almost any Sunday tabloid. That's not for you. Go home."

"That comes pretty close to being none of your business," she said coolly. "Maybe I don't want to be warned. Why bother?"

I was wondering myself; I had never bothered before.

"I don't care who discovers me," she said, "so long as somebody does. I've worked for nine years because I know I'm good. I'm not changing my mind because of the opinion of some baton waver who's got a mad on at the boss."

It was getting cold in that room. You could practically see the frost forming on the windows. I gave up.

"Coming, Sammy?" I said, as I opened the door.

NEXT morning we worked out details of Miss Monahan's routine. Eddie the piano player and myself. We worked out something on I Cover the Waterfront, a very hokey business with a sleazy-but-tight black dress and a dark stage; in the accompaniment, a French horn and lots of muted violins. No dancing at all. It is an old rule of show business: If you can't make it good, make it short.

"When she starts singing," Eddie said as we were working over the arrangement, "you'll have to do without piano." He threw down his pencil. "She can't sing, but she's a nice kid, you know that? I mean, I like her."

Eddie is the color of a lifeguard in August. He has shoulders and black hair with a wave in it. He is also medium handy with a piano.

"Have you communicated with her about it?" I was casual.

"Me?" He looked surprised. "You crazy or something? She's Cal's pigeon; you know that."

"That's what bothers me," I said. "She is such a nice girl. I hate to see her get that Calvin Memly treatment. A guy with rippling muscles and good teeth might save her that and enjoy himself at the same time."

This was what is known as strategy. I could see an idea sneaking up behind Eddie. He picked up his pencil and started making notations on the score again. For a while nobody said anything.

"Say, Willy," he said finally, swinging around on the bench, "I wonder if you could let me have fifty? I'm supporting my poor old mother, you know. And chasing the pigeons costs money." He smiled. He gave me a confidential-type wink. "After all," he said, "it's your idea." . . .

Within a week I had almost two hundred bucks invested in Eddie and his project. This is quite a lot of money but at the time I figured it was worth it. If Doll started responding to Eddie, Cal would drop her from the show so fast she'd think she'd fallen into an elevator shaft. That's all I was thinking about, the necessity of keeping this pigeon from ruining a show which I had fathered. I had no other motives. Absolutely none.

At least, that's what I kept telling myself.

Right away Eddie scheduled private rehearsals with her, most of them in the evening, pointing out that she had a long way to go in less than two weeks. After these rehearsals he took her to Sardi's, a bar and grill which all young actresses confuse with Valhalla. A couple of nights Cal dropped around to rehearsal, just to see how things were going. On those nights they went fine; they went until three in the morning.

"Personally, it doesn't make any difference to me," he explained. This was after the Saturday rehearsal, for which Eddie and the girl had been an hour late, and Cal had me trapped in my vitamin hangout. I have a trace of ulcer, and I eat in a place called the Peppo Health Harbor. "But that kind of thing is bad for the show, don't you think?"

"What kind of thing?"

"Doll and that piano man. Supposing something developed, taking their minds off their work. It could be a tragedy."

"I see what you mean," I said.

"After all," he said, "the girl is my discovery. I'd hate to see her lose her big chance because—"

"Oh, absolutely," I said and took a drink of carrot juice. "Why don't you speak to Eddie about it?" I said slyly. "In severe tones."

As I said before, Eddie has muscles, and the wonderful vision was of him knocking Cal's teeth in.

"I think maybe I will," Mr. Memly said softly.

THE next morning, Sunday morning, we were having a rehearsal—Eddie and Doll and myself. This was just a week before we opened, remember, and the routine was supposed to be ready. Eddie was late.

"No wonder," I told her, "with you keeping him up all hours."

"Ha!" she said. "Anyhow, I didn't even see him last night. We were going to run through it again, but he canceled. Had to see Cal. I went to bed at eight o'clock. I needed it; that boy sets a fast clip."

"You aren't forced to go along," I said.

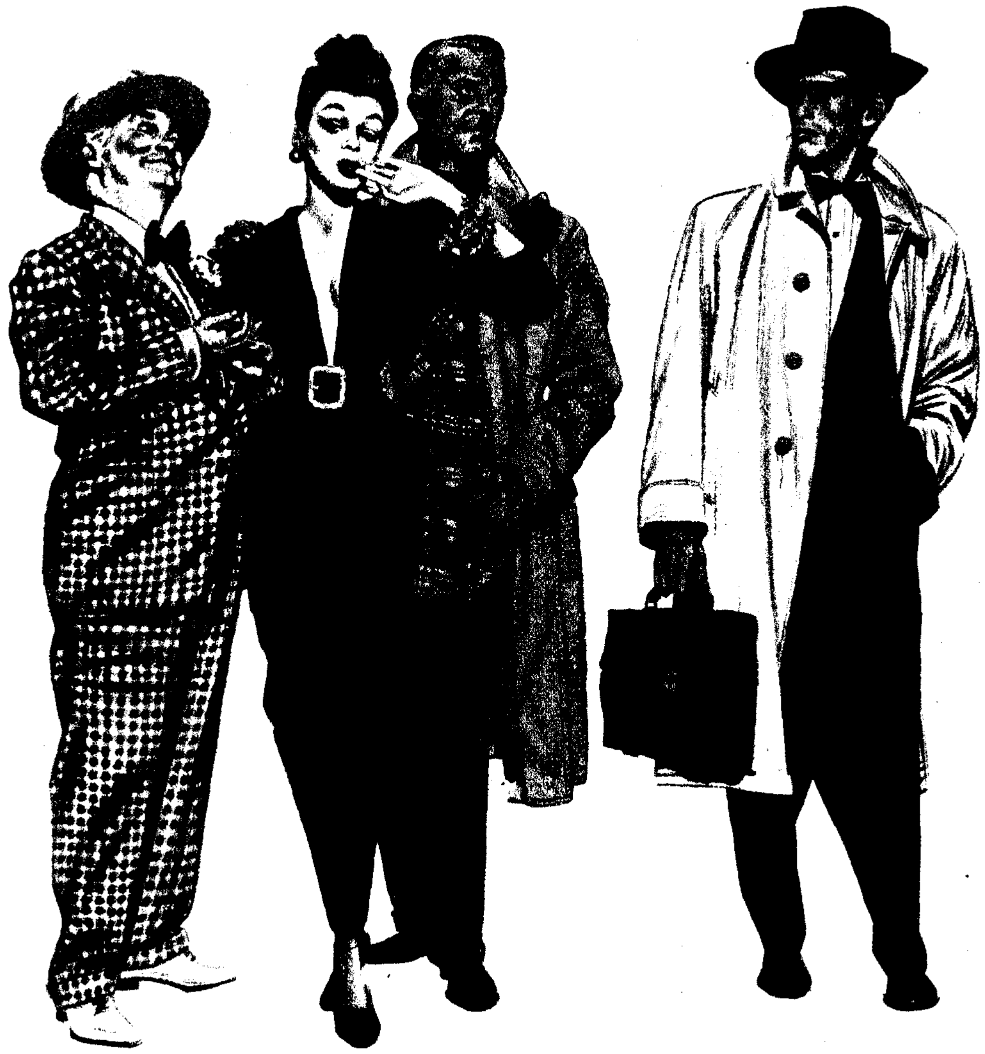
"He's working with me on the routine, isn't he? I want to get along with anybody who can help me."

"Even me?"

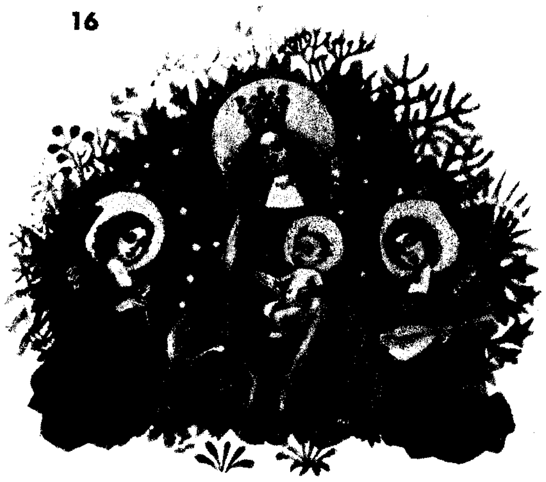
"You," she said, practically glaring, "are a special case."

So we sat there without saying anything further until Eddie showed. He came through the stage door on the dead run.

"Hey," he said to me, "I got news for you." He was greatly agitated, but he *(Continued on page 42)*



"Look, if I gave you a hint would you take it?" I asked her. "Why don't you go back home?"



A Garland of Christmas Carols

By AMY PORTER

WHEN young people put their own feelings about Christmas into words and music, their carols have a freshness and immediacy. They reflect the magic and the intimacy that the birth of a child holds for children. The eight prize winners in Collier's nation-wide carol contest seemed to want to sing most about the Nativity.

Fred Waring served as judge, and some of the winning carols will be presented by the orchestra and choral group on the Fred Waring show at 10 A.M., December 15th, over NBC.

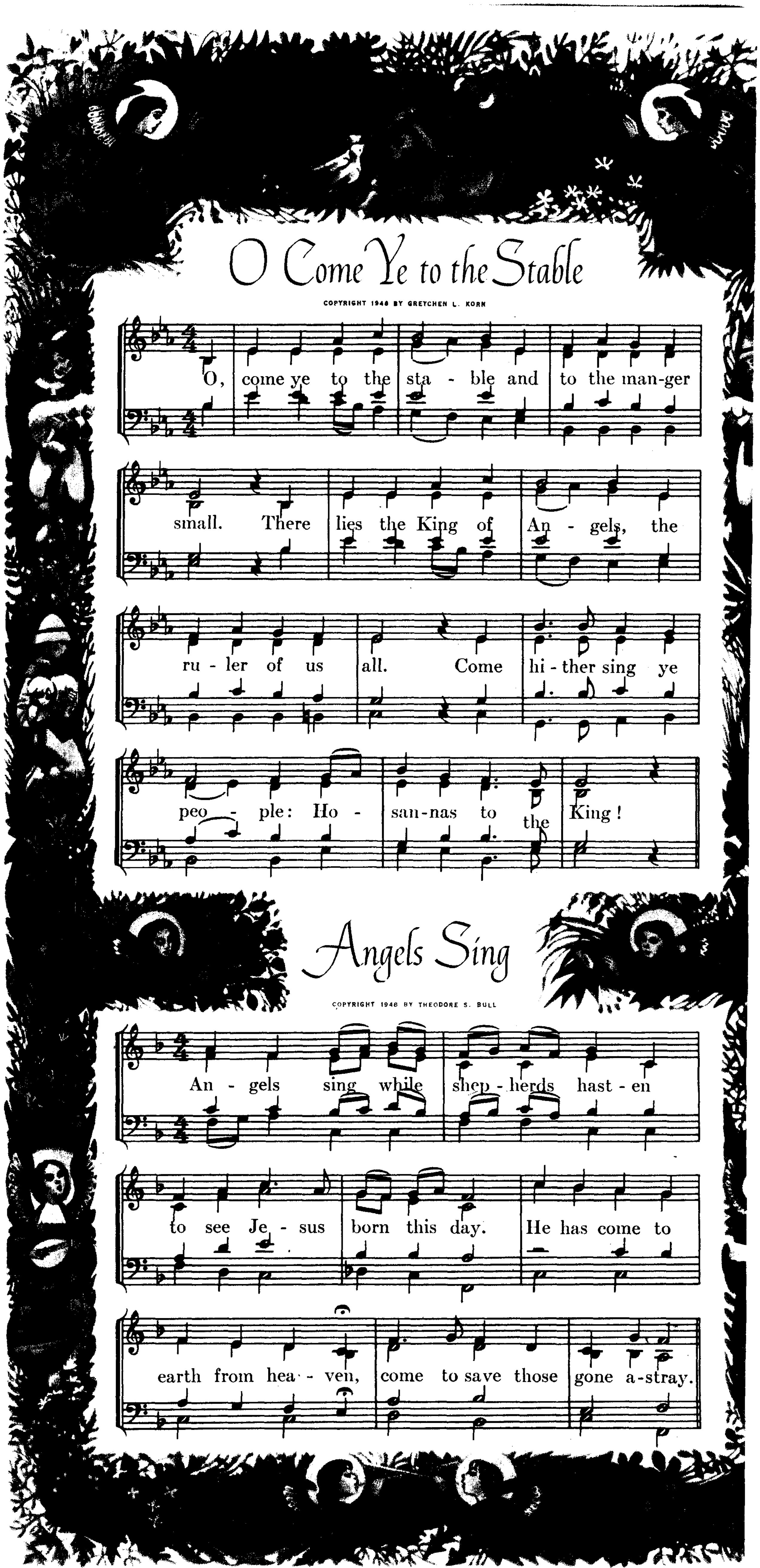
The contest, conducted by the Music Educators National Conference, is the outgrowth of and a part of a growing movement to encourage children to greater creativeness in music. Dr. Helen Grant Baker, chairman of the Creative Projects Committee of the M.E.N.C., says that more and more of her group's 15,000 music teachers are giving children the opportunity to do musical work on their own.

In Berkeley, California, and in Allentown, Pennsylvania, for instance, high schools present annual concerts of students' compositions. Scholastic Magazine has for twelve years offered awards for original compositions.

The youngest of the winners is Nancy Campbell, age 9, Mishawaka, Indiana, who wrote Christmas Bells. Two are from Saint Johnsbury, Vermont: Jimmie Carroll, 16, and Georgia Day Cushman, 12. Jimmie's music teacher promised that if he wrote a carol, The Bright Star, she would count it as his harmony lesson. Georgia first wrote her Blessed Jesus as a Christmas poem for an English class.

James Lester Jolly, 11, Houston, Texas, who won with The Bells Rang Out, is so experienced a composer that he is going to use his prize money to copyright his eight other songs. Another Texan, Sonja Ada Fojtik, 10, of Lufkin, has been playing the piano ever since she was three. The oldest winner, Lawrence Ferrell, Jr., 17, Independence, Kansas, wrote Carol. The other two winners are Gretchen L. Korn, 16, Burlington, Wisconsin, and Theodore S. Bull, 16, Trenton, New Jersey. Theodore wrote Angels Sing, and Gretchen, O Come Ye to the Stable.

DECORATION BY SHEILAH BECKETT



O Come Ye to the Stable

COPYRIGHT 1948 BY GRETCHEN L. KORN

O, come ye to the sta - ble and to the man-ger
small. There lies the King of An - gels, the
ru - ler of us all. Come hi - ther sing ye
peo - ple: Ho - san-nas to the King!

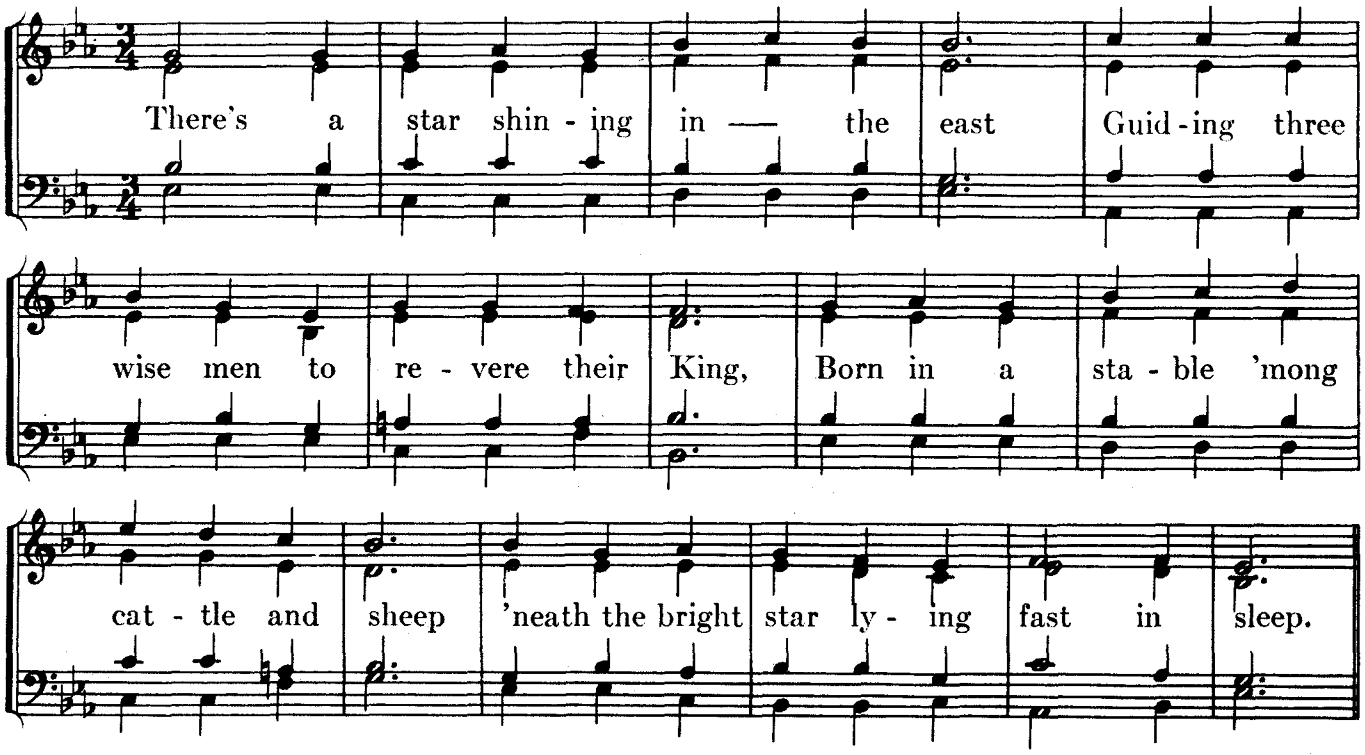
Angels Sing

COPYRIGHT 1948 BY THEODORE S. BULL

An - gels sing while shep - herds hast - en
to see Je - sus born this day. He has come to
earth from hea - ven, come to save those gone a-stray.

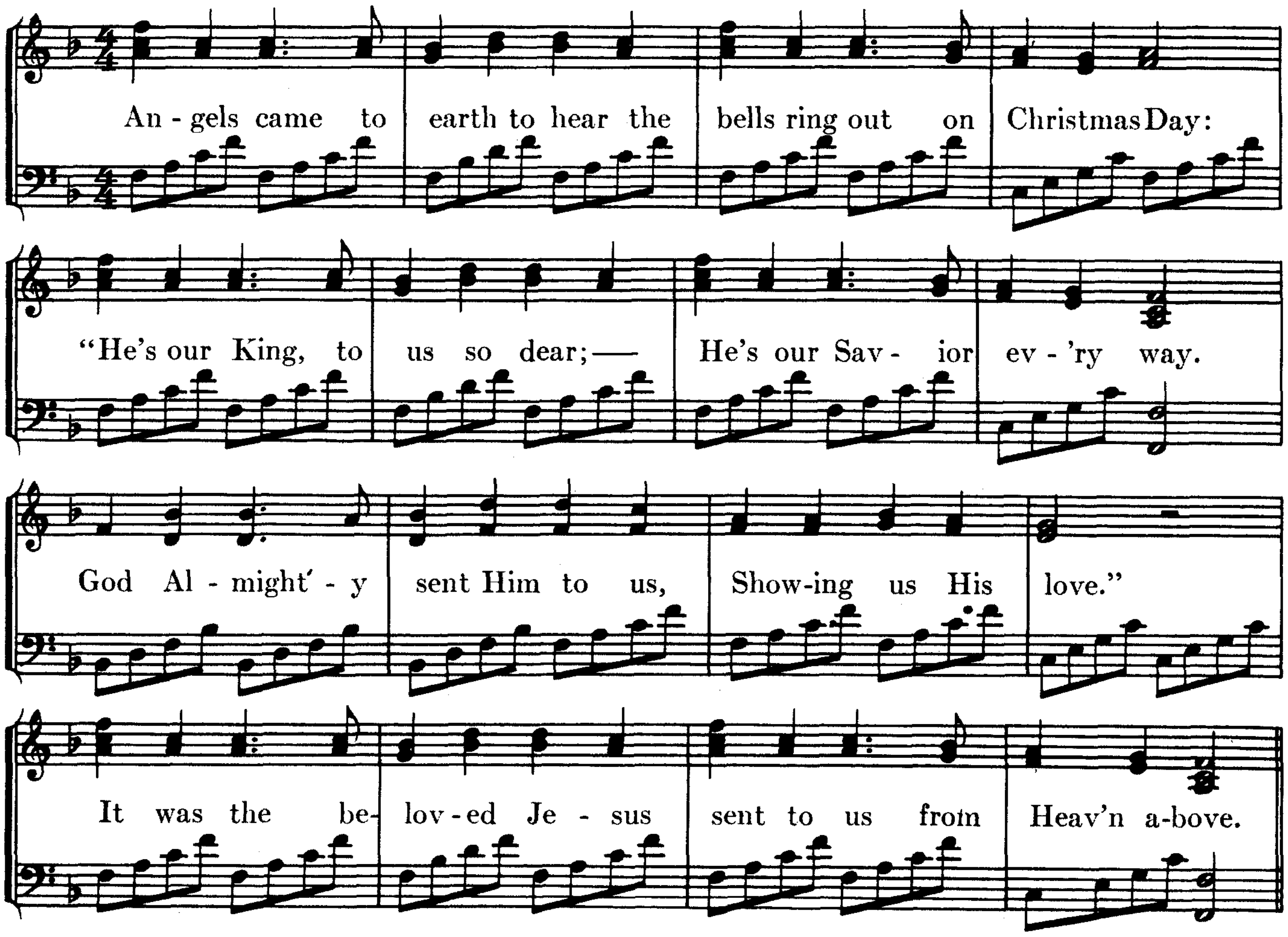
The Bright Star

COPYRIGHT 1948 BY JIMMIE CARROLL

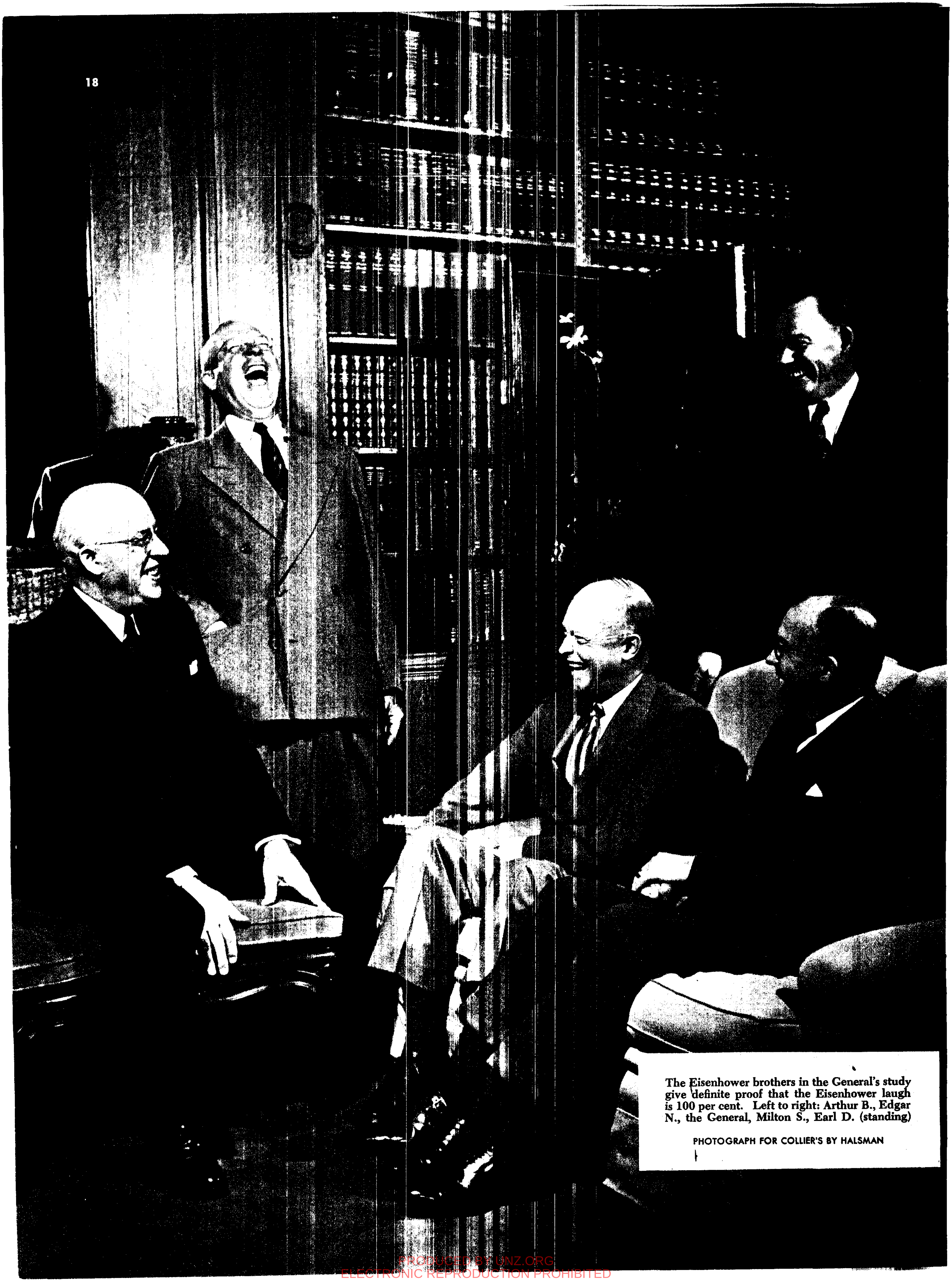

There's a star shin - ing in — the east Guid - ing three
wise men to re - vere their King, Born in a sta - ble 'mong
cat - tle and sheep 'neath the bright star ly - ing fast in sleep.

The Bells Rang Out

COPYRIGHT 1948 BY JAMES LESTER JOLLY


An - gels came to earth to hear the bells ring out on Christmas Day:
"He's our King, to us so dear;— He's our Sav - ior ev - 'ry way.
God Al - might' - y sent Him to us, Show-ing us His love."
It was the be- lov - ed Je - sus sent to us from Heav'n a-bove.

Sheilah Beckett



The Eisenhower brothers in the General's study give definite proof that the Eisenhower laugh is 100 per cent. Left to right: Arthur B., Edgar N., the General, Milton S., Earl D. (standing)

PHOTOGRAPH FOR COLLIER'S BY HALSMAN

The Eisenhowers of Kansas

The Eisenhower family in 1902. Pick the lad who later became a five-star general—if you can! The family is grouped in the same order as it is in the next picture

The family 24 years later. Seated: the father, David J., Milton S., Mrs. Eisenhower. Standing: Dwight D., Edgar N., Earl D., Arthur B., and Roy J. (no longer living)

A reporter once asked: "Tell me, Mrs. Eisenhower, what do you think of your famous son now?" And Mrs. Eisenhower said: "Which son do you mean?" In Abilene, Kansas, the folks are mighty proud of General Ike and Arthur and Edgar and Earl and Milton

By QUENTIN REYNOLDS

IT WAS noon now on the 12th of October and pretty soon he would have to put on a black robe and stick a funny-looking mortarboard on his head and be exceedingly solemn while they made him president of Columbia University. But now he was taking it easy in the library of the big house on Morningside Drive which is for the exclusive use of Columbia University presidents.

He felt good because he was with the only four men he has known and loved all his life—his brothers. There was the dignified-looking Arthur, vice-president of the Commerce Trust Company of Kansas City; good-natured, grinning Edgar, senior partner in the law firm of Eisenhower, Hunter and Ramsdell way out in Tacoma, Washington; Earl, with the chunky build of a blocking back, now with the West Penn Power Company, who had come up from Charleroi, Pennsylvania; and Milton, president of Kansas State College—who had traveled from Manhattan, Kansas, to Manhattan, New York, just so his older brother would have another college president around in case he felt lonely.

Each of the five brothers is a solid substantial citizen; each has followed a different path and each has become successful in his chosen career.

There was a lot of laughter as they talked of their early days, and good-natured, affectionate banter among them, but now and then one would refer to something that Arthur had once done for him and somehow you got the idea that Arthur was the older brother not only in years but in experience and in understanding and in wisdom.

"The greatest military expert in the family"—the man who was on the point of being made president of Columbia University laughed—"is Arthur. Remember when I was commissioned brigadier general?"

"Of course, Ike, I remember," Arthur said in his soft voice. "You were abroad and I sent you a cable of congratulation."

"Remember how you started it? I'll tell you. You began it, 'Dear Brigadier.' So I wrote you thanking you for your message and addressed it 'Dear Vice.' If a brigadier general is 'Dear Brigadier' a vice-president is 'Dear Vice.' "

"Remember when they made you General of the Armies?" Edgar broke in, laughing. "I cabled you, 'Congratulations on your four stars. I brought you this far. From here in you're on your own.' "

"You're another great military expert," the host chuckled. "By golly, you didn't even know that a General of the Army rates five stars. Now a smart man like Milton would have known that."

"Now that I think of it, Ike"—Milton is forty-nine but he has a boyish appearance that makes him look much younger—"you still owe me three dollars. I remember my first year at Abilene High School. You promised me a quarter for every E that I came home with. I got six E's one term and six the next. At a quarter apiece that comes to three dollars. You were at West Point then and I never did get the three dollars."

"When I was at the Point," his brother grinned, "I never had three dollars."

"Remember bringing those report cards home when we were kids?" Earl said. "If they weren't good, Mother would just look at us and shake her head as though she couldn't understand it. She always expected us to get top marks and only Milton ever did that."

"She would have been awfully pleased to be here today, Ike." Edgar had stopped smiling now. "I guess she was the only one in the family who wasn't impressed when you were made a general," Edgar added. "But president of a college; ah, that would have been something!

Mother Expected Perfection

The man who would soon be a university president nodded. "Yes, but you know Dad would have got more of a kick out of it. Mother always expected us to be perfect. She couldn't understand anyone being excited about one of her sons doing something special."

"Mother and Dad were so different," Edgar said slowly. "And yet basically I suppose much the same. I mean they both lived only for us—and our brother Roy. Don't you agree, Ike?"

His brother nodded. "I never heard Dad ever use the word 'security.' Dad was kind of easygoing. I guess he went broke about four times in his life but it never worried him and he always came back. Mother used to use the word 'opportunity' a lot. She would say, 'Make the most of your opportunities, Son.' But she never tried to impose her will on us."

I was the only outsider there. They forgot me as they talked of the days when they had grown up in Abilene, Kansas. They talked of fights that Ike and Edgar were always having and of the touchdowns Earl (who was called "Red" in those days) had made playing halfback for Abilene High. And they reminisced of the early days when they worked in the Belle Springs Creamery after school, and of going after catfish in Mud Creek, and of how Roy (who died in 1942) could even trim Edgar at golf.

But no matter how far afield the talk seemed to wander it always came back to something which reminded them of the quiet humor of their father and the uncompromising character that was hidden under the gentle softness of their mother.

Someone came into the room and said, "It's time to go, General," and the talking stopped. Someone held out a black robe and Milton helped the general put it on and told him how to wear the mortarboard on his head and how the tassel should hang. Then the general's face lighted up in a grin and he said, "Wish me luck, fellows," and he left to address an audience of 20,000 who were waiting just a block away. The four brothers, serious now, left too, to hear him.

After listening to them I realized that this was not a family that was fundamentally any different from a hundred thousand others. By singling out one of the brothers for fame, fate had put the spotlight on the whole family. But instead of revealing a bizarre and extraordinarily different family group, that spotlight showed with honest and amazing clarity something which we might recognize as a typical American family. The same forces which have molded and shaped a million successful families shaped and molded the Eisenhowers of Kansas.

They are typical in that as a family they enjoyed no extraordinary benefits nor did they suffer from any outstanding handicaps.

What was it, then, in Arthur that enabled him to rise from a five-dollar-a-week office boy in a bank to the position of vice-president in that same bank?

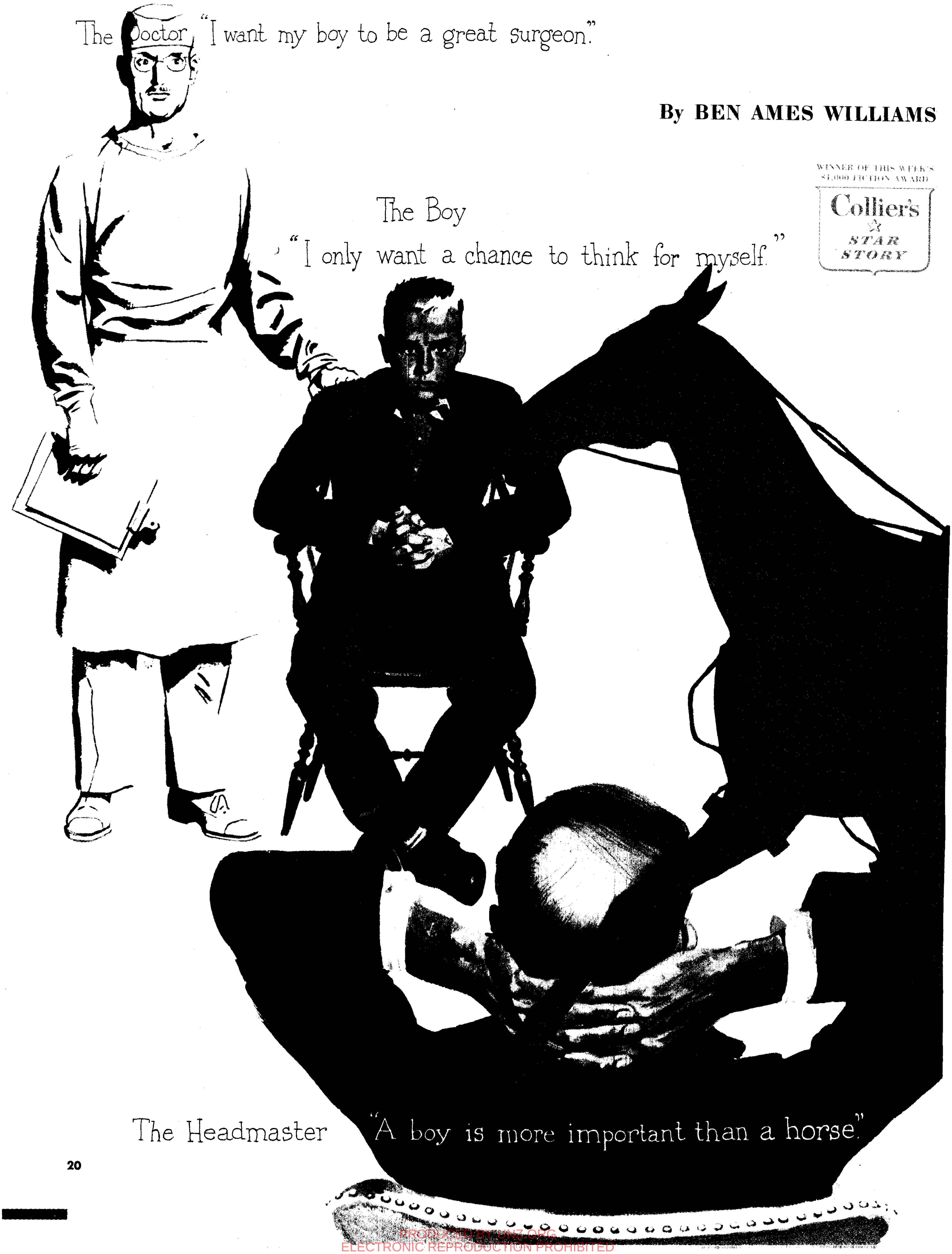
What compelling instinct made the nineteen-year-old Edgar so stubbornly set on being a lawyer, and how did he know that this would be right for him?

What had made Dwight so sure at twenty that his fulfillment could be accomplished only by a military career?

(Continued on page 95)

By BEN AMES WILLIAMS

WINNER OF THIS WEEK'S
$1,000 FICTION AWARD
Collier's
STAR
STORY


The Doctor "I want my boy to be a great surgeon."
The Boy
"I only want a chance to think for myself."
The Headmaster "A boy is more important than a horse."

Steerageway

MR. CARBREY, the headmaster of Hadley School, has, aside from his devotion to the school and the boys, one passion. He keeps two or three harness horses, and he likes to drive a fast trotter along the country roads around the school and up and down the valley.

It was on one such occasion that he passed, at a point where his road crossed the highway, a crashed car, with a curious crowd still surveying the destruction. He did not stop to inquire the circumstances, since it was late and he was tired; but when he reached the school he found a message asking that he call the chief of police in the village. He did so.

"Why, Mr. Carbrey," the chief said, "there's been a little accident. Car smashed up, and the boy driving it had had a drink or two; and he was going pretty fast. He says he goes to Hadley, says his name's Hugh Ladd."

"You've arrested him?"

"Yes. Driving under the influence."

"If he had the bail he could come back to school?"

"Yes. I called up the judge and he thought it ought to be about a hundred dollars."

"I'll send you a check," Mr. Carbrey said. "You can let him go." . . .

Before he slept that night he considered the case of Hugh Ladd. The boy's offense was clear enough. Hadley boys do not have their own cars, are expected to be in their rooms early, and are not expected to drink. But Hugh must have hired a car, drunk some beer, driven too fast, wrecked the car, and mercifully escaped serious injury.

Yet the Head was sure, even from the first, that what Hugh had done was a symptom rather than a disease. This was an October night in Hugh's second—and his final—year in Hadley. In his first year, his marks had been high, his work excellent, and he had never offended. But since Hugh came back to school six weeks ago, Mr. Carbrey had thought there was a change in the boy.

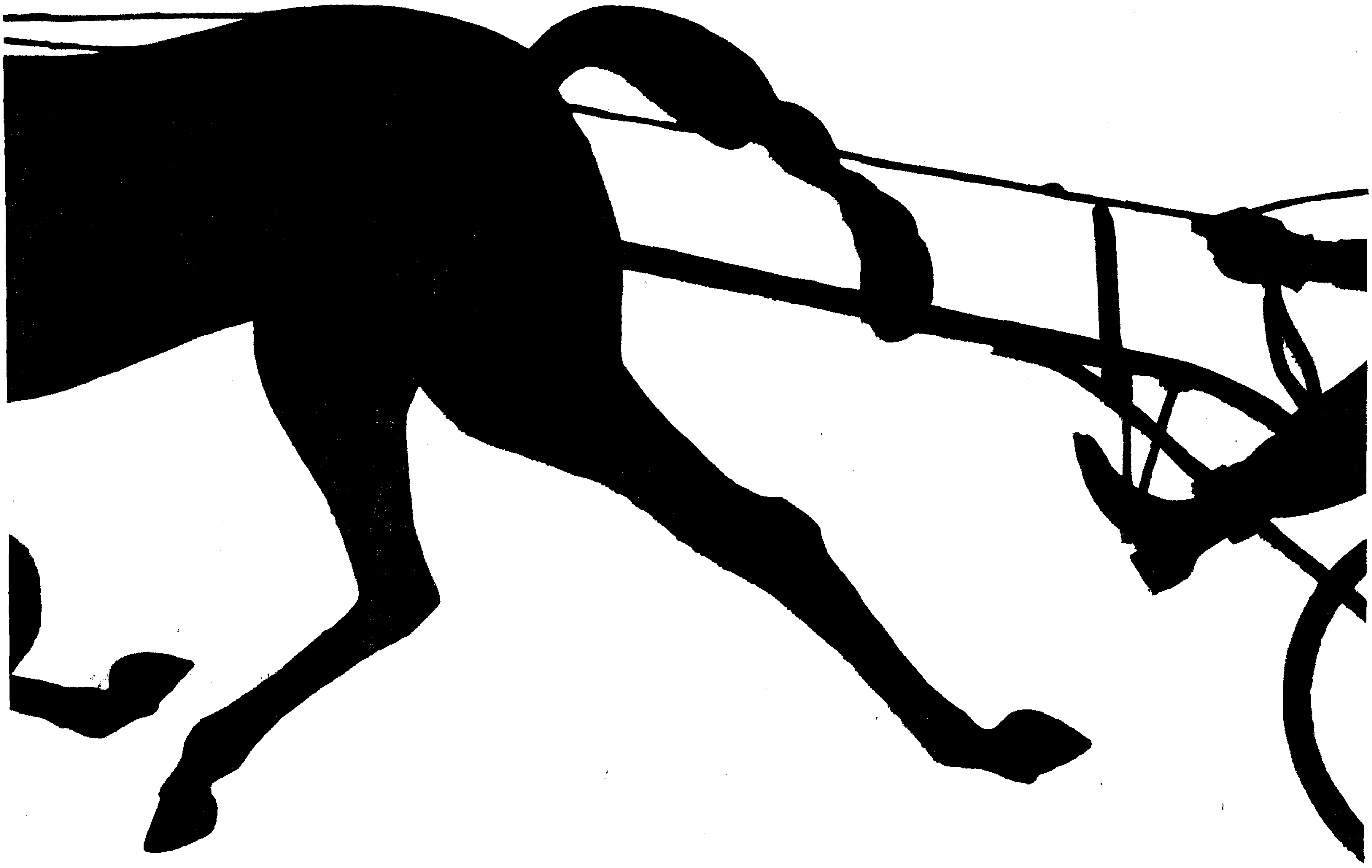
He cast his thoughts further into the past. Hugh's home was in Cincinnati. His father was a surgeon. Doctor and Mrs. Ladd had come with Hugh to see Mr. Carbrey before Hugh entered Hadley; and the two men quickly discovered a common interest, for Dr. Ladd had a farm in Kentucky where—as a hobby—he bred harness horses. Later the doctor shipped on to Mr. Carbrey a fine trotter, a tall bay gelding called Jack.

Mrs. Ladd, however, was another matter. She talked incessantly, about her husband, and about Hugh.

"You know, Mr. Carbrey," she had concluded almost tearfully, "all my husband's hopes are wrapped up in Hugh. Doctor Ladd and his brother founded the Ladd Clinic; and they want someone to carry it on, and they have been so disappointed in Hugh's cousins. Doctor Ladd's brother is several years older than he, and he has three sons; and he planned for them to succeed him in the clinic. But it's been tragic to see how they've failed us all.

"So you see, Hugh is the center of all our hopes now. And we're so proud of him. He knows how we feel, and he's worked so hard, and done everything to please us. Don't

(Continued on page 71)



ILLUSTRATED BY ALEX ROSS

Our Not So Innocents

Beautiful Paris is once more cast in the role of femme fatale. A thousand G.I.s have been unable to leave her, for better or worse. Some are boldly in business and some are furtive fugitives. And some are staying for art's sake

In a strange land, haunted and friendless, an Army deserter waits hopelessly in the Place de la Concorde for the end of time

IN PARIS today there are over 1,000 ex-G.I.s who for one reason or another have decided that they would rather live there than any place in the U.S. Not all of them are young artists or writers. Some are middle-aged bookkeepers; some are businessmen; some are skilled mechanics; some are laborers. A few are that peculiar tragedy of war: deserters caught in a strange land, without passports and without citizenship.

It was inevitable that the vast wave of Americans that swept into wartime Europe would leave a few men behind when victory came. It was also inevitable that most of them should settle in Paris, one of the few cities not damaged physically.

Take Bill Marston. That is not his real name, but he really exists. He was a sophomore when he left college and went into the Air Corps. By the time he was twenty he had four planes and a D.F.C. to his credit. On his leaves in Paris, he met a girl named Grisele, learned to like vermouth and discovered a lizardlike pleasure in lying on the warm stone wall along the Seine watching the barges.

Then during the Battle of the Bulge he was hit. He bailed out with his clothes on fire and landed in snow that put out the flames. But not before the fire left a strip of skin across his face brown and dead.

I met Bill at the Café Rotonde—the old café in Montparnasse where Picasso, Hemingway, Gertrude Stein and the others used to gather. The part of his face that was not burned is still young, with a faint blond beard on it. Grisele, a neat French girl with huge brown eyes, was with him.

"What's there for me back in the States?" Bill asked. "The only thing I can do is fly a combat plane. To learn something else I'd have to go back to college and I can't do that. After I got out of the hospital something was gone; ambition, determination, something. God, imagine me at college with a bunch of kids wearing saddle shoes!

"I could probably get a job flying a fighter for the Indonesian Republicans or the Chinese, but I like it here. I like the food, the little parks, the river. I like Grisele." Grisele looked up and smiled. She doesn't speak English, but she always looked up when he mentioned her name.

"What do you do for a living?" I asked.

The undamaged part of his face smiled. "I angle for a living. I exchange the money I get from the G.I. Bill for education at the inflated Swiss rate and I sell my tourist's gas ration on the black market. Just those two things give me 43,500 francs a month. I'm practically rich!"

"But living costs are high, aren't they?"

"They are if you live in the 'American' part of Paris—Rue de Rivoli, Place de la Concorde, around there. But the first week I was here I took a map and drew a mile-radius circle on it around the Place de la Concorde. If we don't go inside that circle we can live on what I make."

"Won't the G.I. Bill ever run out?"

Bill smiled at me, swished the vermouth in his glass and held it up to the sun before he answered. "Sure. I've only got another year."

"Then what will you do?"

in Paris

By EUGENE BURDICK

"Something. Something always comes up. Maybe I'll write a book or take a job. Maybe," and his voice went low, "maybe there will be another war and they can use me again."

JOE GROMSKY lives at the exclusive Ritz Hotel in Paris, which is inside the expensive circle into which Bill never ventures. Before the war Joe worked as a presser in a Los Angeles ladies' garment factory. During the war he made sergeant in the infantry—North Africa, D-Day, the sweep after Saint-Lô.

"After the Bulge," Joe told me, "I took my leaves here in Paris. One day I met a Frenchman who used to run one of those expensive *couturier* shops. Well, he still had the shop and knew a few of his old workers, but he didn't have any material. He showed me some of his samples, stuff he had got before the war. It showed marvelous workmanship.

"I scurried around and borrowed $4,000 from buddies in my outfit, $200 each from twenty of them. Then I got my discharge in New York and bought up all the good material I could find.

"When I got back to Paris, the material didn't look like a lot, but it was more than anybody else had. We made up the dresses, each one with that little black-and-white Paris label in it. At the end of eighteen months I paid back the original twenty guys who went in with me—1,000 bucks each for their $200."

Joe isn't interested in the cultural part of France, but he does think that country is a place where a good businessman can do well. Before the war he was making $30 a week. Now he makes $25,000 a year.

"Do you think you'll ever go back to the States to work?" I asked.

"I don't know. This town sort of gets under your skin. Everybody knows how to relax when working hours are over. I like it here now," Joe said.

GEORGE GIBSON lives just off the Place Clignancourt in a working-class district with his pretty French wife, Nanette, and son, Pierre. George is six feet two inches tall, comes from Mississippi and is a Negro. He was in a service company during the war in the Paris railway marshaling yards. That was when he became acquainted with Nanette.

"Let's talk French," George said after we had talked for a few minutes. "I speak it better than I do English now."

He was right. He spoke the best French I have ever heard used by a foreigner.

"Why didn't you go back to the States after the war ended?" I asked.

"You can guess, but I'll tell you. I was a poor farm boy in Mississippi. And in Mississippi, that's something really poor. We barely had enough to eat.

"The only time I saw white people was on Saturday when I went into town to buy staples. I was scared of them. I learned to stay away from the saloon because when the white men got drunk they might want to get rough with a colored boy. I got in the habit of taking off my hat and looking down at my feet every time I came close to a white person.

"All I can remember of that town is seeing the dust squeeze up between my toes in summer and the mud in big chunks on my high shoes in the winter."

"Is it different in Paris?"

"Yes, it's different. There is just no color line here; being colored doesn't matter. Here in Paris everyone calls me 'Monsieur Gibson.' Not 'George' or 'boy.' You don't realize what that means. You'd have to be colored to understand."

"What do you do for a living?"

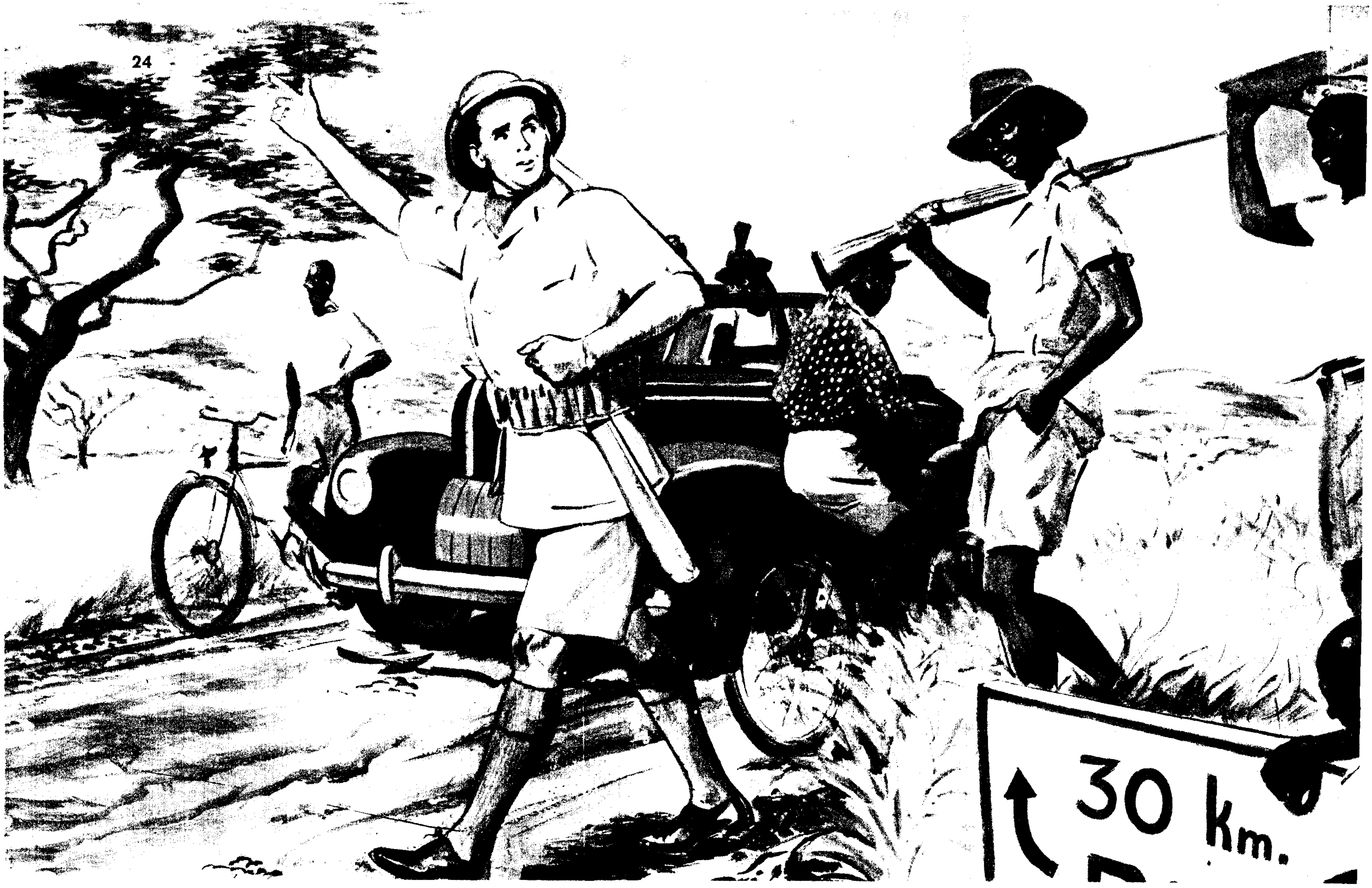
"A former French soldier and I have a motorcycle shop. We make a good living. Not anything much, but enough to get along on."

"Think you'll ever go back to the States?"

"Probably not. I'm still an American citizen. I'm proud of that but I just *(Continued on page 35)*

Art students and mechanics, drifters and purposeful young businessmen, the ex-G.I.s in Paris have all found the thing there for which they were searching: an atmosphere congenial to their war-disrupted lives

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY CARL PERUTZ



HIGH PRESSURE IN

The machete salesmanship of J. T. Herstil was a sight to behold. He came into the jungle like a lion. He went out on the lam when the natives didn't get the point

WHEN Cap Pelletier tooted his whistle three times to let me know he was tying up to my landing, I went right on eating.

Cap Pelletier has the idea he's a wit, which is okay with me, although it's something I'd rather face after breakfast. He's usually got a new joke to tell, but his stand-by wheeze is the name he's given the river boat he brings up the Congo once a week from Matadi with mail and cargo. Considering that Henry M. Stanley was the first white man to navigate this river from source to sea—that was after he'd found Livingstone, who was never lost in the first place—the name is appropriate, if not funny. Cap Pelletier calls his boat the Stanley Steamer and doubles up laughing every time he says it.

Cap kept blatting away on the whistle, so I finally gave up and walked down to the landing. I figured he'd picked up another traveling salesman joke from a stateside ship and was blowing for an audience. It couldn't be mail, for I wasn't expecting any. Cap looks over all the mail he carries and gives you a blast when there's something special. About the only things I get are notices from the government telling me my G.I. Insurance records have been moved from Building A to Building G, or form letters from the Alumni Committee saying if I can't come to the reunion just send along fifty dollars.

One reason for my moving out here to the Belgian Congo to run a trading post is because it's got all the comforts of civilization with none of the headaches.

There were some Bantus unloading cargo on the landing and my boy Joe was checking the bills of lading. I was glad to see that 24 gross of machetes had arrived. They're good sellers and my stock was getting low. There was a whole lot of frozen food, which set me dreaming about strawberry shortcake. Then Cap leaned over the bridge.

"Hello, keed," he shouted. "What's cooking?"

"Not much," I answered. "Why all the blowing?"

"Come up here, queek!" Cap chortled and bent over double. Whatever the joke was, it was sure killing him.

"You got company, keed!" he sputtered when I joined him.

My jaw dropped open but I snapped it shut in a hurry. "Company? Stop kidding, you Belgian Jack Benny, I'm not expecting anyone."

"But you got him! He came on at Matadi for Wilson's Landing." Cap pointed to the cabin behind the bridge and bent over again with helpless laughter. "Just wait till you see him!"

I didn't have to wait long. There was the sound of a throat being cleared nervously and I looked up to see Cap's passenger coming out of the cabin. At first I shook my head, thinking I was up at the village movie. This guy had a fancy pith helmet with mosquito netting hanging down from it; his bush jacket was almost covered by a wide ammunition belt. A long, unsheathed machete clanked around his bony knees, and in the crook of his arm he was toting an elephant gun that would have blown holes through a mountain.

"Ah," he said, seeing me.

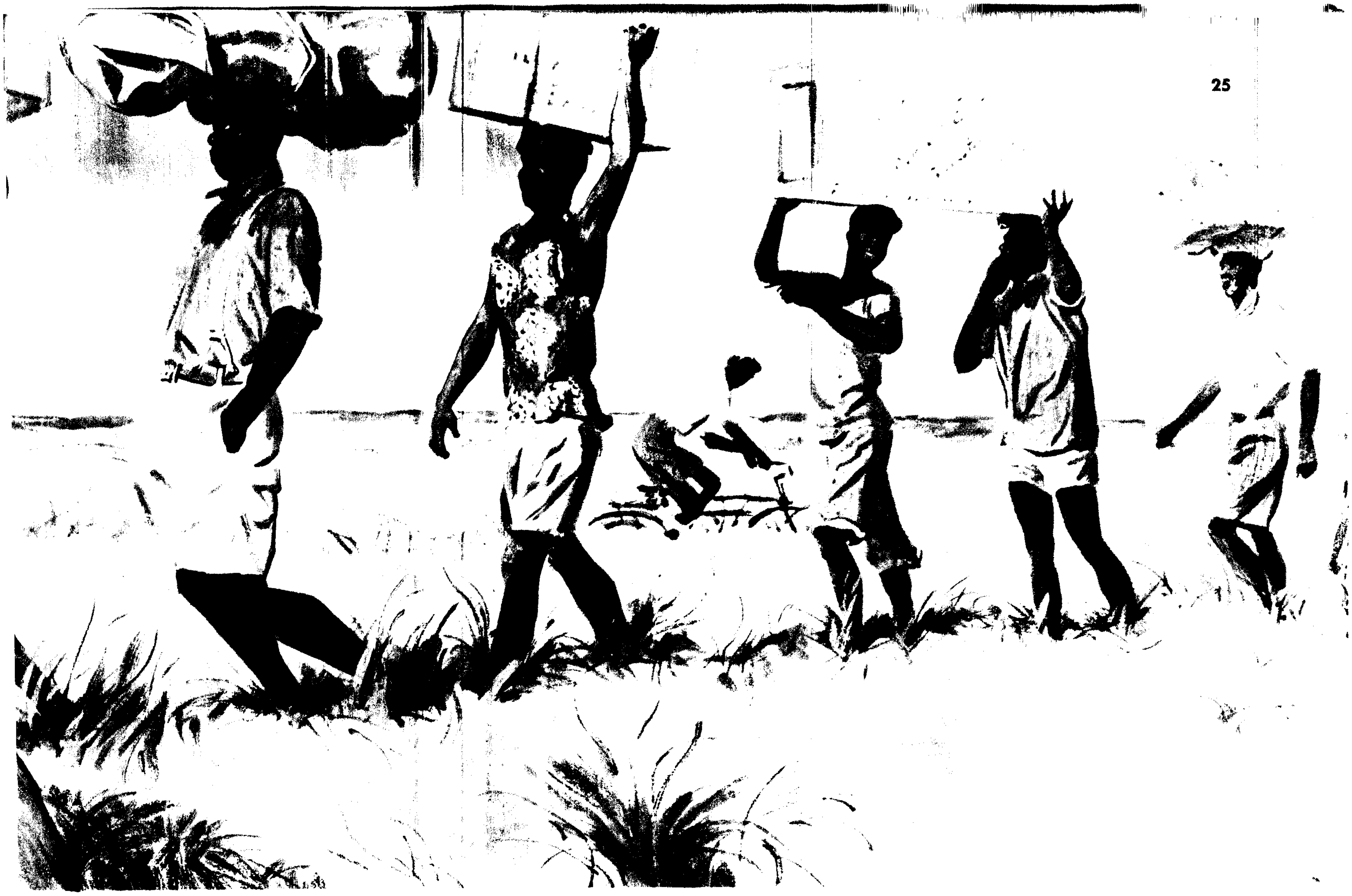
I winced for I could tell by the look in his eyes what was coming.

"Mr. Wilson, I presume?" I could have taken it if he'd laughed but he spoke in a funny clipped tone that I knew he'd put on for the occasion. "I'm J. T. Herstil, Eastern Hemisphere sales manager for the Toledo Machete Company—on a little inspection trip to some of our more remote outlets."

"Glad to know you," I said. "Why didn't you wire that you were coming?"

"Wire?" he said, looking at me strangely.

"Sure; you know, telegraph. If you'd sent me a wire from Matadi, I'd have had things a little more festive."



"Goodby, Wilson." He spat the words out like pebbles. "I'll be back in four days if the jungle doesn't get me"

THE CONGO

By **RICHARD WILCOX**

Africa would surprise you today. No more is it the matted jungle of the Livingstone-Stanley legend. Roads lead almost everywhere. Cities and towns are as modern as your own in proud U.S.A. Airplanes from modern airfields fly the sky from Cape Town to Cairo. This story tells what man and his sciences have done to the once Dark Continent

He laughed with that nervous high pitch. I could see he thought I was joking.

"Ah, yes. You mean the native communication. Signal drums. Tom-toms, that sort of thing."

Cap Pelletier looked at me and almost split trying to keep from laughing.

"Well," I said, thinking that Cap had been given enough amusement by this joker, "if you're ready, let's go ashore, Mr. Herstil. We'll send Joe up for your bags."

Herstil cleared his throat again and narrowed his eyes to slits until he couldn't see a thing. Then he shifted the elephant gun, pointing it in the general direction of Cap who moved rapidly out of the theoretical line of fire.

"Have the natives been quiet, Wilson?" J.T.'s voice was taut and steady.

"Well," I said, "they had a big scrap last night at the bingo game in the village."

Herstil gave me that high laugh again, just to let me know he wasn't being fooled.

"Ah," he said. "Tossing off cool jests in the face of danger, eh?"

Cap Pelletier held off till we got down the gangway. Then he went to the far side of the bridge and exploded.

I called Joe over to tell him to see that the bags got safely ashore but, before I could open my mouth, Herstil had started talking. "You name Joe," gabbled Herstil as though he was kitchy-cooing a baby. "My bags all same alongside ribba steamer. Joe go yan-dah. Bring dat for me. Sabee?"

"I understand perfectly, sir," said Joe in fine Oxonian. "You may rest assured that I shall obtain them from your cabin and bring them to the bungalow directly."

"It's okay, Herstil," I said to ease his shock a little. "Joe finished school in Matadi. His father's a chief, so he's a little better educated than most of the boys. He's taking a college course by mail now. He also speaks fluent French, Flemish and a little Latin if you run short on the pidgin English."

HERSTIL didn't say another word. He got a shock at the bungalow, too. Like I said, the Congo has all the comforts of civilization. I have a nice six-room bungalow, with shiny stateside plumbing, air conditioning, a deep-freeze unit, hot and cold running water and a big short-wave radio-phonograph. I figured Herstil expected to walk into a grass shack with a few leopards snarling under the camp chairs for atmosphere. He just stood there amid my modernistic bamboo furniture, trying to support his gun and looking silly.

"Let me take that, Mr. Herstil," I said and laid the thing gently on a table. "How did you ever get tied up with this cannon?"

"It was my own idea," he answered stiffly. "They told me it would stop the biggest elephant alive—even a mad one."

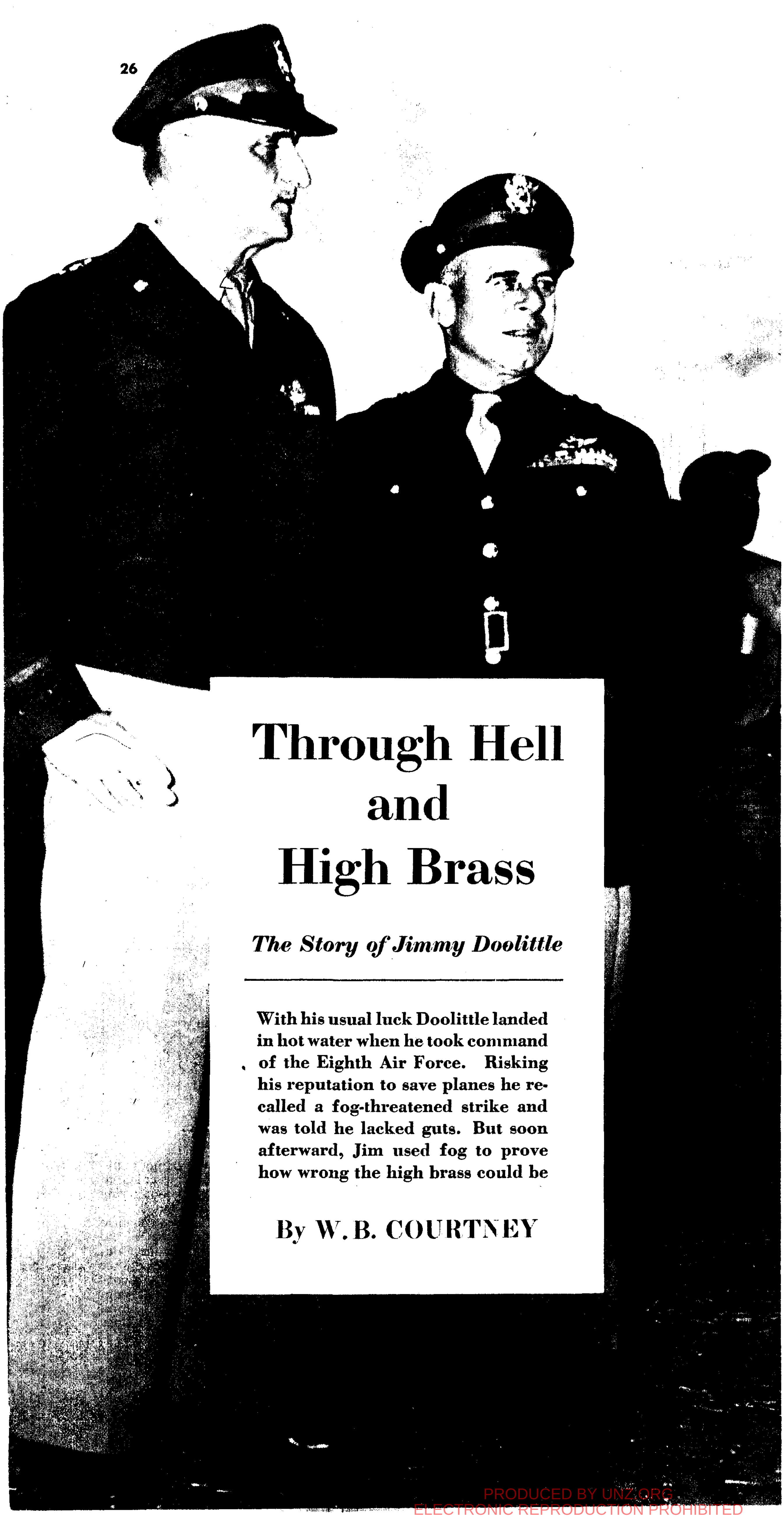
"My, my," I said. "I've been here two years and the last mad elephant I saw was in the Bronx zoo after a kid had squirted him in the eye with a water pistol. Not that there aren't plenty back in the woods," I added, seeing that he was getting huffy. "It's just that I prefer sitting here listening to Brahms concertos, rather than going out trying to scare an elephant out of the shrubbery."

"That's as much as I suspected." Herstil's voice got high again but this time it wasn't that of the White Man in Darkest Africa. It was the Sales Manager putting the needle in the Boys after they've been called in to the main office for a conference. He started pounding a fist into the palm of his other hand. "In checking your sales record, Wilson, I've discovered it hasn't risen a bit since you've had the Toledo Machete agency."

"It hasn't gone down, has it?" I asked, a bit sarcastic.

"That's immaterial!" he snapped. "Every salesman worth his salt sees that *(Continued on page 58)*

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE WITHERS



It was on a fog-drenched afternoon in England that Doolittle, right, proved to Lt. Gen. Carl Spaatz that he was fit to command the Eighth Air Force

Through Hell and High Brass

The Story of Jimmy Doolittle

With his usual luck Doolittle landed in hot water when he took command of the Eighth Air Force. Risking his reputation to save planes he recalled a fog-threatened strike and was told he lacked guts. But soon afterward, Jim used fog to prove how wrong the high brass could be

By W. B. COURTNEY

Synopsis: *The most audacious aerial maneuver of the war was the surprise raid on Tokyo. A terrific idea, Jimmy Doolittle transformed it into brains, brawn and bombers. By resorting to a little honest trickery against Hap Arnold, Jim got himself seated at the controls of the lead plane. Then with Rome added to the Nip capital, Jim had two down and one to go on his personal Axis-busting record when he got a summons to join Eisenhower in England. It looked as though he were going to make it a lucky three. Here is the final episode.*

CONCLUSION OF A SIX-PART ARTICLE

THE man he originally had not wanted at all, Jim Doolittle, was one of the handful of top keymen Eisenhower picked to go to England with him when he left the Mediterranean Theater at the end of 1943. Eisenhower's new role was Supreme Commander of the European Theater of Operations; his new task, Operation Overlord, was the direct invasion of Europe across the English Channel. Doolittle was to be commanding general of the Eighth United States Air Force.

The Eighth, activated two years before at Savannah, Georgia, had become, through a miracle of hustle and sweat, the largest air unit of its kind in history. It included three heavy bomber divisions, a fighter command of 15 groups, more than 100 airfields, a service command operating vast depots, and a clutter of subsidiary organizations. It was big business, and would grow bigger.

But the very first day he was on the job, Doolittle risked loss of his new command and sudden termination of the war service toward which his whole career had singularly pointed him! To understand what happened, the strategic background must be reckoned.

From the earliest days of the war, there were, among the Allied brass, bitterly opposed schools of ideas on how to lick Germany. One group argued that England and the United States together could never raise, train and project the land armies necessary to breach successfully Hitler's Fortress Europa, through his formidable Atlantic Wall. So they advanced, instead, schemes for all sorts of indirect, careful approaches that ranged from Norway to Spain to the shores of Greece and Turkey.

General Marshall was the steadfast rock to which clung the few English and American strategists who foresaw that such remote and scattered efforts would mean an interminable and perhaps never conclusive war. Marshall and his stalwarts contended that the quickest and surest way to pierce Germany—the way presenting fewest problems in terrain and lines of supply, the way ultimately cheapest in Allied lives and resources—was from the Normandy coast.

There was, however, a possible catch: Their plan was absolutely dependent upon the ability of the United States Air Force, in concert with the Royal Air Force, to win indisputable superiority over the German air force before the invasion. Otherwise, a landing that would stick could never be achieved.

Jim Doolittle took command of the Eighth in the face of this enormous burden of responsibility. And, characteristic of his lifelong penchant for landing on hot spots, his primary operation, on January 5, 1944, involved a command decision that aroused doubts in Supreme Headquarters as to his fitness.

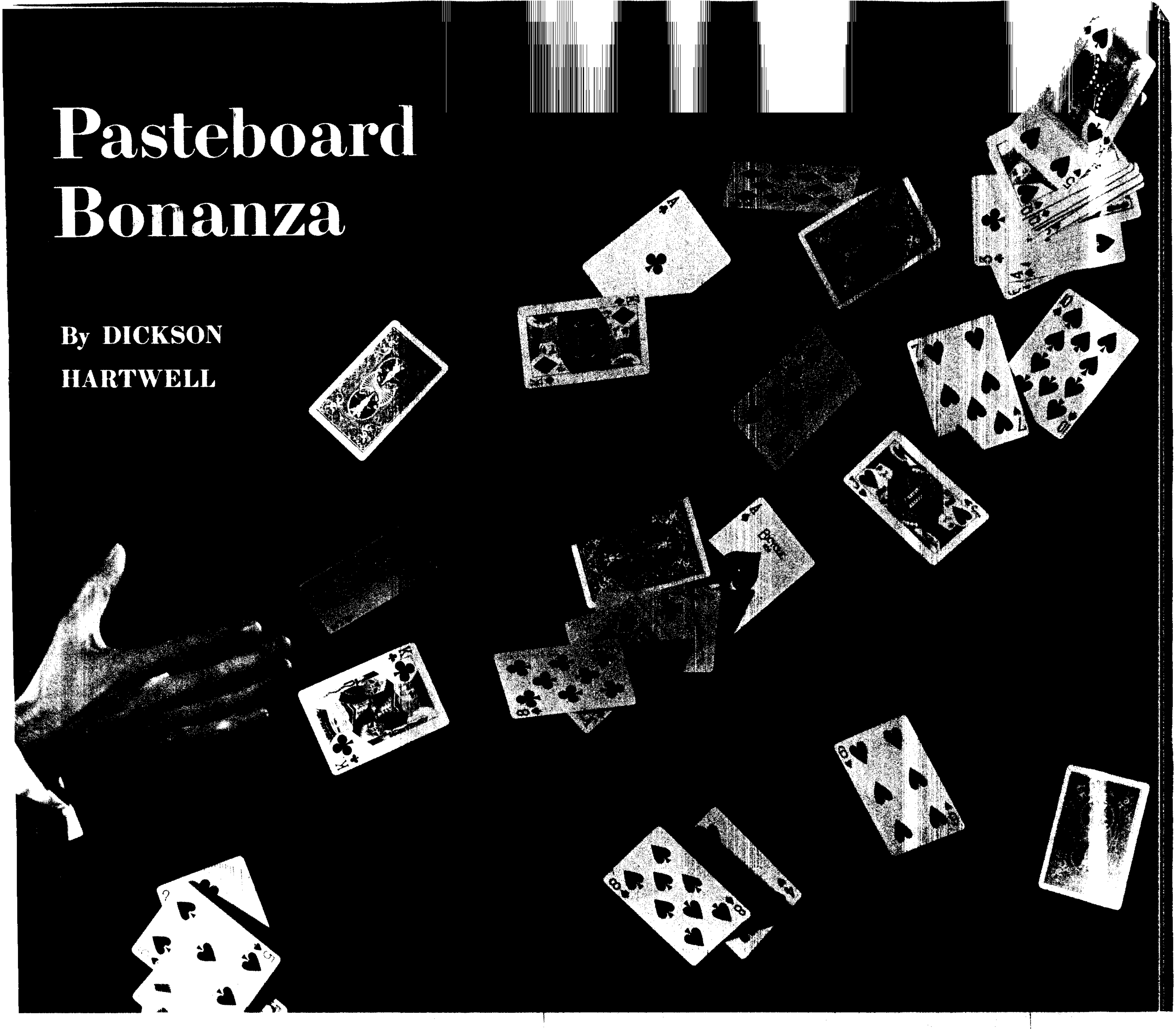
Doolittle was concerned about the mischievous factor of the English weather, which, as several million Yank servicemen will recall, is, to say the least, full of whimsey and deception. Proximity to the Gulf Stream makes England's climate radically different from that of the near-by Continent; it gives her, on the average, 240 days a year of obscured heavens.

In no comparably vital area on earth is it more difficult to predict weather. Most of the elements covering England move in from the open Atlantic, and consequently facilities for observation are scarce and irregular. Local

(Continued on page 91)

Pasteboard Bonanza

By DICKSON HARTWELL



Hell-fire-and-damnation fanatics still frown on the pasteboards—but a hundred million addicts wear out seventy-five million decks each year. Card-crazy Brooklyn College has established a chair of bridge

AT THE peak of the gin-rummy craze, Oswald Jacoby, five times bridge champion, insulted umpteen million fervent addicts by announcing that gin was so simple even a monkey could play it. No sleepyhead, Jacoby's press agent arranged for him to prove his thesis in the Bronx Zoo monkey house.

Jacoby dutifully climbed into the cage with a young orangutan named Andy, while a photographer recorded the Man vs. Beast epic.

Holding in his toes a gin hand pasted together by the photographer, Andie, the orangutan, frowned, smiled, looked puzzled and mugged.

"Wonderful!" the photographer exclaimed, concentrating on the ape.

Looking daggers at Andie, publicity-loving Jacoby got up and left. Despite the photographer's protest, nothing could keep him in the same cage with someone so congenitally capable of playing the card and hogging the whole show.

This stunt was probably the low point in the ancient and honorable rite of card playing which dates back to God knows when. The gin plague has since passed. Minor outbreaks of Oklahoma, Kaluki and the wild Canasta rummy from Argentina are subsiding. A country still slightly feverish is settling back to the normalcy of poker, bridge, solitaire, pinochle, real rummy and a hundred other games that are the mark of a well-balanced nation.

What passes for normal in card playing is fabulous enough. Five major manufacturers now turn out 65 to 75 million standard decks a year, which is an increase of about 35,000,000 since 1938.

A 477-page encyclopedia is needed to give all the answers to just one game, bridge. And the world's number two best seller—topped only by the Bible—is a book called Official Rules of Card Games. It sells 400,000 copies a year.

There are Braille cards for the blind, jumbo indexed cards for those with weak eyes, miniature cards for invalids and travelers, fortunetelling cards for youngsters and nice old ladies (no gypsy would be caught dead with them). And there are cards for such patented games as Parker Brothers' top-selling rook, and others like authors, old maid, flinch, touring and pit.

Practically everyone in America old enough to get a shave or a hair-do plays some card game. But though around 100,000,000 people are more or less constantly looking at them, few realize no two face cards are alike and fewer still could say which king is in profile, which jacks have one eye and why the ace of spades is different.

Yet some players watch cards so carefully that when a microscopic piece of lint marred the design on the back of one card in its printing a Mid Western player immediately spotted it and the maker had to recall 150,000 imperfect decks.

Half of America's children play cards, and 86 per cent of parents approve. Card playing helps to develop a child's logic, arithmetic, sportsmanship, color recognition and concentration.

Education increases card playing. Nigeria, with 21,000,000 people, buys less than 3,000 decks a year. The natives can't count to ten and therefore can't play. India and China offer a tremendous market; even the poorest classes can count. South America buys few cards, because social playing there is not a home pastime. Women are cloistered and men play in clubs.

Though big games are usually played in swank surroundings one historical *(Continued on page 66)*

PHOTOGRAPH FOR COLLIER'S BY KARGER

George Albert Parker's benevolent appearance is in keeping with his job as head of Tracers Company of America's stockholder-searching department. In two years 30,000 persons have been found and enriched by $1,500,000

Case of the Missing Stockholders

By PAUL GREEN and SIDNEY FIELDS

Private detective George Parker tracks down owners of forgotten stocks to the farthest corners of the earth with but a single purpose: to give them wealth which they did not know they possessed

AN ELDERLY, shabbily dressed woman recently appeared at the office of a large New York utility corporation. Clutching a grimy Manila envelope bulging with yellowed stock certificates, she timidly asked to see the treasurer.

"I borrowed the carfare to come here," she told him when he appeared. "I wonder if these are worth anything."

"Wait just a minute, madam," he said, "while I check them."

In a few minutes he was back, beaming. "Lady," he exclaimed, "you can not only borrow money on these, you can live in luxury, if you wish. They're worth $66,000!"

The woman's husband had invested $15,000 in the company 25 years before. During the depression the firm nearly went bankrupt and stopped paying dividends. When its name disappeared from the exchange boards and newspaper stock lists, the couple assumed that the stocks were worthless.

After her husband died, his widow worked at odd jobs, never thinking that the fancy paper buried beneath some old clothes in her bureau drawer might rescue her from her poverty.

At the beginning of World War II, the utility in which her husband had invested merged with a large munitions firm. It started paying healthy dividends soon after, and its stock was once more listed on the exchanges, at a greatly increased figure. When the company again mailed dividend checks, it discovered that many of its stockholders had disappeared.

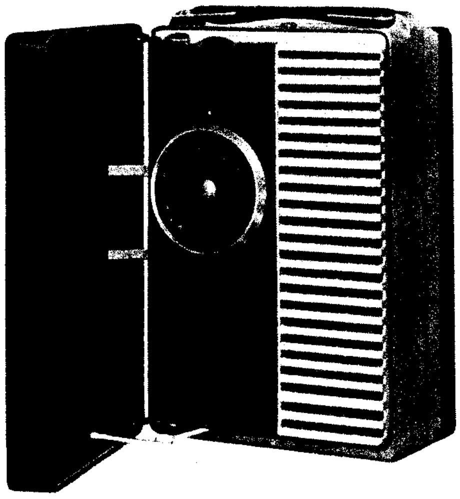
To investigate this situation, the company hired seventy-five-year-old George A. Parker, a New York private detective with snow-white hair and Vandyke to match. He was assigned to locate some 600 missing stockholders on whose investments thousands of dollars in dividends had accrued. He scoured the country for four months, and located 85 per cent of them. It was at his suggestion that the old lady had come to the utility company's office.

George Albert Parker is general manager of Tracers Company of America, a famous private-eye outfit headed by stocky, hard-bitten Dan Eisenberg. Since starting the stockholder-searching department two years ago, with Parker at its head, Tracers Company has located some 30,000 share owners who collected over $1,500,000 in back dividends, interest and cash *(Continued on page 40)*

PHOTOGRAPH FOR COLLIER'S BY STAN REE

Be a Christmas Angel

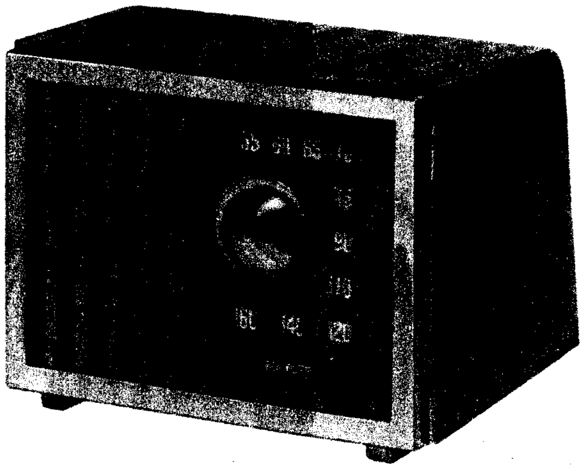
give these Merrymakers for many Happy New Years



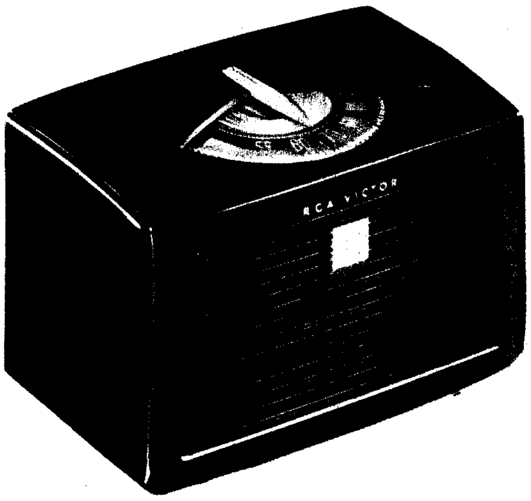
Holly red—and tiny enough to tuck into a topcoat pocket! That's the RCA Victor "Personal" radio. Just 6¼ inches high, it plays the instant you open it. Precision-built with "long-life" RCA battery and tiny but sturdy RCA Victor tubes. Choose yours in black, brown, or red lizard-grain plastic. **RCA Victor 8B43.**

The "Golden Throat"

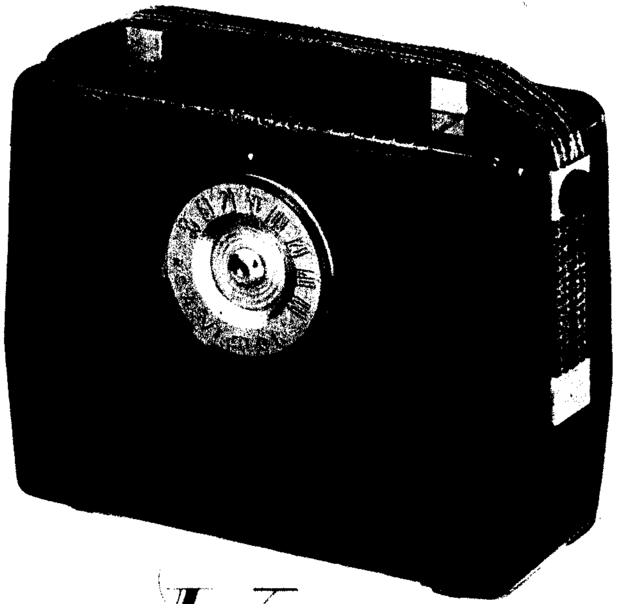
Only RCA Victor instruments have the "Golden Throat"—a precisely balanced 3-way tone system that's the finest in RCA Victor history.



Bright idea—this gay little table set! Has a "luxury look"—but that lovely effect of richly grained rare woods is a clever finish on smooth and sturdy plastic. Has the "Golden Throat." Extremely selective and sensitive. A gift for discriminating givers and "getters." **RCA Victor 75X16.**



Pretty smooth—a big "Merry Christmas" in a tiny package! Less than 6 inches tall, this tiny charmer has wonderful tone, amazing selectivity, power to spare. Clear plastic tuning dial in cabinet top turns at a finger's touch. In "sugar-plum" or ivory-finish plastic. **RCA Victor 8X521.**



Christmas Star—with dozens of points, all good! Point 1—it's a portable that also plays on AC or DC. Has the "Golden Throat." It's light-weight, lovely—plastic with non-tarnish gold-color trim. A star performer at a price that's a pointed hint to a thrifty Santa! **RCA Victor 8BX5.**

When you're in New York, see the radio and electronic wonders at the RCA EXHIBITION HALL. Open free to all. 36 West 49th Street, across from Radio City.

RCA VICTOR

"HIS MASTER'S VOICE"

DIVISION OF RADIO CORPORATION OF AMERICA

New Jersey's Amazing Powder Puff Farmer

By KEN JONES

George Scheufele grows fluff for powder puffs on the hides of geese. Scarce and hard to come by, the silly birds give up everything but their honk on the farm of Papa Goose. Everything pays off but the goose pimples

IF GEESE were reasonable creatures, George Scheufele would have a lot easier time doing the fanciest egg trick of them all. He turns goose eggs into powder puffs as soft as a baby angel's dream. But, although he's one of less than a score of people the world around who can do this particular trick, and ranks as the nation's top authority on the honking, hissing birds, Papa Goose, as Scheufele is often called, has his troubles.

Each year Scheufele's agents buy up all the geese they can find in a dozen Eastern and Middle Western states. But, because incubators don't work well with goose eggs, they're rarely able to get together more than 5,000 birds at one time. Because of this, and the fact that no one has yet figured out a way to win the wholehearted co-operation of a goose only a measly two per cent of the women of America ever enjoy using Scheufele's lush puffs.

Geese, Scheufele's raw material, sometimes live to be 50 years old, usually sleep during the daytime (always facing into the wind) and eat poison ivy when they can find it. They are terribly belligerent, and the only things they're *really* afraid of are weasels and little red foxes.

The fox has the goose's number—will grab it anywhere a hold offers, and kill it in no time. The weasel won't tangle with a full-grown goose, but will knock off a stray gosling, seizing it by the throat and sucking its blood. Geese leave both of these animals strictly alone. They'll take on anything else, though—bird, beast or man—the moment they sense fear in the opponent. What's more, you can't bluff geese; they *know!*

Despite his 40 years' study of goosology Scheufele can't explain this, but he's inclined to discount the smell theory.

Scheufele thinks that the birds have a sixth sense which tells them unerringly when any living creature is afraid of them, and he cites this personal experience:

A plumber, a husky six-footer, drove his truck up to Scheufele's Treville Farm and started unloading some soil pipe. Minutes later there were loud cries for help, and the goose expert found the plumber atop his truck, treed by a dozen hissing, honking geese.

"Go chase the gooses," Scheufele said to his two-year-old son, Johnny.

The baby toddled out, shooing the birds away with airy nonchalance although any one of them

PHOTOGRAPH FOR COLLIER'S BY CLAUDE W. HUSTON

Helen
from Bill
Calvert Reserve
BLENDED WHIS
To Bill
from Helen

"Nice to be in a home where *everyone's* so well treated!"

Comes again the festive season . . .
time of friendly firesides . . . Time of
generous good cheer . . . when you wrap that
gay gift carton of matchlessly mellow Calvert Reserve
. . . and mark it for Bill . . . or Dad . . . or Uncle Ed.
Calvert Reserve! . . . *there's* a gladsome greeting
you'd like to *get* as well as *give*.
We call it "the season's best" . . . to you.

Calvert
RESERVE

Clear Heads *Switch* to

Calvert Reserve

"the choicest you can give or serve"

CHOICE BLENDED WHISKEY—86.8 PROOF—65% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS . . . CALVERT DISTILLERS CORPORATION, NEW YORK CITY

could have knocked him down with the greatest of ease.

When geese attack they're stem winders, extending necks and beaks straight as arrows and charge, putting all their weight behind the effort. They really give you the business with their wings though, striking hard with the leading edges. The average wing span of a full-grown goose is about two and a half feet, and while Papa Goose has never heard of anybody measuring the power of their punch, his men usually can count on getting a load of black eyes with every carload of geese!

Scheufele, who started his observation of geese as a child on a farm about twenty miles from Friedrichshafen, in the Lake Constance region of Germany, experimented with every strain of goose he could find, and concluded that Africans and Embdens are the most satisfactory for making powder puffs.

The Toulouse strain produces larger birds but they are gray—(bad for puffs)—and they get fat and lazy. A fat, lazy goose sits around bumping its breast on the ground and rubbing off feathers and down. This results in imperfect hides, which in turn tosses monkey wrenches into the powder-puff-making machinery.

Geese are not monogamous, but they're as close to it as some humans ever get. In the eastern United States the birds start "courting" in early November. By February each gander has selected *two* females upon whom he will bestow his affection exclusively from that time forward. Once the three are mated they're fanatically faithful.

The females lay from thirty to forty eggs each between February and April, and they work themselves into a frenzy trying to hide them. Because of this an egg hunt at Treville Farm, with 5,000 or more geese in residence, is something!

The eggs are white and weigh up to eight ounces each. The female sits on them for 28 days, relieved occasionally by the male, and the proper kit for disturbing either of them at that time is a suit of armor. Goslings don't take much babying, and after about eight weeks they're on their own.

Geese swim well, and derive buoyancy not alone from considerable amounts of air trapped and held in their plumage, but from air sacs in their bodies. In common with other water fowl they insulate their feathers frequently with oil. The oil is secreted by a true gland in the after end of the bird's body. Geese transfer this oil from the gland to their feathers and distribute it with their beaks in the process known as "preening."

They Don't Like to Hop

It has been demonstrated through experiments that geese would rather stay outdoors in weather fifteen degrees below zero than hop over an eight-inch step to gain warmth and food inside. In view of the fact that there's nothing wrong with their hopping ability—they can clear low fences with ease—this might raise the question of whether they're quite bright, or whether "silly as a goose" is a well-founded reproach.

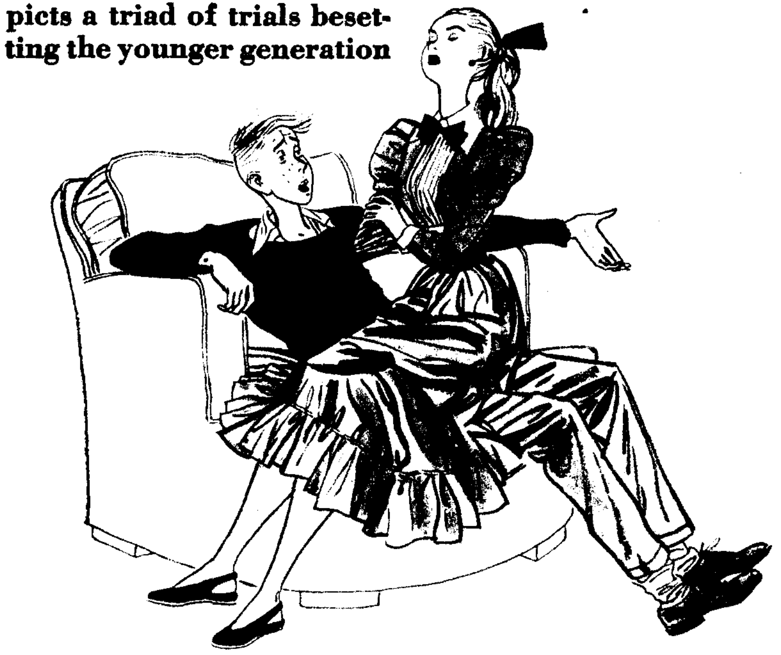
George Scheufele thinks geese are smart. To a thoughtful reporter, however, it would seem to depend a good deal on which end of the goose you're talking about.

On the *front* end they will use their beaks to dig down as much as a foot and a half to uncover the tender rootlets of trees. These they have been known to follow up for eight or ten feet, shucking off the bark as they go and munching on the tender root beneath. In that, they seem smart.

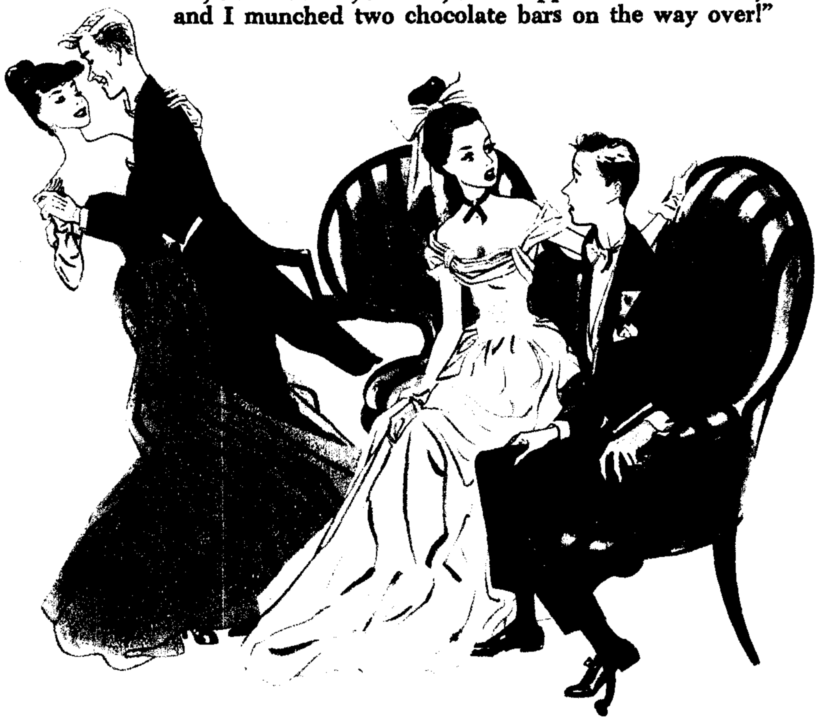
Contrariwise, the *back* end of the goose seems to cause everybody, including the bird, a good bit of trouble. Geese are awful gossips. They sleep all day and sit around all night shooting the breeze, especially in the full of the moon—nobody knows just why. And that's when their little *back* ends—the feathers, not the feet—get frozen to the ground. During cold weather George Scheufele has to go around in the morning jerking back ends loose.

Boy Loses Girl

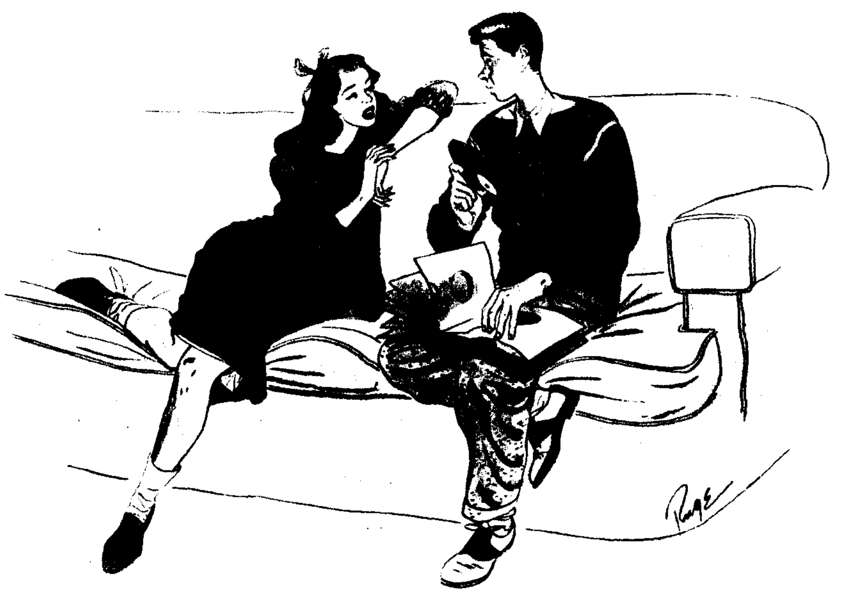
Cartoonist John Ruge depicts a triad of trials besetting the younger generation



"Natch, I love you, Gigi—but I had three hamburgers, two malteds, a Coke, a Pineapple Dream Sundae, and I munched two chocolate bars on the way over!"



"You could have taken her to the dance, but when I mentioned she was on the hockey team you hung up"



"A book I'm reading says that girls mature faster than boys. I hate to think that all of a sudden you'll be too young for me"

COLLIER'S

Goose pimples may be funny to you, but they're no joke to a powder-puff farmer. The goose skin or hide, on its under or inner side, exhibits a pattern of minute lines which form little diamond shapes about an eighth of an inch on a side. These appear as ridges on the upper side of the hide, and the patterns thus presented, Scheufele believes, are as different, one from the other, as the whorls on human finger tips.

Experiment with a Hammer

In every batch of hides a few will turn up with the enclosed areas of these little diamonds puffed up—*goose pimples!* Our thoughtful farmer fretted about this for a while. Then he lost patience, grabbed a hammer and started pounding. The pimples flattened out, and it didn't hurt the hides. You can't do that to duck hides though; it ruins them. The duck down hasn't any resilience to speak of, which is why "genuine swansdown" powder puffs are made out of goose down, but never of duck down.

While goose down puffs are the ultimate objective of the Scheufele operation, he has to dispose of a good many residual products before he gets to the soft, fuzzy stuff that blows around his plant like tumbleweed and has to be kept under control with vacuum cleaners.

To start with, the nation's only powder-puff farmer buys birds weighing from nine to ten pounds, and adds about five or six pounds at Treville Farm. There is at least one good reason behind this. If a goose is allowed to get *too* fat the skin stretches and the down may shed in the process of being made into puffs. Another is that the goose meat is canned and sold.

After the geese are killed, the carcasses are plucked and every feather is used commercially. Quills are sold for dart games, to trim Indian suits for small fry and to make novelty pens. Top wing feathers, which are curved, and lower wing feathers, which are straight, go to milliners. Short feathers from the neck and belly go into bedding. The fuzz from around the tail is used to trim feminine undies.

A plump goose will turn in about four tenths of a pound of feathers split up in these categories.

After the feathers have been plucked the goose hide remains covered all over with down—just about the softest, warmest stuff in the world. That's the raw material for making powder puffs.

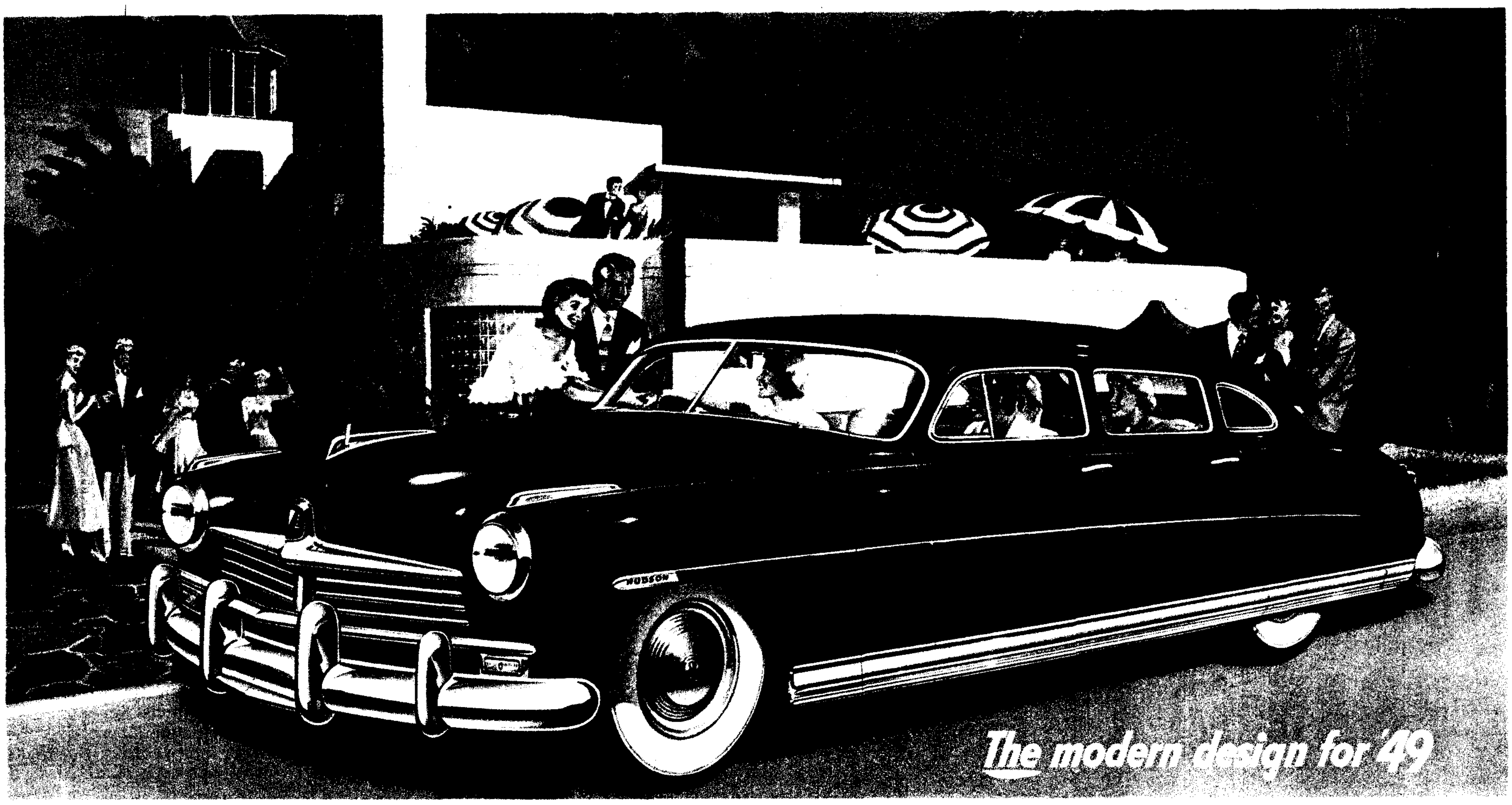
But before getting to work on the hides Scheufele disposes of the meat, which is cooked at the farm, canned and sold as boned flesh, a *canapé* spread and two types of *pâté*. Edible fats are cooked and tinned for sale, and supply doesn't begin to meet demand.

Intestinal or nonedible fats have an extremely low melting point, and are eagerly sought by pharmaceutical houses for compounding ointments of various sorts. The feet, bones and beak of the goose are ground up and used for fertilizer, leaving only the honk not commercially disposed of.

Scheufele cannot use the words *foie gras* on his *pâté*, which is made of goose livers, because this connotates a special quality of liver resulting from the forced feeding of the birds.

Forced feeding is prohibited by special laws in most of our states, but is common practice in France, where farmers not only literally force the birds to eat great quantities of corn and special "noodles" made of other grains, but deny them exercise by close penning. This not only results in obese geese, but in the special sort of livers from which the common

Why Hudson Beauty is more than "skin-deep"



The New Hudson—the first and only car you step *down* into—achieves true streamlining and today's lowest silhouette as the natural result of a basically new design principle available in no other type of automobile!

EVERY time your eyes linger on a New Hudson, you are admiring beauty that is as genuine as nature at her glorious best!

For this stunning streamliner has fresh, modern styling that begins deep inside the car with a recessed floor which is the key to the "step-down" principle of design—the exciting idea that turns the corner of tradition, opens up new opportunities for genuinely beautiful lines!

Yes, for years, whenever men have sought to create the ideal in low-built motor cars, *without lowering the interior floor,* they've had to keep top lines high to preserve inside head room, or reduce inside roominess to get top lines down—an unsatisfactory compromise in either case.

And even with compromises, no car has ever matched the glamorously low silhouette Hudson brings you today!

This is because Hudson—and Hudson alone—has the recessed floor that makes it possible to move lounge-size seats down to harmonize with the new, lower top. This use of a "step-down" zone in an exclusive, all steel Monobilt body-and-frame* enables Hudson to build the lowest car on the highway—just five feet from ground to top—yet this automobile has *more* head room than in any mass-produced car built today!

The exciting, more than skin-deep beauty of the New Hudson is the natural result of this basic "step-down" construction, which is so right it frees the designer of the need for makeshift.

Just as with all great new ideas, you can expect *many* important advantages from the "step-down" design.**

Because this is a completely new kind of automobile, the center of gravity is the lowest in any American stock car, and everybody knows this is the key to steady, snug riding. Hudson has a hug-the-road way of going in all speeds to such a degree that it gives you an entirely new conception of what modern motoring pleasure can be!

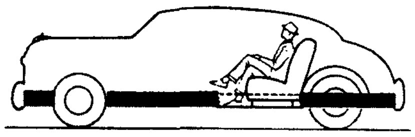
We cordially invite you to see and drive the New Hudson at your neighborhood Hudson dealer's. You'll see in short order how this car's precise engineering makes it wonderfully easy to steer and control, how its thorough streamlining gives its masterful power plant full opportunity to perform at its brilliant best. You'll quickly sense that Hudson is so far ahead it's a *protected* investment in motor car value—now, and from now on!

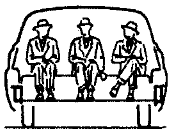
---

* Trade-mark and patents pending. ** The many advantages in Hudson's "step-down" design are explained in a booklet available at the nearest Hudson dealer's.

Illustrated above—Interior, Hudson Commodore Club Coupe, typical of the roomy, luxurious interiors in all New Hudsons.

TRY AUTOMATIC GEAR SHIFTING in forward speeds as provided by Hudson's Drive-Master transmission—by far the easiest of all ways to drive. You can accelerate as long and as fast as you like in pick-up gear, then lift your toe momentarily, and you're in high. The shift into high comes *only* when you are ready! Button control on the instrument panel provides instant change to conventional driving if ever desired. Drive-Master transmission is optional on all New Hudsons at small extra cost.





HUDSON FLOORS are recessed down within the frame (shown in red above), seats are lowered, so you get more than ample head room in this car with the new lower center of gravity.

YOU RIDE DOWN within a base frame (shown in red above), and rear seats are positioned ahead of the rear wheels so that full body width becomes available for wonderfully roomy seats—four inches wider than the car is high. Box-section steel girders encircle and protect the passenger compartment.

The only car you step down into

new Hudson

Eight body styles in Super Series and Commodore Custom Series. Your choice, 121 h.p. all-new Super-Six or 128 h.p. masterful Super-Eight engine. Super-Cushion tires. Ten rich body colors. Two special colors or five two-tone combinations—white sidewall tires—at extra cost. Hudson Motor Car Company, Detroit 14, Michigan.

Women like this will
CHEER!

So will all the many people kept awake, made nervous or jittery by the caffein in regular coffee! For . . .

THE NEW IMPROVED SANKA COFFEE

now has a new, marvelous flavor to delight lovers of fine coffee! Yet it's 97% caffein-free. You can drink it and sleep. And you'll *love* the taste!

FINER FLAVOR in Sanka Coffee is due to a brand-new flavor-saving process . . . a miracle method of taking the caffein out of the coffee.

Try Sanka Coffee today. See for yourself what a great flavor-improvement has been made. Sanka comes in two forms: Ground for drip or percolator; Instant Sanka, made instantly in the cup. Products of General Foods.

SANKA
NEW
IMPROVED FLAVOR
COFFEE
INSTANT
SANKA
COFFEE
NOW IN INSTANT FORM

table delicacy *pâté de foie gras* is made. Scheufele calls his Pâté Treville, and plays his livers straight.

The puff-making process is accomplished through four basic operations. First, the goose hide with down attached is tanned. Next, it is bleached an even white. After that the hides are dyed various colors, the success of this process reflecting the uniformity of whiteness achieved through the bleaching. Finally, disks the size of the puffs desired are cut from dyed hides, stitched together around the edges by hand, stuffed to give them "body" and topped off with ribbons.

A substantial portion of Scheufele's mail is freighted with questions about geese, and not a few come from enthusiastic oldsters who are waiting only for Papa Goose to give them the ABC's before jumping into powder-puff farming in a big way.

For some reason, a majority of these inquiries come from the South, with Florida leading. To an old goose man *this is astonishing.* Given his choice he'd get all his geese from up around Hudson Bay somewhere, and his invariable answer to these sincere but uninformed people is: "Would you try raising silver foxes in Death Valley?"

Geese are inefficient creatures in two important particulars: (a) They insist upon laying eggs about 50 per cent of which are infertile, and (b) they're mighty stubborn about their hatching secrets. A goose normally sits on from 15 to 18 eggs.

Come early morning she gets up and takes a brief header into the nearest stream or creek. If one isn't available she'll stroll around in the dew-covered grass until her feathers have picked up the requisite amount of moisture. Returning to the nest she carefully turns each egg over, using her beak shovelwise. Then, with a satisfied sigh, she sits down again—and right there she presents Papa Goose with a Grade A problem!

The dew-flecked feathers of the goose and her body heat filtering through the soft down combine to do a unique job of "moisturizing." How does this process work? Nobody knows, and thus far nobody has been able to find out. But it is believed to be of great importance in the hatching of goslings.

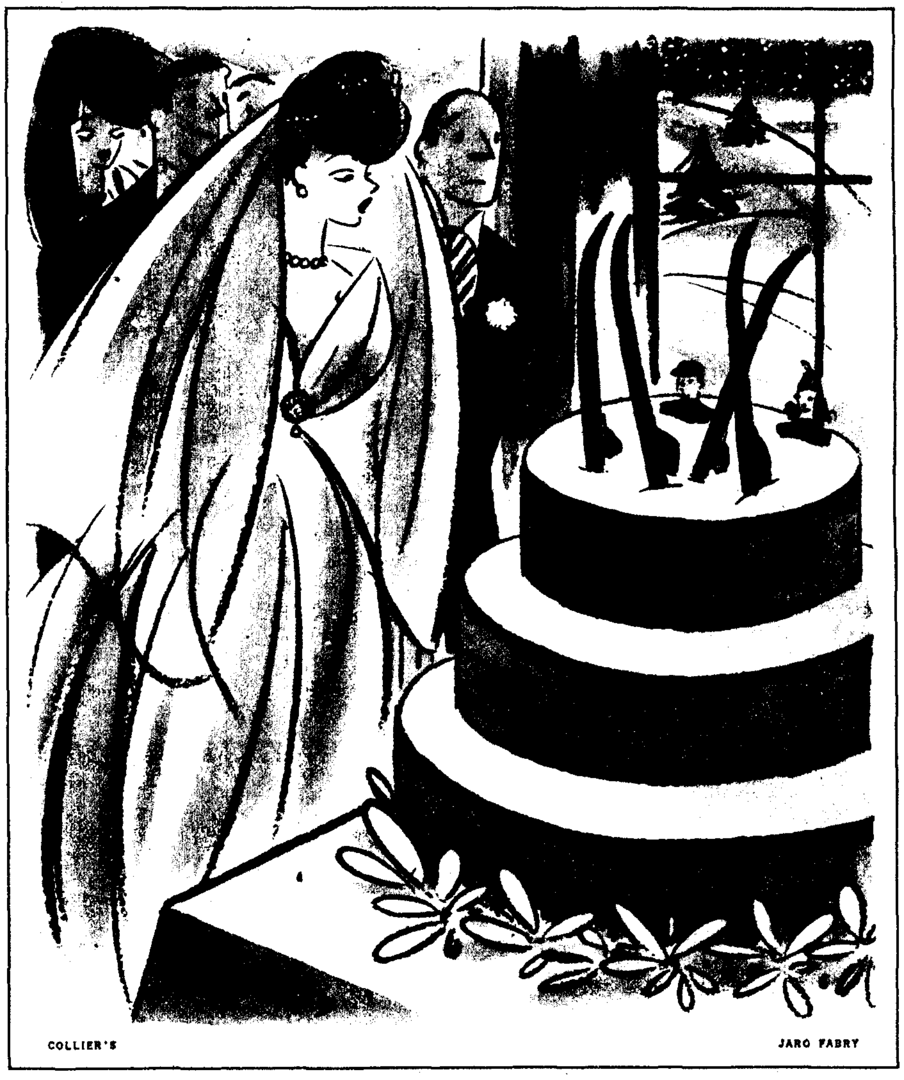
Early in the game, when he was hatching only a few goslings from many eggs in incubators, Scheufele conducted long-range and elaborate experiments with the National Farm School and with various commercial hatcheries. They controlled the incubator temperature to within a tenth of a degree, and through the use of some pretty elaborate gimmicks even managed to spray the eggs periodically with water at precisely the same temperature. The results, however, were discouraging, and of course the fact that geese cannot be successfully incubated is the reason why flocks both here and in Europe are always small.

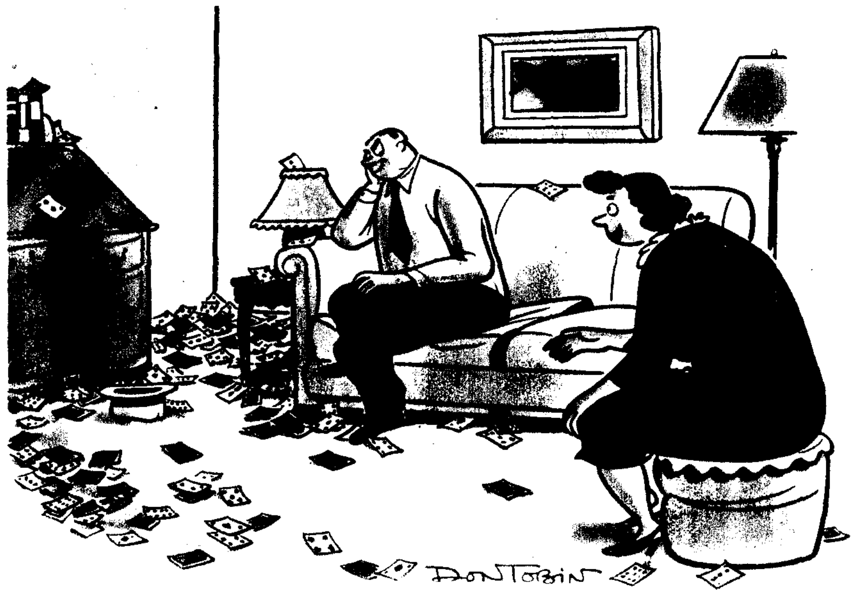
When Scheufele tried to get around this situation by advertising that he was ready to *buy* geese in carload lots, very many people read his ad hurriedly and thought he wanted to *sell* geese in carload lots. He was flooded with orders, and it was a dizzy business altogether!

Next Scheufele tried fooling hens into sitting on *goose* eggs. That turned out better, except for one fundamental difficulty. The hens couldn't turn over the heavy goose eggs; their beaks just weren't built for it. After brief contemplation of the job of turning over 50,000 or so goose eggs by hand before breakfast every morning Papa Goose concluded that he wasn't built for it either!

Recently Scheufele decided to tackle his two big problems one at a time. He's taking the business of the infertile eggs first—and *has he got a surprise for geese!* He's going to inseminate them artificially—figures *that* ought to make them stop shilly-shallying around and get down to brass tacks! "Only 50 per cent fertile eggs!" he snorts. "Inexcusably inefficient!"

If the geese take kindly to this intrusion into their sex habits, Scheufele will be pretty optimistic about solving the secondary, hatching problem. But that's for the future. ❑❑❑





COLLIER'S "There! That was fun! Now what do I do?" DON TOBIN

OUR NOT SO INNOCENTS IN PARIS

Continued from page 23

don't have anything to go back for."

"He's very droll, isn't he?" Nanette broke in. "Droll" is the exact word in French and it seemed very right. "He talks all the time of America; won't work on July fourth; says American beer is the best in the world. Eh, very droll."

When I left, George was throwing his son in the air and the squeals of delight followed me all the way out to the street.

IT WAS DIFFICULT to contact Jack, the deserter. I got in touch with him through a friend and we met at a little restaurant on the outskirts of Paris.

He is a little clerklike man who wears horn-rimmed glasses. We both ordered liver with mushrooms and after a couple glasses of wine he began to talk. Occasionally, with a practiced, skillful motion, he would stare quickly around the room, carefully noticing each person.

"I deserted because I was scared," he said. "Just plain scared. When my outfit got to France and I started to smell the smoke from the burning buildings and to hear the shells smack into the ground, something went to pieces inside of me. I always felt like crying."

The liver was very tender, but Jack's hand shook as he cut it.

"One day I got lost from the rest of my outfit and ran into one of those Tiger tanks. It went by about fifty feet away; a five-foot streak of fire shot out of the gun barrel and all the tree leaves were sucked down with each blast. That did it.

"I started walking away; walking at first and then running. But I felt it wasn't deserting. I was just scared.

"I guess I ran for about two hours without stopping. Then I saw a dead French civilian by the side of a house. Without thinking I took off my clothes, put on his and burned mine up. I still wasn't thinking that I was deserting. I just wanted to get out of that uniform that the Germans would shoot at."

He stopped eating.

"A few days later I went into a village and in the confusion they gave me an identification card. That's when I realized I had deserted.

"I went to work on a farm. They don't ask questions on a farm and you don't have to have all the social security cards a factory worker needs here."

"Do you ever see any other deserters?" He flinched on hearing me use the word and I was sorry at once.

"Occasionally, although you can't be sure. Sometimes in a café or bus I'll hear a guy talking with an American accent and by the way he's looking around I can tell he's worried. Then I guess he might be a guy like me. Once I spoke to one in a bus. He just stopped talking and got off at the next stop.

"Mister, this is no easy life. Sometimes I miss the States so much I can smell it. That sounds crazy, but France smells different than the U.S. Do you believe that, mister?"

MANY OF the ex-G.I.s in Paris are artists, like Jim Knowles. Paris has a long tradition as the art center of the world and whether it is or not, they still come thinking it is.

Jim Knowles is a tightly bunched, well-muscled man who played college football and looks the part. During the war he was on a destroyer in the South Pacific. Although most sailors hated the dreary coral atolls, Jim didn't. He loved the colors.

Although he had never painted, he decided he would become an artist when the war was over, and came to Paris on the first boat he could catch after being discharged.

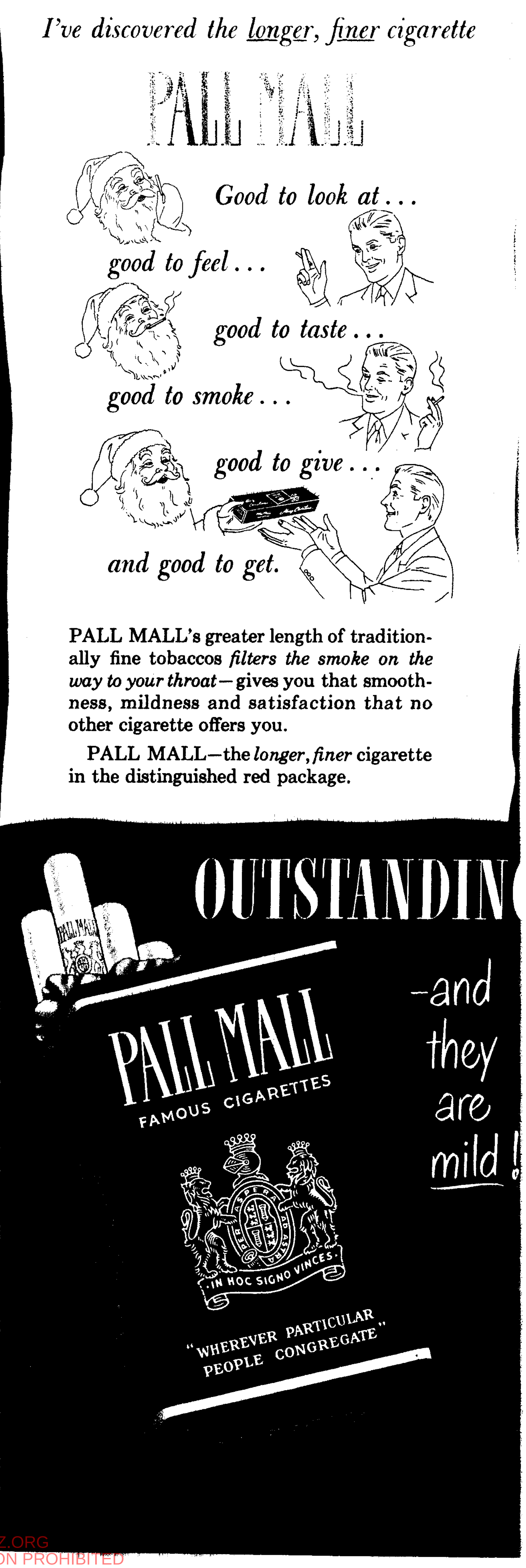
"There are better art schools in New York," he said. "But Paris is just right for me. The artists here are tough and critical and that's good at my stage of development. And there is so much to paint in Paris."

Jim took me to see some of the things he has painted. The abattoirs where cattle are reduced to vast red slabs of meat by fat-faced French butchers; the moody, fetid stations of the *Métro*, the wholesale market crowded with peasants selling mountains of round yellow melons, string beans, tomatoes, partridges with their feathers still on.

He has also painted some excellent nudes and introduced me to the girls who modeled for him.

"But don't get the wrong idea," he said. "Times have changed. Now there are unions for the models and their rates are high enough so that several of us have to chip in to hire one. And if you want to be a good artist, there is not much time for drinking and carousing."

WITH THE exception of the few deserters there is nothing tragic about the Americans in Paris. Most of them are proud of their American citizenship and will not give it up. The majority are simply people who have found an environment which is more compatible than the one they left in the U.S. They are a fragment of America transplanted to Paris; the same proportion of failure and success, similar occupations and similar lives. Most of them plan to spend their lives here. ▭▭▭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PALL MALL's greater length of traditionally fine tobaccos *filters the smoke on the way to your throat*—gives you that smoothness, mildness and satisfaction that no other cigarette offers you.

PALL MALL—the *longer, finer* cigarette in the distinguished red package.

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-and they are mild!

PALL MALL FAMOUS CIGARETTES

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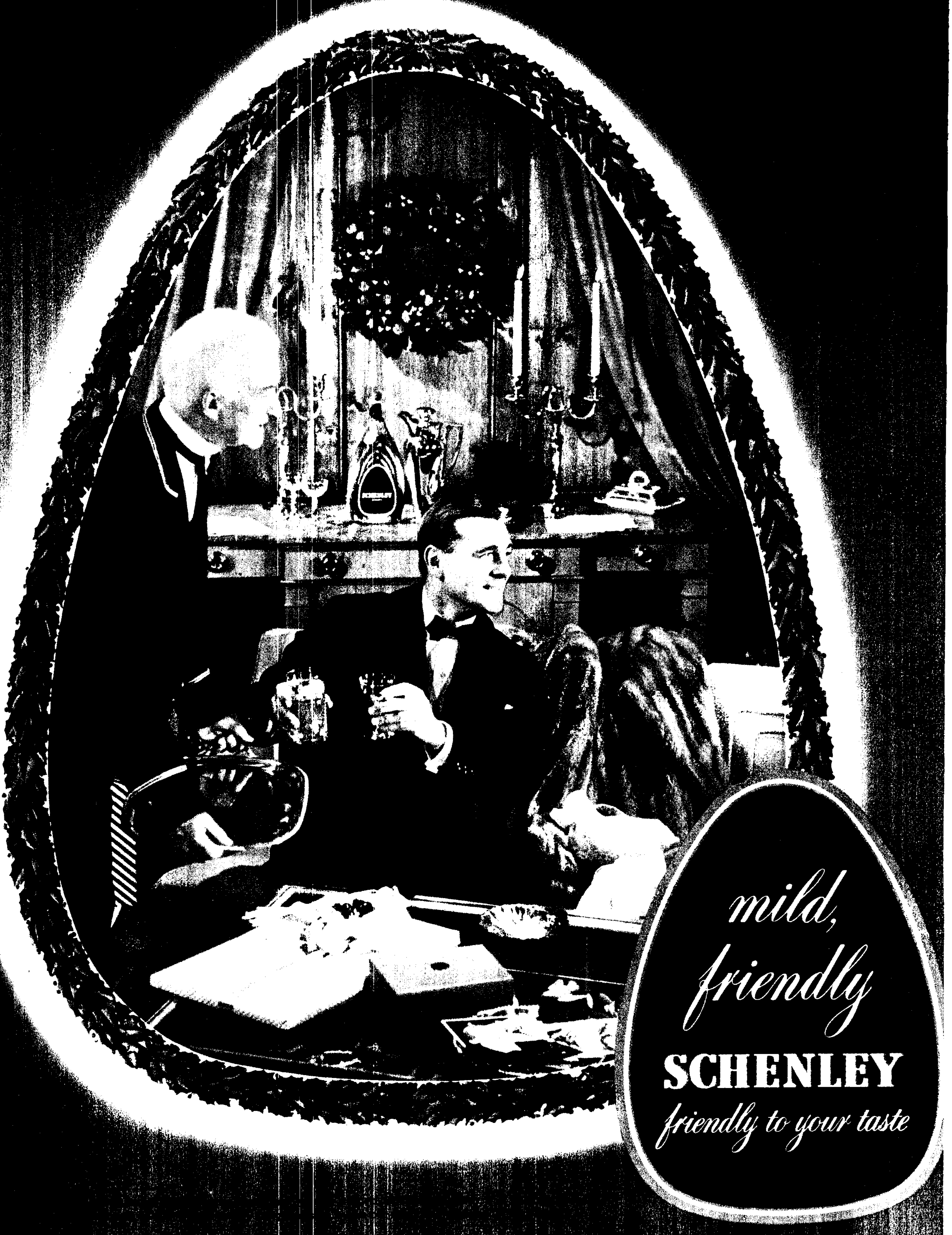
"WHEREVER PARTICULAR PEOPLE CONGREGATE"

When day is done...good friends deserve


mild,
friendly
SCHENLEY
friendly to your taste

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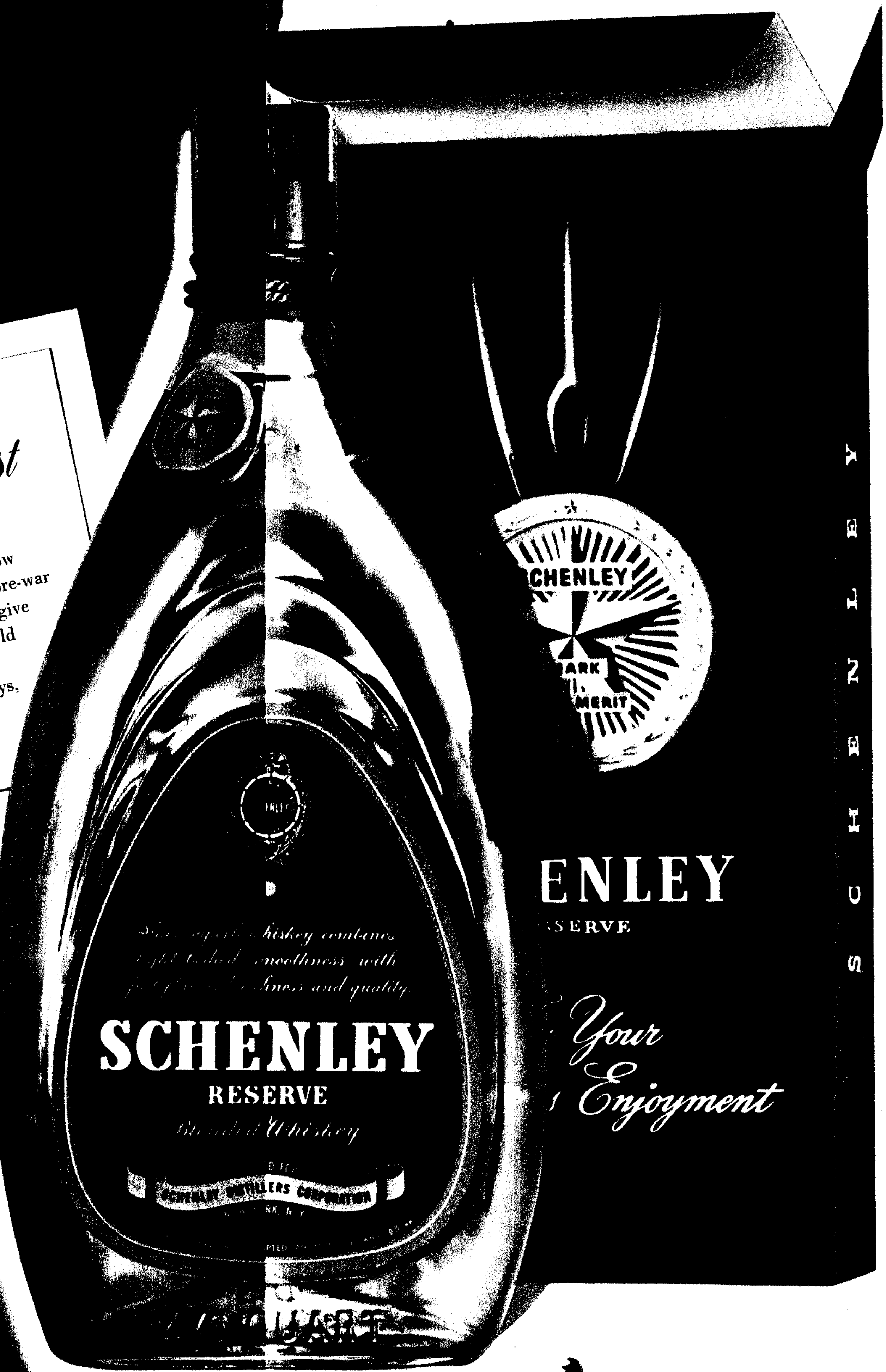
SCHENLEY

Give the Season's Best

in this rich gift carton

For gift or guest, the Season's Best is mild, mellow Schenley. You can *taste* Schenley's genuine pre-war quality in every sip . . . for Schenley continues to give you the same rich measure of 5, 6 and 7 year old whiskey from the world's largest reserve of fine, aged, American, pre-war whiskies. And, always, the Schenley name is your assurance of unequalled blending skill.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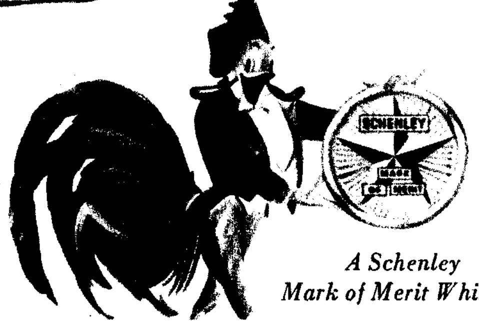
SCHENLEY DISTILLERS CORPORATION
SCHENLEY
MARK OF MERIT
ENLEY
SERVE
Your
Enjoyment
SCHENLEY


SCHENLEY
MARK OF MERIT

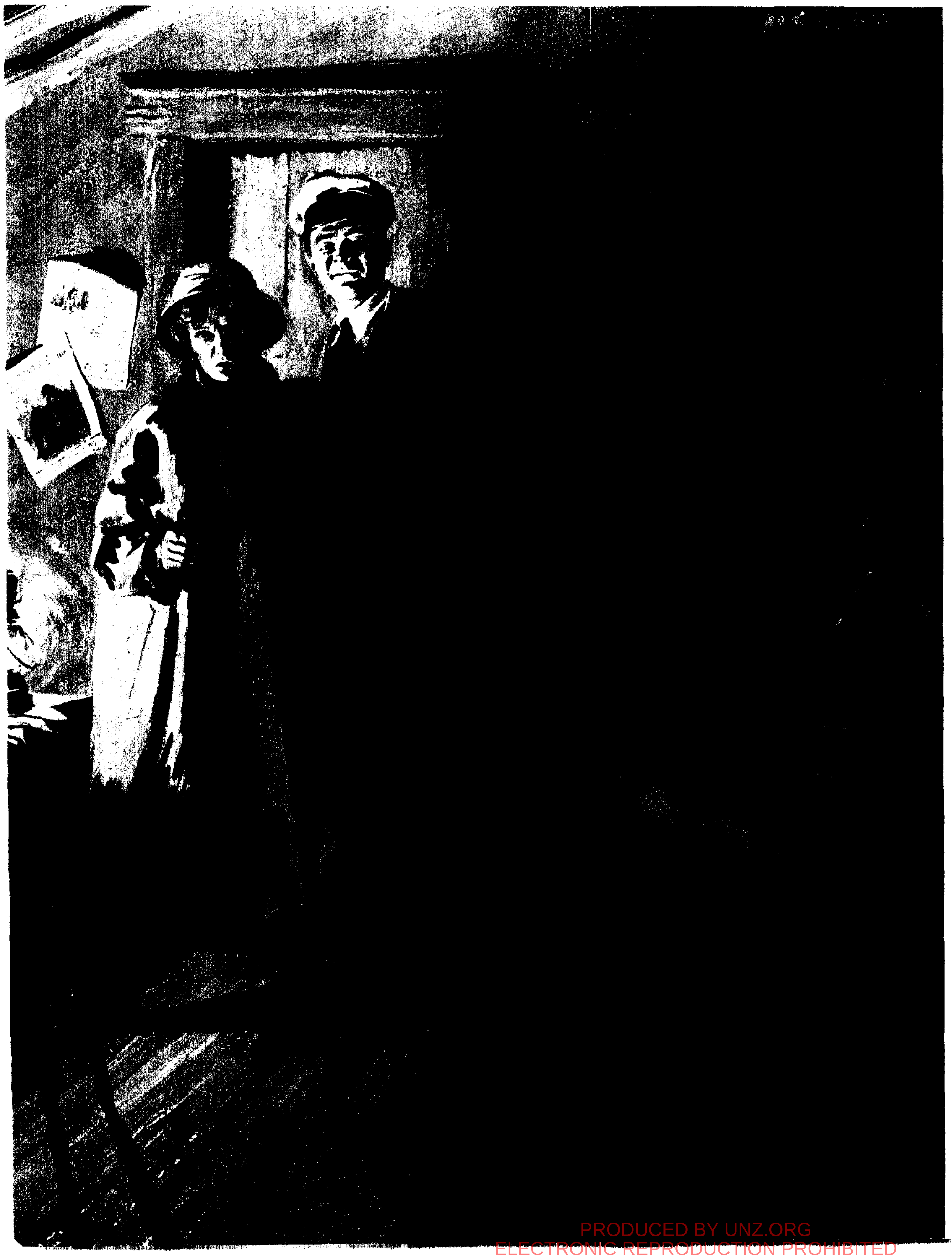
A Schenley Mark of Merit Whiskey

PASSAGE TO PANAMA

By ROBERT CARSON

CONTINUING THE MADCAP ADVENTURES OF A MILLIONAIRESS AND HER BODYGUARD

The Story: JOHNNY SMITH, a young lawyer, has taken the job of guarding ANNA MARIE BISHOP, on a voyage to Panama. Miss Bishop, a lovely, rich young industrialist, who has received letters threatening her life, is the manufacturer of a permanent-wave apparatus. To advertise it she has financed an archaeological venture in Panama, which will be headed by a woman named INDIA REDO. They plan to search from the air for the remains of an ancient civilization, using surplus Army planes. The first two days out of port Anna Marie is glum and remains in her cabin. But on the third day Johnny surprises her in the captain's cabin, searching the captain's safe. She has taken a radiogram, addressed to her, confirming the sale of her home-permanent company. When Johnny tries to find out why she is continuing the archaeological expedition when she no longer has anything to advertise, she refuses to talk. After an "accidental" attempt against Johnny's life fails, Anna Marie and Johnny fall in love and he asks her to marry him. The next day when he awakens he finds his gun missing. He confronts the captain and accuses him. The captain not only admits engineering the theft of the gun, but admits being in on the plot against Anna Marie.



Mrs. Redo released the safety catch on the automatic. "Stand still, you big bum," she ordered Johnny. "I say, stand still, or I'll blow you apart"

ILLUSTRATED BY WARD BRACKETT

PART 5 OF A SEVEN-PART SERIAL

WHEN Johnny elatedly gave her the oilskins and put on a raincoat and topee, he had a hunch that at last he was getting to the bottom of the deal; his girl friend was growing ready to talk; the end was in sight. He was unable to restrain a certain admiration for his skill, ingenuity and persistence as a detective. Give ol' J.S. a blond clue to go on, he told himself, and the guy is transformed into a human bloodhound.

They ascended to the bridge, hanging on frequently. Rain was falling hard, and the Leise Neilsen had developed a corkscrew pitch that was wicked. Even the captain, peering ahead with his glasses from the wheelhouse, was bracing himself with his free hand. The first and second officers were with him, and a spare seaman by the wheel. Showers of spray were rising from the bow.

"She's wetting her nose now," Anna Marie said. "I can't see any island, can you?"

"No. They say that's the trouble with navigation around here. Mangrove comes at you all at once."

"Have you been here before?"

Anna Marie shook her head and glanced at him. "This isn't too much for you, is it?"

"Are you kidding?" Johnny said. "This is the first fun I've had on the trip. Storms at sea are my meat."

"Do you know something?" Anna Marie said. "You're homely and ill-informed, but I envy you. You make it exciting and tender for women. You go constantly through life with the naïve anticipation of a child at its first circus."

"Thank you. That's one of the nicest things anybody ever said to me."

"The nicest things ever said to me were last night. You said them."

"Did I?" Johnny said.

"Naturally," Anna Marie added, "I realize you were high at the time and not responsible. I don't hold you to any of them."

"Is that so?"

"You said I reminded you of a quotation from Shakespeare."

"Longfellow."

"Longfellow." Anna Marie jammed her sou'wester down harder on her head. "You kissed me."

"I did?"

"You asked me to marry you."

"Really?"

"I started crying."

"Is that a fact?"

"You don't remember any of that, do you?" Anna Marie said. Her words were wistful.

"Every bit," Johnny said, "including the part where I said for you to keep 'em flying and your socks up. And I meant it."

"Oh, my gosh!" Anna Marie said.

He bent, inserted the rim of his topee under the hang of the sou'wester, and kissed her gently. Then he kissed her hard. A great yeastiness rose in him, which he attributed to the turmoil of passion.

"My little darling," he said. "You are soon to become Mrs. John Grogan Smith. You'd better leave your future husband know what's cooking. No marriage founded upon half truths and evasions can hope to weather the storms of matrimony."

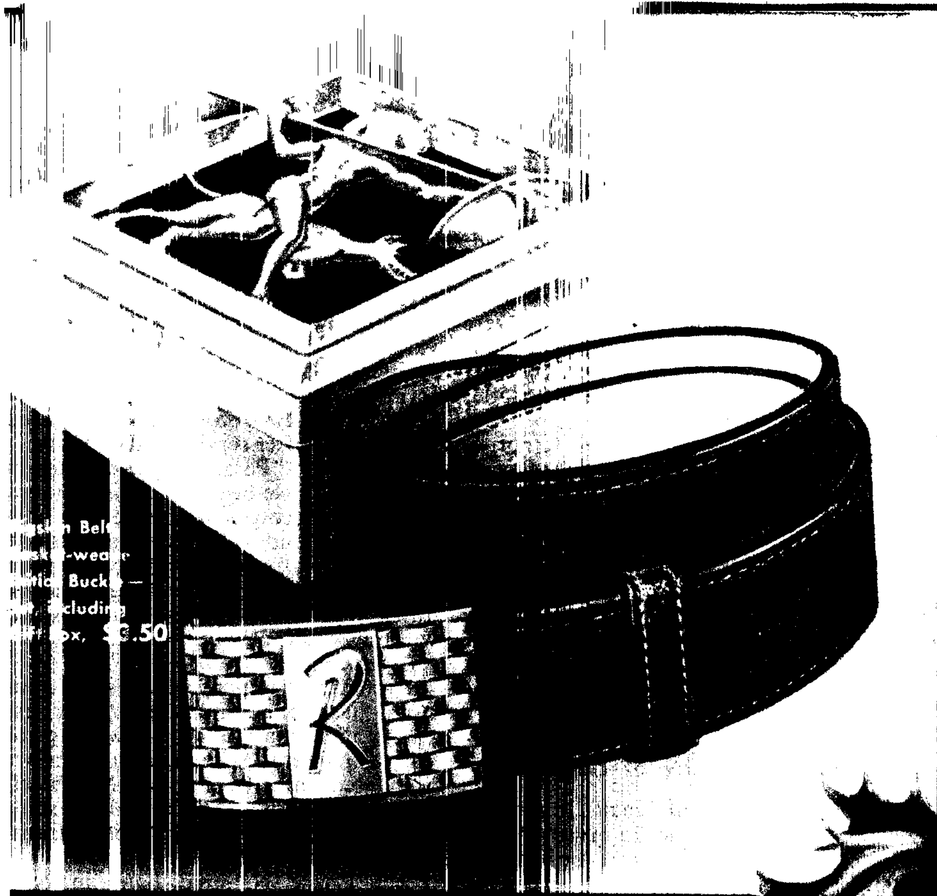
She gazed at him doubtfully. "Johnny, you're so simple and idealistic. Are you sure the truth may not overwhelm you?"

(Continued on page 78)

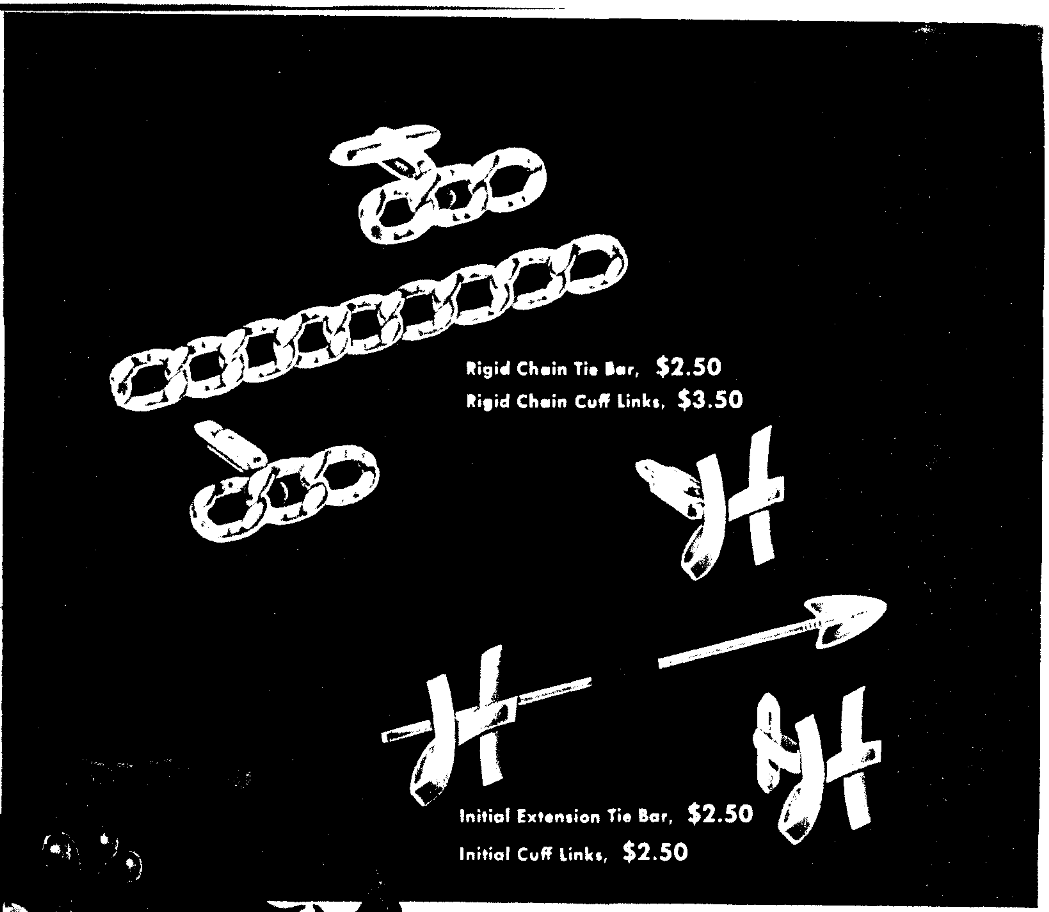
Christmas Presents with a Future

Designed by

HICKOK

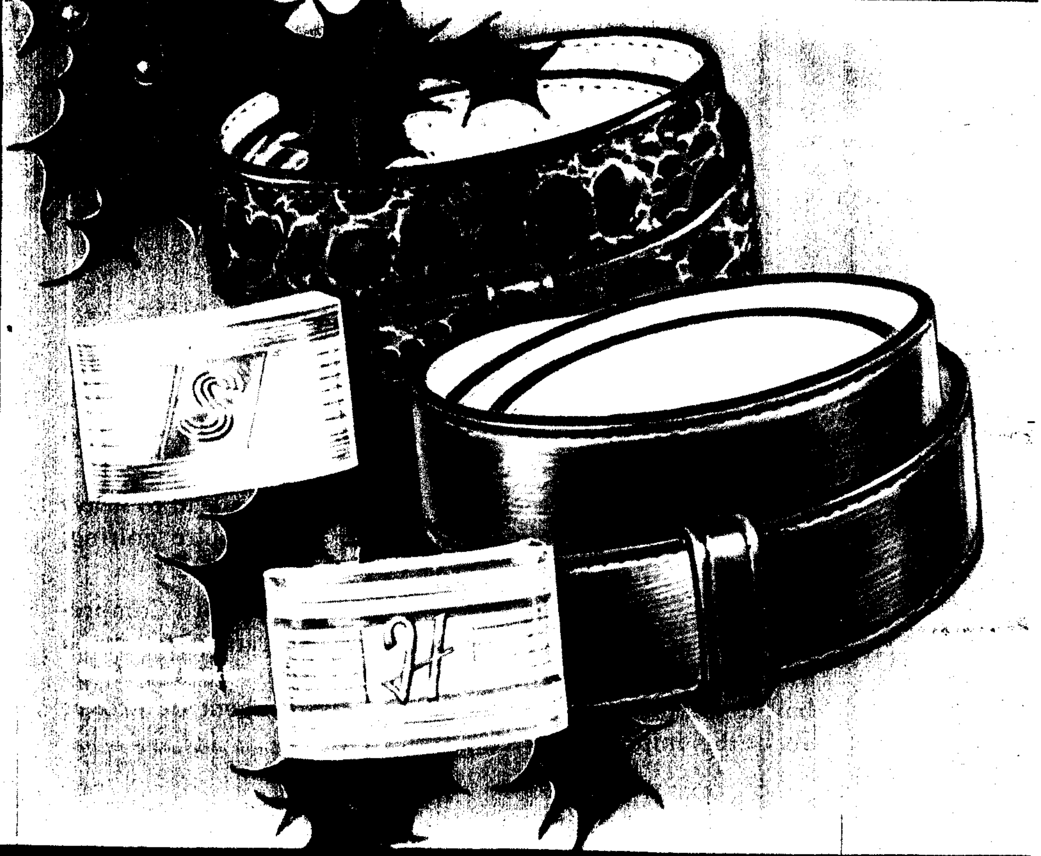


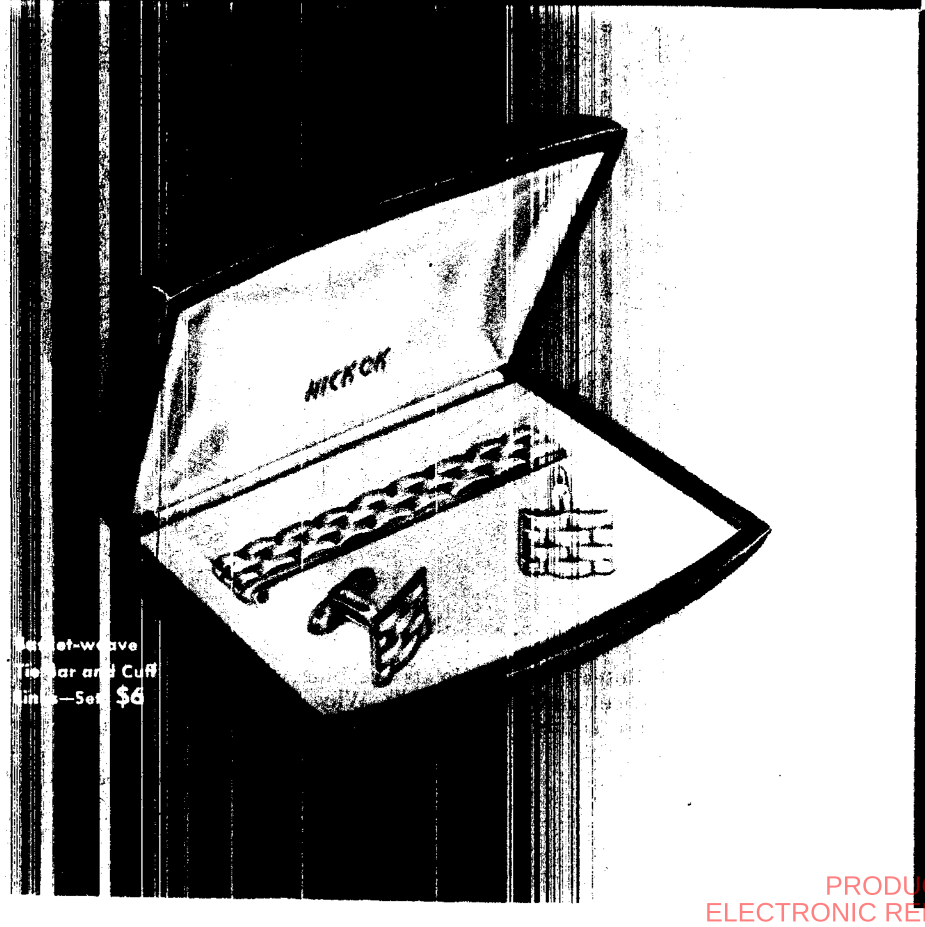
...skin Belt, ...sket-weave ...itial Buckle— ..., including ...ift Box, $3.50



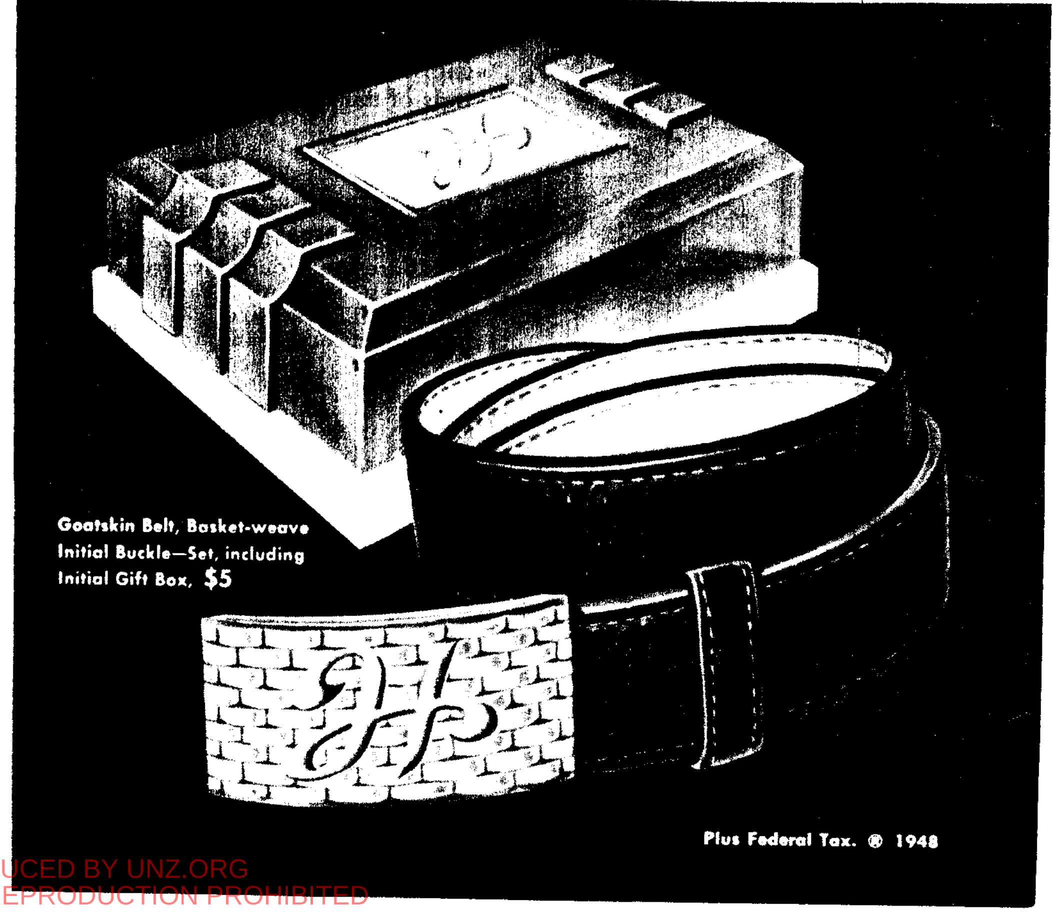
Rigid Chain Tie Bar, $2.50
Rigid Chain Cuff Links, $3.50

Initial Extension Tie Bar, $2.50
Initial Cuff Links, $2.50



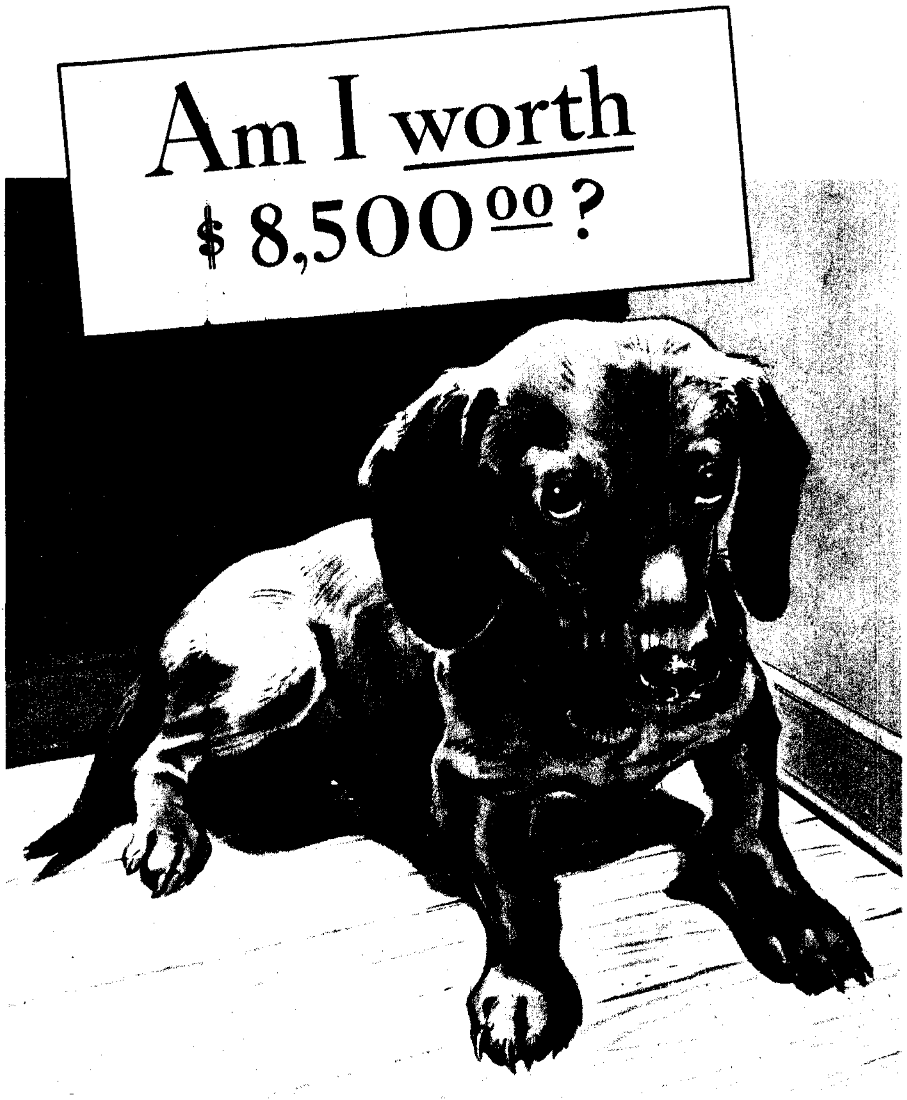


Basket-weave Tie Bar and Cuff Links—Set, $6



Goatskin Belt, Basket-weave Initial Buckle—Set, including Initial Gift Box, $5

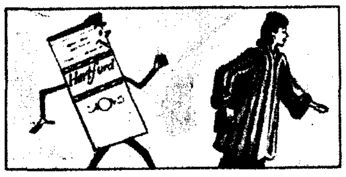
Plus Federal Tax. ® 1948



MAN'S BEST FRIEND is feeling mighty low. An innocent prank of his caused serious injury to a passerby who sued for plenty, and the dog's owner—uninsured—lost years of savings.

Nobody can foresee the little incidents that can lead to heavy damage suit losses. They may happen while you're golfing, hunting, fishing, skiing, or even in your own home!

That is why it pays to protect yourself with Hartford Comprehensive Personal Liability Insurance. You can get as much as $50,000 coverage for only $13.50* a year—$33.75 if you buy it for three years. Ask your Hartford agent or broker about this important coverage. *Single homes and apartments.



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CASE OF THE MISSING STOCKHOLDERS

Continued from page 28

value of stocks and bonds. The names of these missing stockholders were furnished by some 50 large corporations like the Sun Oil Company, Warner Brothers, Bendix, Philco and the Statler Hotels.

When Parker first suggested to corporation treasurers and transfer agents that he locate their missing stockholders, they laughed at him. These company officials argued that unclaimed dividends were, in most cases, the holdings of persons who had died without heirs. It was their experience that if a stock were valuable enough to warrant a search, there were invariably a dozen warring factions of eager relatives trying to prove their rights to possession.

Many Unaware of Legacies

Parker countered such arguments with a suggestion that the missing stockholders might be widows, orphans or impoverished heirs who didn't even know that their relatives had left them stocks.

As a matter of fact, most of the stockholders he seeks turn out to be dead, so he sets about tracking down their heirs. Half of them aren't even aware that their relatives have died, much less left them securities.

The bulk of Parker's work now is from corporations anxious to clear their records. Most of the missing stockholders are found to have moved since last heard from, leaving no forwarding addresses. Often, with nothing more than a slim clue offered by a distant cousin or a former neighbor, Parker traces his subjects hundreds, even thousands of miles. Some of the trails have led halfway across the world.

Among the surprised heirs who have received huge sums for old stocks through Parker's efforts are Indians on reservations, a socialite's maid, a waiter in a New York delicatessen, hospital convalescents, persons on relief, an orphan asylum which inherited $10,000 from a former inmate—and a man who got $2,000 two days before he was released from prison after serving fifteen years.

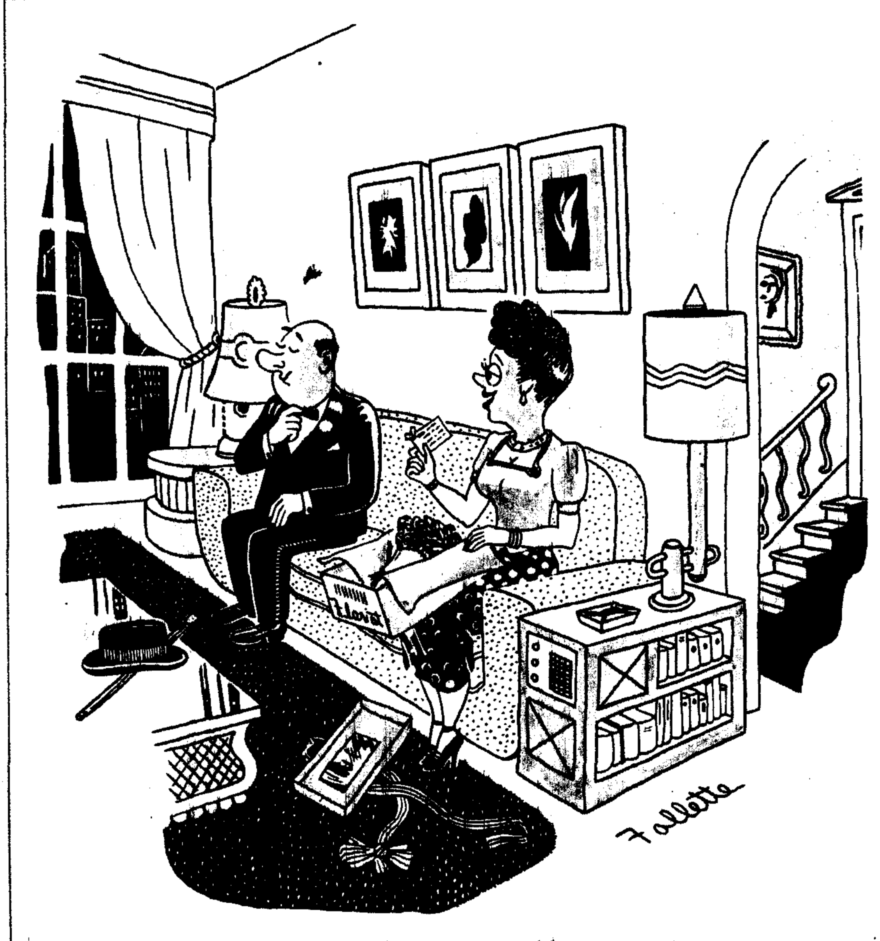
Who knows? Perhaps a tidy fortune in stocks may have been left to you by uncles, aunts or cousins you have seen only at weddings and wakes. Or maybe some of that decorative paper which lines you bureau drawers, or is stuffed in some dusty attic trunk, means money which will buy you a new car, television set o refrigerator.

Even if the company which issued you stock has gone bankrupt, Parker explains, there may be money waiting fo you somewhere. When corporations are liquidated, there is often some cash lef for stockholders, and the unclaimed sums are turned over to a bank or other transfer agency for disbursement.

The Chase National Bank in New York, for example, is holding millions o dollars of liquidation money for hundreds of stockholders of 70 defunct corporations. Even if you built a bonfir with your certificates, or used them a Christmas cards or to wrap gifts, as s many disillusioned investors did after th 1929 debacle, you can still collect if yo are the legitimate owner. You merel have to post a "Lost Certificate Bond guaranteeing the bank against futur claimants.

"There must be at least $3,000,000,00 lying around for 1,000,000 stockholders, Parker says. "In a random canvass w made of 500 corporations recently, thos which answered admitted they had 397 000 absentee stockholders for whom the were holding dividends. One New Yor utility alone has 25,000 missing stock holders."

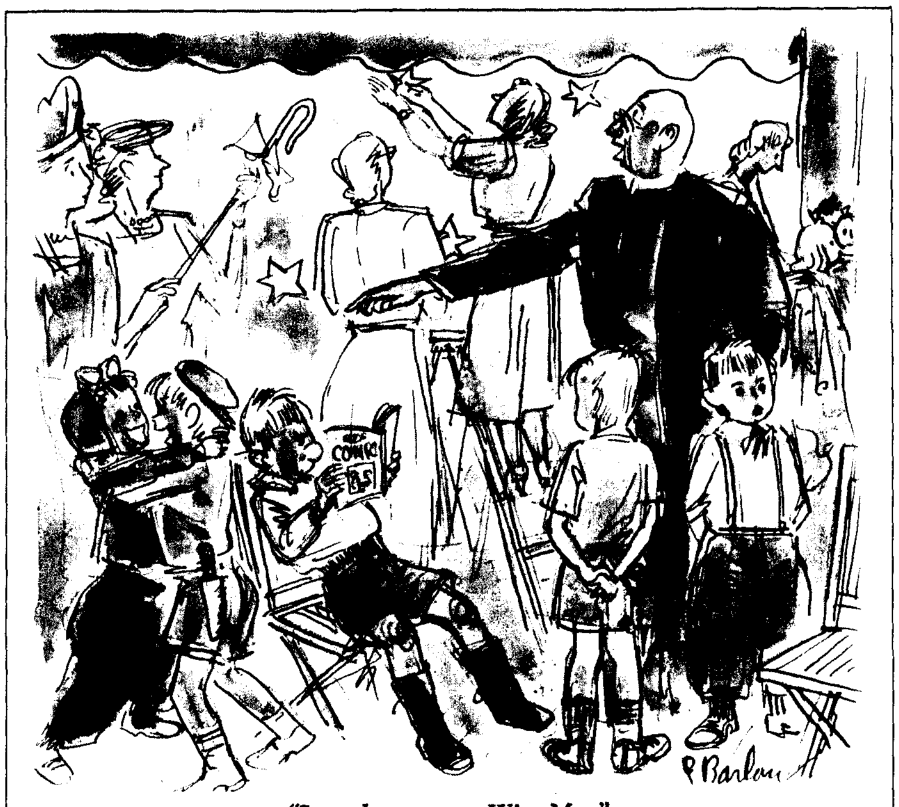
Parker receives nearly 50 letters a da



COLLIER'S

"'Roses are red, violets are blue, sugar is sweet and so are you!' Why, Mr. Hudson, I didn't know that you wrote poems"

LEW FOLLETTE



COLLIER'S "I need one more Wise Man" PERRY BARLOW

many enclosing securities, from people all over the world who want him to find out whether their stocks have any value. About 20 per cent of these letters pay off. One produced a windfall of $36,000. At least a dozen people drop into his mid-Manhattan office every day waving dog-eared stocks, with hopeful gleams in their eyes. One out of ten actually hits the jack pot.

One of the lucky was a retired middle-aged storekeeper living in a small cabin in Florida to which he had moved with the few dollars he had salvaged after the 1929 bust. Last summer his neighbors thought he was feeling the heat when, what with the housing shortage, he was seen tearing out a section of his bedroom wall. He spent his meager savings on bus fare to New York, where he headed directly for Parker's office, lugging the slab of wall under his arm.

Parker surveyed the piece of plaster, which was papered with engraved certificates. "These look okay," he told the man, after checking. "If you go down to the address written on this slip of paper and ask for the treasurer, he'll give you a check for $36,000!"

Fixed Fees for Research

Parker gives all visitors and letter writers a stock answer to their inquiries: For a $10 research fee, he'll establish the current value of stocks. He has facilities for checking every stock issued since 1880, including a list of 3,600 extinct but valuable securities. He charges corporations fees ranging from $5 to $15 per person found, depending on the length of the lists they give him. Foreign assignments run higher. The stockholders themselves are charged nothing when corporations hire Parker.

On one global assignment, Tracers contacted 207 out of 400 missing stockholders for a Canadian corporation. Most of them were found in Great Britain, including the daughter of Sir Archibald Wavell, the former viceroy of India. Many of the addresses on the books turned out to be those of bombed-out houses. Some of the stockholders were war casualties. Their dependents received the money.

Parker trailed one middle-aged teacher from East Orange, New Jersey, to New York, then to California and finally to a village in Switzerland to give her $3,000.

Being the only operative in this unique business, Parker is understandably close-mouthed about the methods he uses to locate stockholders. He relies chiefly on the intricate pipe lines that Tracers has developed over the past 25 years. But sometimes he obtains outside help.

Last year, for example, he sent an item to a Chicago newspaper, listing 123 names of missing Windy City stockholders of a big oil company. The paper made a page-one story out of it, and its office was flooded with more than 800 letters, telegrams, phone calls and personal visits the first week. As a result, 70 of the 123 claimants were found, some as far away as Texas and California.

Their Windfall Petered Out

Members of one Middle Western family among this group were overwhelmed when they were notified that a $400 investment made in 1928 was now worth $4,000. They had been on relief for eight years. But their joy was short-lived. Their home town promptly slapped a lien on the money, and after it had taken its share, the family had only $500 left.

In Chicago, four brothers and half brothers learned that their deceased parents had left them $3,500 worth of stocks. They immediately started a legal wrangle over the division of the money. "By the time the lawyers are finished with them," Parker comments, "they'll be lucky if they split four cents."

Invariably, the first reaction people have when they hear that they may be able to cash in seemingly worthless certificates is one of disbelief. "Any time you hunt a person in our business," Parker says, "it's usually to get money out of him, not to give him money." Not all recipients are as appreciative of his efforts as you'd imagine.

One fellow who dug out his old certificates from a cellar trash pile at Parker's suggestion, was delighted at first when he learned that they were worth $7,000 at the then current market price. When he checked back over old stock lists, however, greed reared its ugly head. "Why didn't you find me six months ago," he demanded, "when my stock was worth $14,000?"

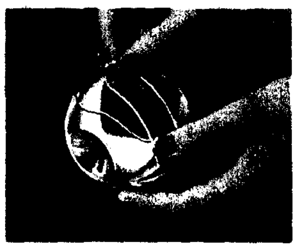
"Our batting average is high," Parker boasts. "At least 80 per cent. But sometimes we miss. There's one fellow we've been hunting for a year. He's got $11,000 coming to him. We don't care whether we ever find him, though. The police have been hunting him for ten years, too—for selling phony stocks." ⊔⊔⊔

"This 'Scotch' Tape will hold you until Santa's gone!"

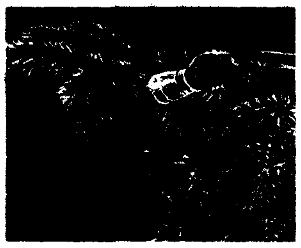
THIS CHRISTMAS

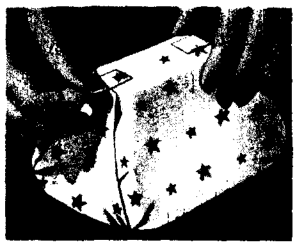
Tape it easy

with "SCOTCH" TAPE


Repair cracked ornaments

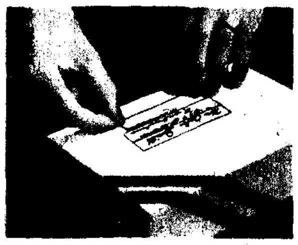
Fasten wrappings to gifts

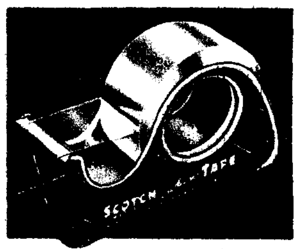

Hold light cords to tree


Seal odd-shaped packages

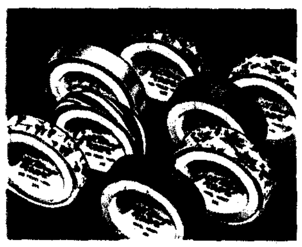
Make clever party favors

Hold decoration to package


Protect addresses on gifts you're mailing to friends



Transparent as glass—seals without moistening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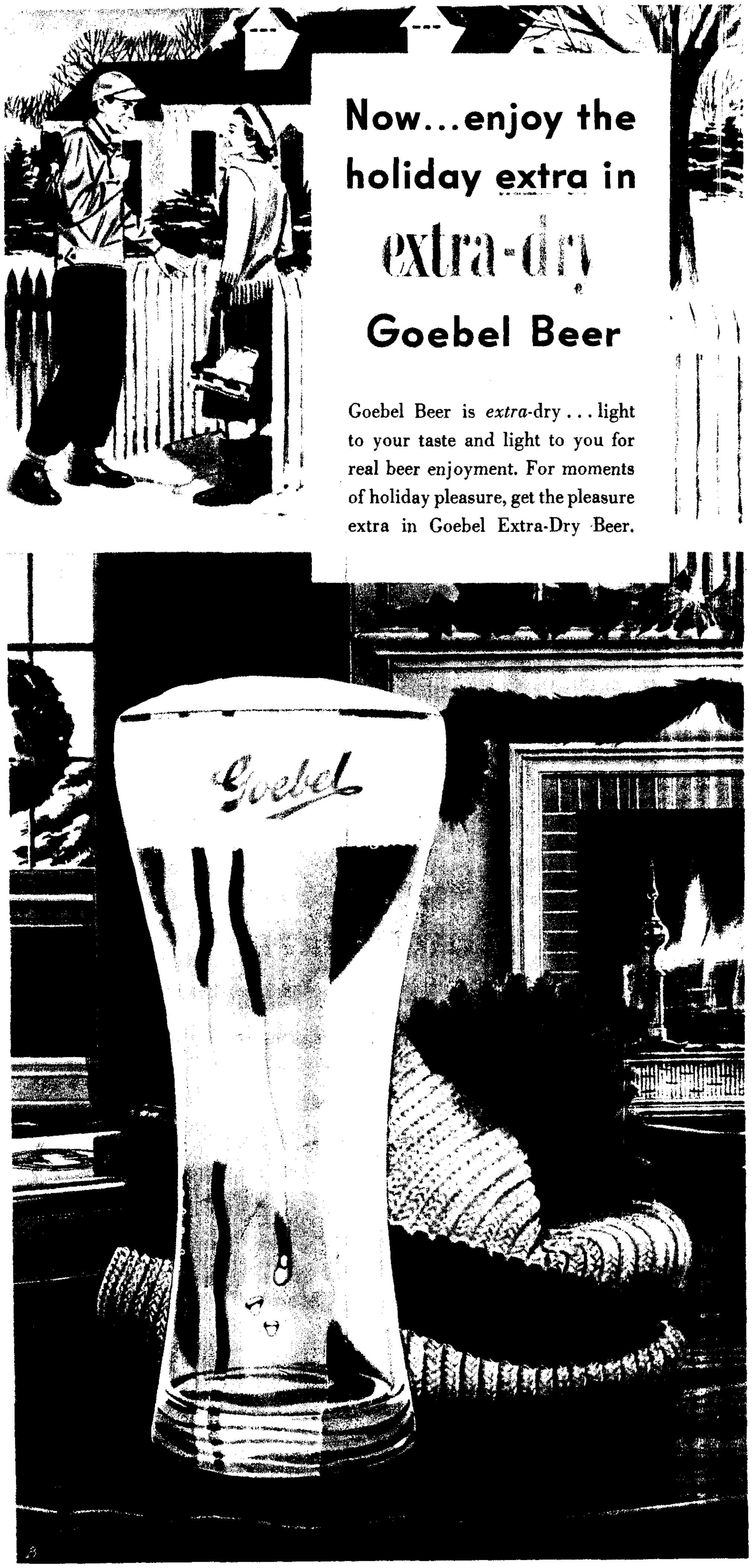

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SHEBOYGAN? CHEYENNE? TOPEKA?

Continued from page 15

hadn't been in a fight; his hair wasn't even mussed. "I've got a spot in the show," he said. "Solo." He waved his hands at the ceiling. "Drapes with sequins, and me all in white tails, and a socko rendition of Tales from the Vienna Woods. Me and Cal have been planning it."

I just stared at him. Cal had just rewritten an old saying, the one that goes: If you can't lick 'em, join 'em.

"Look, sonny," I was beginning to lose my temper. "The show is too long. It is already afflicted with stinkers. Do me, the show, and the music lovers of America a favor and withdraw."

Eddie took a backward step and looked astonished. "What?" he said.

"Pay no attention to it," Doll said. "He is just a sour guy."

"With you it's more complicated," I said. "This is a case of musical judgment, pure and simple."

"Well, not completely." Eddie cocked an eyebrow at Doll, half smiling. "Hadn't you noticed, baby? The guy has a crush, him with his ulcer and his gray hairs. Cal was giving you the big push, and this guy tried to get me to break it up." He snorted self-righteously. "I couldn't do a thing like that to a nice guy like Cal."

On Doll's face there was an expression of astonishment, anger, bewilderment, indignation, and maybe utter confusion. She swung her coat over her shoulders.

"Wait a minute, there's rehearsal—"

"Not for me," she said. "You'll have to give me a rest. It'll take a while to get back my faith in human nature." She looked at Eddie. She looked at me. "You're such nice guys," she said, and her voice had an edge that would open tin cans. "So bighearted and helpful, both of you. Such nice, nice guys!"

There were things I wanted to say to her, several things, but by the time my mouth came open the stage door had banged shut. . . .

For the next seven days I was busier than Trigger in the last reel of a Roy Rogers epic. There is nothing in the world like bringing a musical production down to the wire. This meant that occasionally I lost all track of Doll; indeed, there were times when I forgot about the whole situation. Almost.

Cal would generally show up at rehearsal just before her number, standing back in the aisle with his hands on his hips and a look of broad satisfaction on his face. He always wore what he considered proper costume for a theatrical producer—neon sport coats and baggy slacks, with a scarf at the throat. Sometimes crimson, sometimes white, always corny. So he'd stand in the aisle, looking pleased, and after her number he'd disappear. So would she.

ON MY way home on Saturday night before our Monday opening, I picked up the paper and saw this story. It was in the Sunday section of one of the tabloids, and it was a gaudy job. I decided to have one more talk with Miss Monahan.

I caught her in her dressing room before the last rehearsal. She was combing her hair, the real red hair with the apricot sheen. I plopped the paper on her dressing table.

"Did you see it?"

The four-column headline read "CAL'S FOUND A NEW ONE." Included were some pictures of the other ones, including one who was working as a car hop someplace in Jersey.

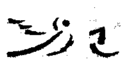
"I saw it," Doll said. "But I didn't read it."

"How's that going to look back in Toledo, or Oshkosh, or wherever it is?"

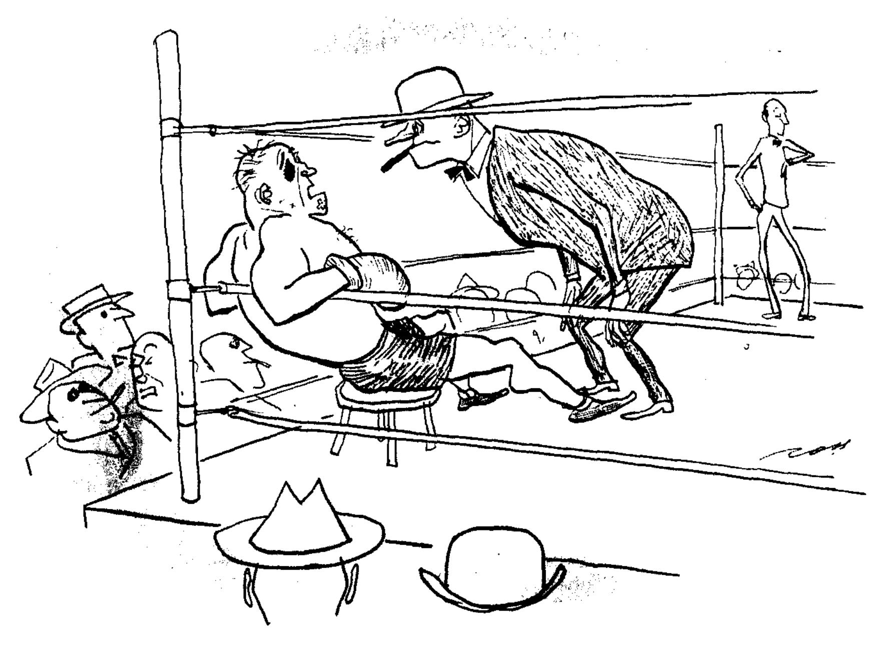
She put her hairbrush down with a thump. "We've talked about it. You know what I want. You've tried to keep me from getting it; maybe your intentions are good, I don't know, but let's not talk any more."

She was very close, looking right at me, and the eyes were so big you could drown

This Fascinating World

LOCALE	FASCINATING OCCURRENCE	
Cleveland	An apartment house owner announced he would present a $25 bond to each newborn child.	
San Francisco	A veterinarian reported the case of a horse suffering from allergy to saddle soap.	
Rhinelander, Wisconsin	A man named Raymond Frank Dziewiantkowski applied for court permission to change his name to Harry Frank Dziewiantkowski.	
Elizabeth, New Jersey	A man asked for a court injunction to restrain his neighbor's rooster from crowing.	
Dallas	A divorced man paid his alimony in $2 bills in order to annoy his wife who was superstitious about them.	
Bristol, Virginia	An 81-year-old farmer fathered his 20th child.	

—W. E. FARBSTEIN



COLLIER'S "Like you said, he's overconfident, but he's got plenty to be overconfident about!" AL ROSS

in them. I guess that's what I wanted to do. Anyhow, I stopped breathing and leaned toward her. Suddenly the walls were going around and around.

"Willy," she said, and moved away. She looked upset. She looked as if she might even cry.

I got up in a hurry, feeling like a schoolboy who's made a fool of himself, and went for the door.

"Wish me luck," she said.

"Sure," I said. "Lots of luck. I'll help all I can."

And I meant it, because that's when I made up my mind. Sure, what I planned was a dirty trick, in a way. But it had a noble purpose, and I have a strong stomach, very strong. Remember, I have been around the street called Broadway for quite a time. . . .

The moving pictures would have it that opening nights are a mixture of frenzy, passion and wild suspense. Personally, I am always hit with a bad case of anticlimax. The setup on this show was standard; I was going to conduct the first two weeks, to get it set.

So at eight fifteen on this particular opening night I gathered my musicians around me without any particular girlish leapings of the stomach. I told them that there had been a few minor changes in the score that afternoon, but nothing they couldn't handle at sight. And then we all blew our noses and cleared our throats and trooped upstairs to the pit.

It went all right; it went the way you expect. The citizens laughed like anything at Sammy Hotchkiss and cheered wildly for Lil Parker; the music didn't drag, nobody forgot their lines. It was solid and standard—until we got to Doll Monahan.

THE pale blue light came up and there she was, leaning against this prop lamppost, trying to look forlorn and betrayed. She was scared, of course; from the pit I could see the quiver in her knees.

"Baby," I murmured, "this hurts me more than it does you."

At that particular moment, just as she was opening her mouth to sing, the clarinet player hit a peculiar note. It was so peculiar that there was a titter in the front row, and I saw his head snap up from the music and he stared at me. I ignored him; he didn't have to point indignantly at the score; I knew it was written that way.

It disturbed her. She wavered into the first line, got lost, and then finally felt her way out. I didn't dare look at her.

Ordinarily a singer sets her own pace and, in the hands of a reputable musician, the accompaniment follows along. At the moment, I was not a reputable musician. Waterfront is a slow and torchy song, you'll remember. I paced it a little too fast. Not enough to be conspicuous; just fast enough to get her off stride. When she caught up, I slowed it down. She ran out of breath trying to hold a note, because I held it a full beat longer than in her previous experience.

Then she began to fall apart. She forgot the words in the second chorus and hummed frantically through a couple of phrases. There was an unpleasant noise out in the house. Confusion can be contagious, and the second trumpet blew a clinker that was the gaudiest thing I have ever heard outside of Stravinsky. Doll was almost running for the friendly darkness backstage when the curtain swished down.

I LOOKED up to find the gentlemen from Local 802 regarding me with mixed horror and amazement. I turned to the first chair fiddle, who was assistant conductor, and gave him the stick.

"Go ahead," I said. "I don't feel so well."

"Chum, you said it," he whispered hoarsely.

I went downstairs to the musicians' room and got my coat and hat. From my locker I got my brief case, which contained the original of the score, and a couple of dirty handkerchiefs and a busted baton, along with some other miscellany. Then I climbed the circular steps to the stage level and the door to the alley.

They were all waiting for me. Eddie and Cal and the girl. Apparently Cal was getting ready to take her home; they had coats. They all saw me at the same time. I stopped. We looked at one another.

"Take me home, Cal," she said, and turned away.

"One minute, baby," Cal said, very softly. He was rocking back and forth on his heels, his eyes so narrow you could hardly see the pupils. Eight million dollars' worth of muscle and bad temper.

"You bum," Eddie said, "she didn't even know what happened. She didn't realize how you were lousing it up; she thought it was her fault. But I knew." He slapped himself on the chest. "I'm a musician, and I knew immediately."

"Who told you that you're a musician?" I said.

Eddie was still gathering up his indignation when Sammy Hotchkiss shuffled

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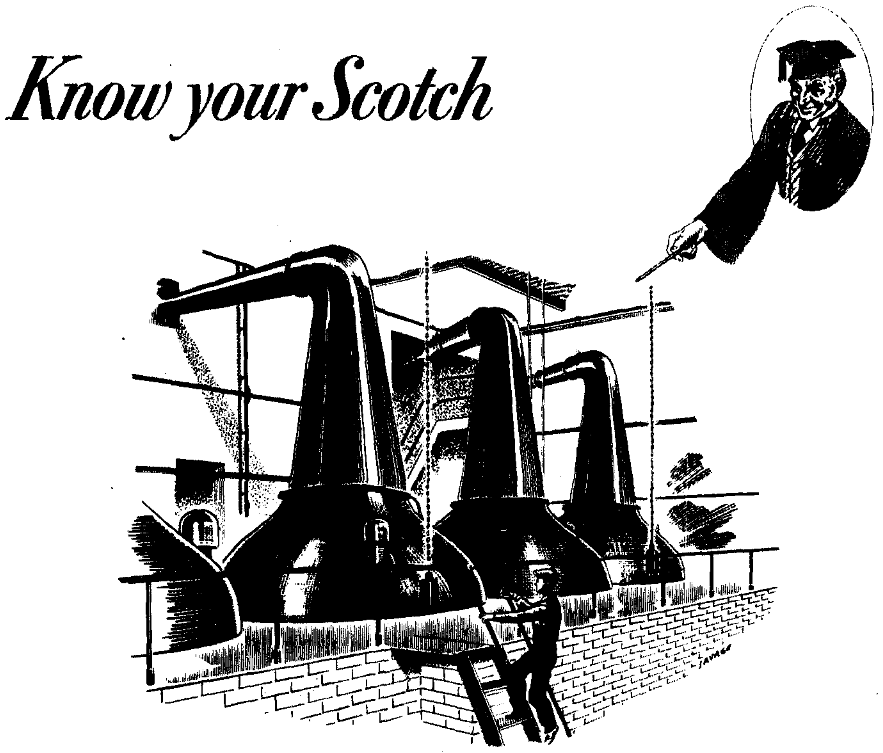

The pot stills at the distillery look like huge copper kettles. The newborn whisky from these stills carries the "essence"—all the goodness and peat smoke flavour from the grain. The pot-still method of distillation is a time-honoured process. Only by this slower and more painstaking means can the full richness and goodness of Teacher's Scotch Whisky be captured.

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up. He was wearing the famous floppy shoes, checkered suit and trick straw hat that have made up his uniform for forty years. He reached out and took both of Doll's hands and pulled her close.

"You were fine," he said, with happy sincerity. "Really fine, dear; I was pleased."

"It was awful!" she said. "You know it was!"

"Not at all, not at all!" Sammy insisted, squeezing her hands. "Maybe a little trouble with the music, maybe a frog in the throat—but it was fine, fine!" He leaned closer and whispered. "Ever so much better than I expected!"

As soon as he said it he realized that it was the wrong thing to say. He stepped back, very flustered. "That is, I—"

The expression on her face changed like the dawn coming up. She actually staggered a little, as if she'd been hit. "What *did* you expect, Sammy?" she whispered.

"You misunderstand me," the little guy said. He was sweating. "I meant—"

"You meant that I don't have any talent, that it's been bad from the beginning. You meant that they only giggled instead of hissing, and *that* was better than you expected."

"You've got lots of time to learn," Sammy said. "Don't feel bad, people shouldn't feel bad. Who's worried about talent?"

"That's right." Cal slid an arm around her shoulder. His tone was full of consolation. "So maybe you don't knock the town dead. You're in the show, aren't you? You've always wanted it, haven't you?"

"Everybody knew it," she said. "It was an open secret. Everybody but me. Willy—"

"We'll take care of Willy, baby." Cal looked toward the stage doorkeeper, a spry man of eighty-seven who walks with a cane. "Joe, throw him out."

"You throw me out."

He didn't even bother to take off his coat. I was still wearing mine, so it was fair enough. He took two steps and threw his right hand.

So far as I know, there isn't a muscle in my body; if there is, we are not acquainted. But when Cal threw his right hand, I ducked, and he threw it so hard that it brought him with it. As he went past I hit him. I wasn't quite sure where, but it was solid and the impact went all the way to my insoles.

Cal stopped coming forward and went backward instead. Then he sat down.

Eddie gasped in indignation. "If it wasn't for protecting my hands—"

"You don't play the piano with your teeth, do you?" I said.

They looked lovely sitting there, side by side.

"Willy—" Doll said.

"If I've told you once, I've told you a hundred times." I retrieved my hat from the floor. "Go back to Mason City. Or was it Great Falls?"

Then I put my hat on and walked through the door into the dark and lonely night, illuminated by a billion candle power and populated by eight million people, but sometimes dark and lonely nevertheless.

THE Peppo Health Harbor is open to all hours, since a vitamin does not know night from day. I went through the line and purchased a broiled carrot tenderloin and a glass of buttermilk.

I was occupied by my own thoughts, not looking for anything, and I was therefore surprised when I got something.

"I've been looking for you," she said. She sat down on the other side of the white-topped table. The honest red hair was falling like rain on her shoulders, and she was wearing an elderly topcoat. The white fur which she'd worn thirty minutes before apparently had been returned to the purchaser. "You tried to let me in on the secret, anyhow," she said. "I came to say thanks, Willy."

I wanted to lie. I never wanted anything so much in my life as the capacity at that moment, to tell her that she was really a terrific actress. "You're—entirely welcome," I said foolishly.

She leaned across the table. She leaned close, and I looked into the eyes and I was drowning. "Would you like to say I-told-you-so?" she said. "You've got one I-told-you-so coming."

"Look," I said, "maybe I've got a few gray hairs, but there aren't very many. I've been in this business eight years, but I started very young, and the gray hairs come early in this business."

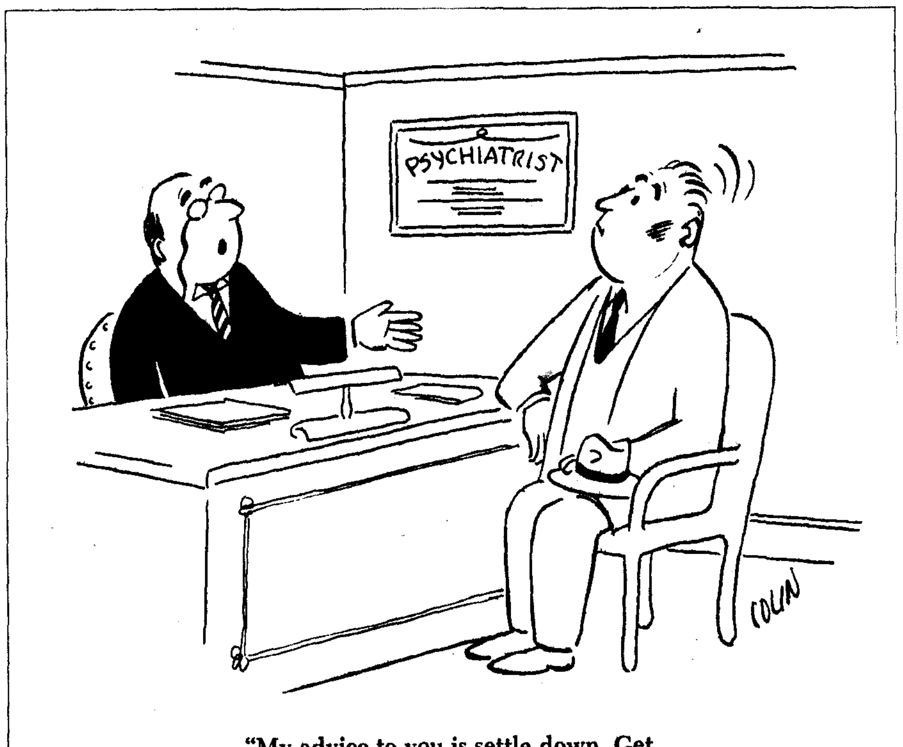
She didn't say anything.

"I thought I should tell you," I said.

She nodded solemnly. "That's exactly the kind of thing," she said, "that a girl likes to know." She reached over and picked up a crumb from the carrot tenderloin with delicate fingers. "I'm hungry. Could I have one of those?"

I pushed the plate away and got up.

"To hell with it," I said hoarsely. "*Let's* go somewhere and get ourselves a steak."



"My advice to you is settle down. Get married. Raise a family. If that doesn't work we'll try something else"

COLLIER'S LESTER COLIN

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BOB HOPE STARRING IN "THE PALEFACE"
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REMINGTON
6
CONTOUR

All the men on your gift list will be happy Christmas morning if you solve *your* gift problems with the new Remington Electric Shavers, too. A Remington is an ideal gift for any man, and every year millions more are switching to this modern, convenient, *comfortable* way to shave.

No other electric shaver is designed to fit the contour of your face like a Remington or remove the whiskers so quickly and cleanly. Only the Remington is equipped with Blue Streak twin shaving heads with cutting blades *Diamond-Honed* for super sharpness. The efficiency of an electric shaver is determined by the number of cutting blades—*no other shaver has half as many* as the Remington Contour 6.

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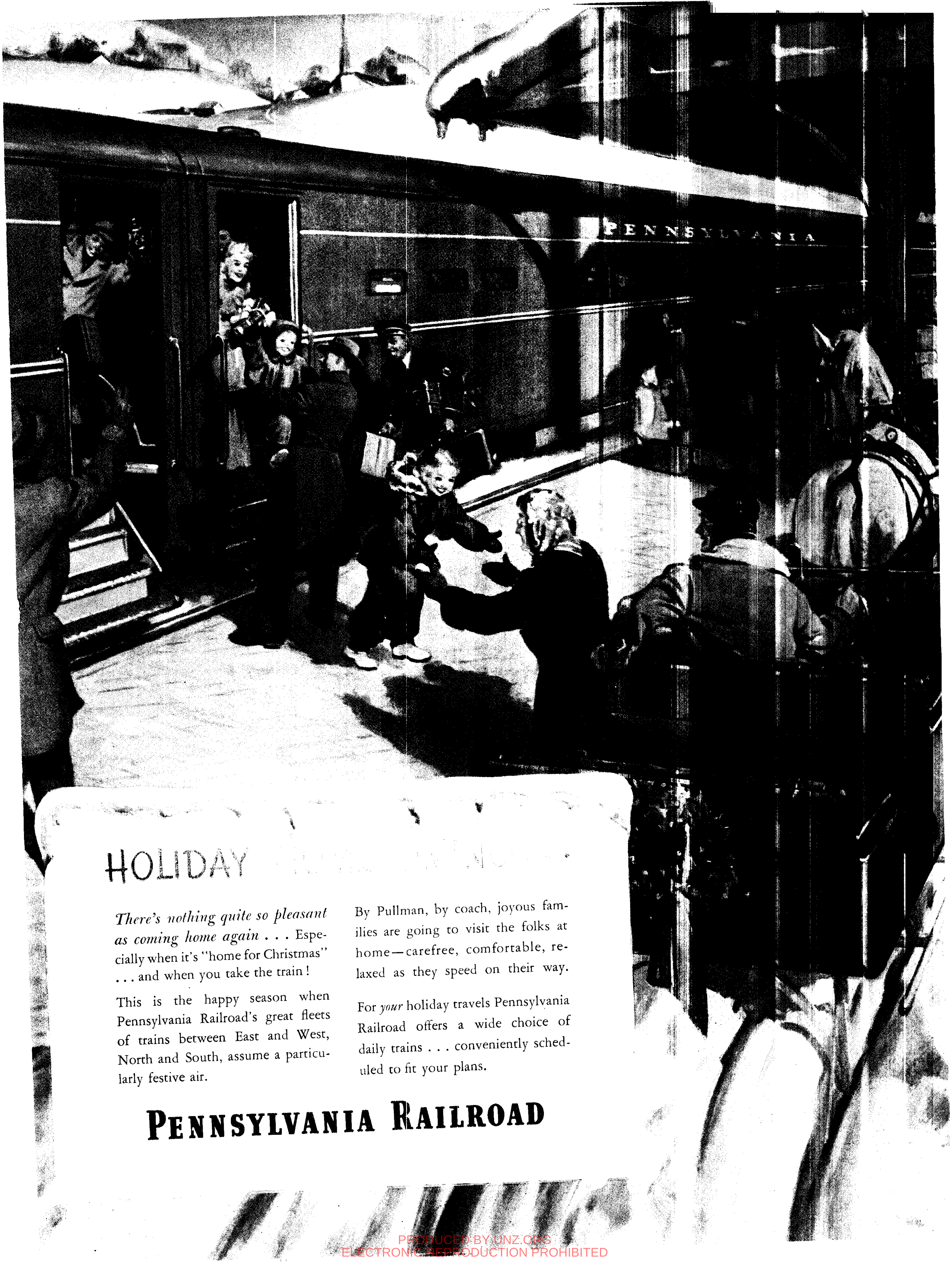

PENNSYLVANIA

HOLIDAY [illegible]

There's nothing quite so pleasant as coming home again . . . Especially when it's "home for Christmas" . . . and when you take the train!

This is the happy season when Pennsylvania Railroad's great fleets of trains between East and West, North and South, assume a particularly festive air.

By Pullman, by coach, joyous families are going to visit the folks at home—carefree, comfortable, relaxed as they speed on their way.

For *your* holiday travels Pennsylvania Railroad offers a wide choice of daily trains . . . conveniently scheduled to fit your plans.

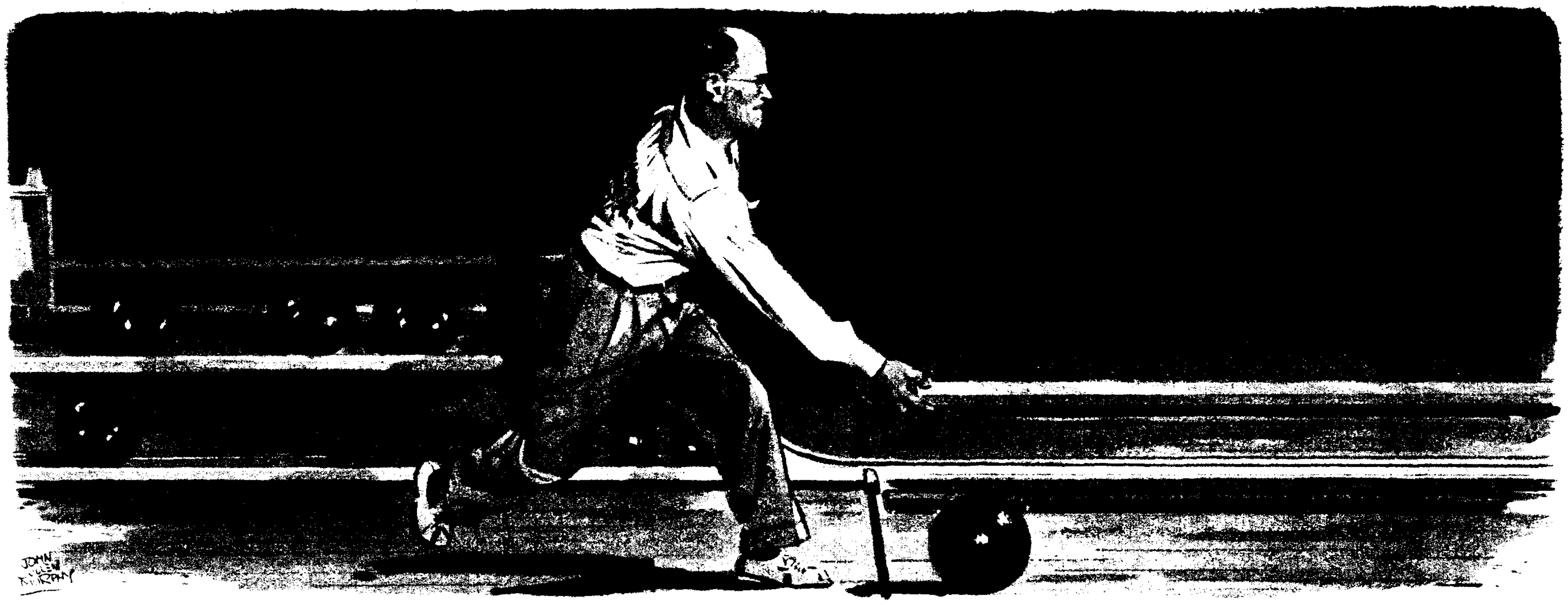
PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD

Inside Sports

Collier's SPORTS

By BILL FAY

CHICAGO KEGLER JOE WILMAN HOPES TO REGAIN HIS TITLE AT THE NATIONAL MATCH MEET



Although Wilman fluffed on his final game last year, he is the favored home-town man at the National Match Game tournament, December 11th-19th

LAST December in Chicago, Joe Wilman needed two strikes to beat Andy Varipapa for the National Match Game Bowling championship. Joe hooked a strike ball into the 1–3 pocket. Nine pins crashed, but the 10 pin wobbled—and stayed up.

The home-town crowd moaned (balding, bespectacled forty-three-year-old Wilman is a Chicagoan). Varipapa yipped. Wilman went right on chewing gum. Nothing bothers Joe—not even an insubordinate 10 pin costing $20,000.

"I knew how much that strike meant in endorsements and exhibition money," Wilman admitted later, "but I couldn't get worked up over missing it. I threw a good ball exactly into the strike pocket. I didn't get the lumps—"

"Lumps?"

"That's an ailment bowlers get under pressure. The blood goes out of your face. Your fingers get stiff and you throw with a jerk. But my delivery was free and easy and that 10 pin would have gone over 99 times out of 100. It was just a bad break."

Born in a southern Illinois mining town, an orphan at fourteen, Wilman moved to Chicago and went to work spotting pins in a two-alley bowling emporium behind the stockyards. His subsequent climb from pin boy to champion proved to his satisfaction that nothing succeeds like failure.

First, Joe flopped as a fighter. An amateur named Harry Gray knocked him out of the ring. ("My fourth and last fight. I was out for 12 minutes.")

Next, Joe flopped as a baseball pitcher. A .240 hitter in the Nebraska state league knocked him down with a line drive. ("Caught it, but it broke the middle finger of my pitching hand. It's still stiff. That's why I use a two-finger ball most of the time.")

Finally, Joe flopped as a bowler. He rolled a disheartening 159 in his American Bowling Congress debut. Eager to make up lost points in game two, he skipped forward and—WHAM! Down he flopped in the left gutter while his ball rattled down the right gutter. ("Felt something soft under my nose. It was the heel of my left shoe. It had come off and tripped me. I finished 148–127 for a 434, probably an all-time low.")

After the ABC debacle, Joe loaded furniture trucks for $27.50 a week. ("Friday was payday. I'd give $7.50 to my sister and keep $20 for pot games down at the alley. Most Mondays I had to borrow $5 from my sister.")

Joe finally got into the strike groove by capturing the ABC All-Events in 1939. The triumph pushed him into bowling's Big Four with Varipapa, Ned Day and Buddy Bomar. He hasn't moved a piece of furniture since and his bowling income occupies a select financial bracket with top golf pros and big-league ball players.

Joe has finished second-first-seventh-second in the National Match Game tournament which draws the nation's 168 finest bowlers to Chicago each December. This year, the tournament closes on the 19th and Joe will be forty-four on the 20th. With a little co-operation from those $20,000 10 pins, Joe expects to roll a nice birthday present for himself.

TOO MANY FANS

Club owners of the National Hockey League are worried because every game is a sellout. "We aren't making any new friends," frets president Clarence Campbell. "We haven't room for new fans. Season subscribers take up all the space and some of them have been sitting in the same seats for 10 years."

The six N.H.L. clubs played to 99.6 capacity in 1946–7 and 99.4 last year. Campbell hopes to solve the sellout problem by increasing the 60-game schedule to 70 next season.

"The five extra home games for each club would be reserved for fans who don't hold season tickets," Campbell explains. "We might even put 10 of the 35 home games on that basis, so that everybody will have a chance to see one or two games a year. After all, you've got to make new customers, or someday the old ones will be gone and you'll have plenty of empty seats."

KEEP THOSE BOTTLES QUIET

Comes the second week in December when the Chicago Cardinals and Chicago Bears square off their annual battle, which of late has been deciding the National League's Western Division championship, and Coach Jim Conzelman of the Cards begins to wonder.

"If I'd listened to Aunt Minnie," mourns Conzelman, "I'd never have to worry about the Bears.

"I remember the time we sat down to dinner twenty years ago and I said, 'Mother, I'm going to take a job coaching football.'

"Aunt Minnie had dropped in for dinner, as usual. 'That's news,' she sniffed, fastening one eye on me and the other on the last chop, 'after him not working for a whole year!'

" 'Now, Minnie,' Mother said, 'you know Jim looked for work.'

" 'Tell me he couldn't find work in a whole year!' Aunt Minnie sniffed again and speared the last chop. 'At least he could drive a milk wagon.'

"That was Aunt Minnie's stock advice to anybody looking for a job—drive a milk wagon. According to her, good milk routes went a-begging.

"What's the matter with the dairy unions, that's what I want to know. Is the pay lousy? Something must be wrong with all those unfilled jobs.

"But maybe Aunt Minnie was right. Driving a milk truck is nice quiet work compared with playing the Bears. They tell me the equipment's better now. No clanking bottles—just cardboard cartons. The wagons are motorized and have soft rubber tires—you don't get shaken up.

"I should have listened to Aunt Minnie. Those Bears sure shake you up."

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN CULLEN MURPHY

Once again it's time to make a bowl of

Merry Christmas!

The ingredients: Here's all you need for the finest "Bowl of Merry Christmas" ever made—a Four Roses Eggnog:

Six eggs . . . ¾ cup sugar . . . 1 pint cream . . . 1 pint milk . . . 1 oz. Jamaica Rum . . . 1 pint Four Roses . . . grated nutmeg.

The procedure: Beat separately yolks and whites of eggs. Add ½ cup sugar to yolks while beating. Add ¼ cup sugar to whites after they have been beaten very stiff. Mix egg whites with yolks. Stir in cream and milk. Add the pint of Four Roses and the rum. Stir thoroughly. Serve very cold, with grated nutmeg.

The delightful result: A bowlful (five pints) of the fluffiest, grandest Eggnog ever ladled into a cup . . . thanks to the magnificent flavor of that matchless whiskey—Four Roses.

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FOUR ROSES

THE RUSSIAN KNOCK ON ALASKA'S DOOR

Continued from page 13

line. Then the clouds closed in and despite our extremely heavy clothing and a heater it was growing very cold.

"We are probably across the date line now," commented the copilot. "It is hard to tell. Right now, we're lost."

As he spoke the coastal highland of Siberia rose into view out of the shifting mists. Suddenly it was calm and clear. The curtain of clouds had parted. It was a thrilling moment.

Instantly the pilot made a 90-degree turn. We had no permit to fly directly over the territory which lay on the course we had been holding. We swung parallel to the coast and, staying out at sea, inspected forbidden territory..

Runways for Soviet B-29s

The land appeared flat and treeless. We dropped to 5,000 feet. Suddenly paved runways, stark and unearthly, were reflected in the dim light. We were looking at the Uellen air base on the tip of Soviet North Cape. The runways seemed long enough to accommodate B-29-type bombers capable of reaching New York. The Russians have 300 of these, it is estimated. Some may actually have been on the field but distance and the lack of good visibility at this point ruled out the possibility of seeing them. Twenty miles farther on a black smudge of buildings—hangars or barracks, probably—marked the field at Mys Deshneva.

To the north we could see our first Russian planes. They were jet fighters parked on a strip, evidently escorts for bombers at bases we had already passed. ~~We viewed more bomber strips at~~ Mechigmensakaya, a big base farther south. This is the center into which the Communists have reputedly been pouring men and materials to build it up considerably. And as we rounded the southern tip of the cape near Provideniya, we saw yet another.

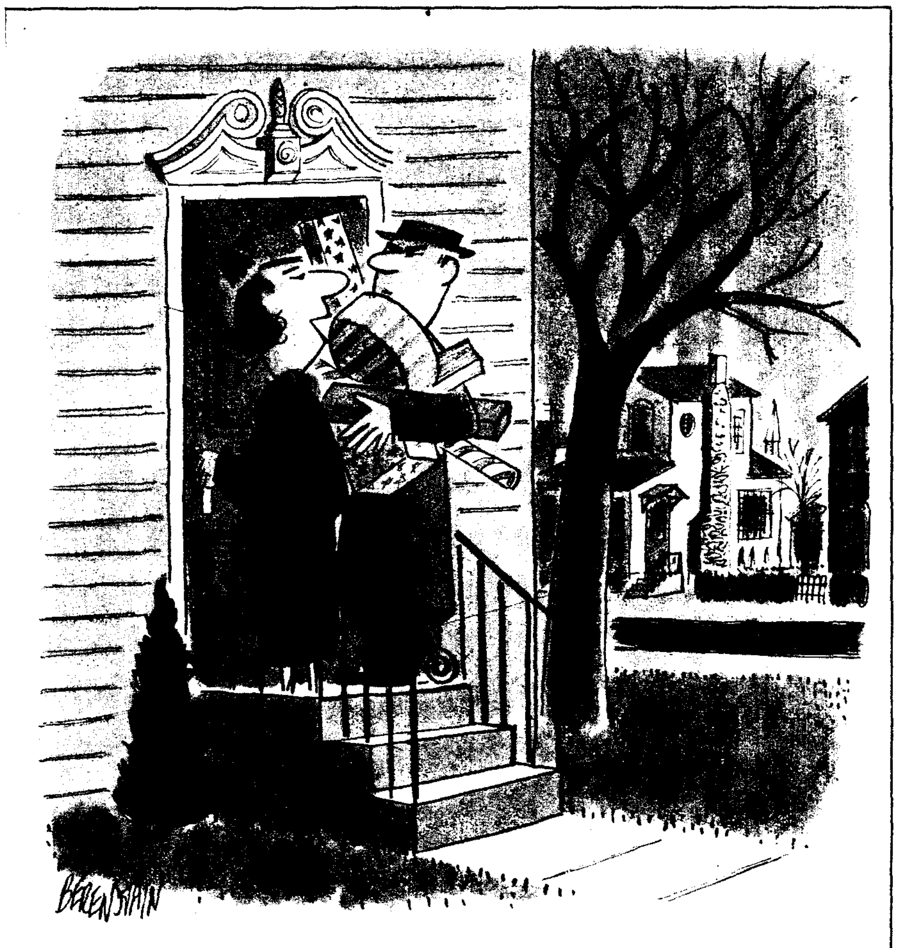
Behind these bases, it is already known that villages are booming into subarctic cities. New industries are being born. Though this fabulous development started in 1935, the Western world has few specific details. Before the war, a power friendly to the U.S. spent $300,000 on intelligence work, trying to ferret out information—and failed. Subsequently, the Japs sent up one of their snooper fishing fleets. It disappeared. During the war Moscow refused to let us deliver our Lend-Lease planes through Siberia. Their pilots picked up the sky ships at Fairbanks, Alaska.

An example of Russia's tight security was demonstrated very recently. Last summer 17 American Eskimos from Little Diomede made a visit to Russian Big Diomede. This was a routine trip which the Eskimos made periodically to see relatives. As the 17 stepped from two skin uomiaks they were seized by Russian guards. They were held for weeks, fed soup once a day and constantly grilled. It was not until early October that they were finally released. The order for their release came from Moscow.

Despite this screen of secrecy, I was able to learn from my observation flight, and from sources which I cannot reveal, that Russia has facilities to launch a large-scale air attack on Alaska.

I was told that behind Chukotsk Peninsula there are a series of airfields which support the bases we viewed from the air. One is at Vankarem on the Arctic Ocean. The other is Melkal on the peninsula's south bay. In addition, there are subsidiary strips at a place called Bukhta on ~~the Zaliv Bay which bites into the south~~ern side of Chukotsk. All of these bases are easily suppliable by sea. Father Cunningham, a Catholic priest, and the only American on Little Diomede Island, said that shipping along the East Cape was heavy during the summer.

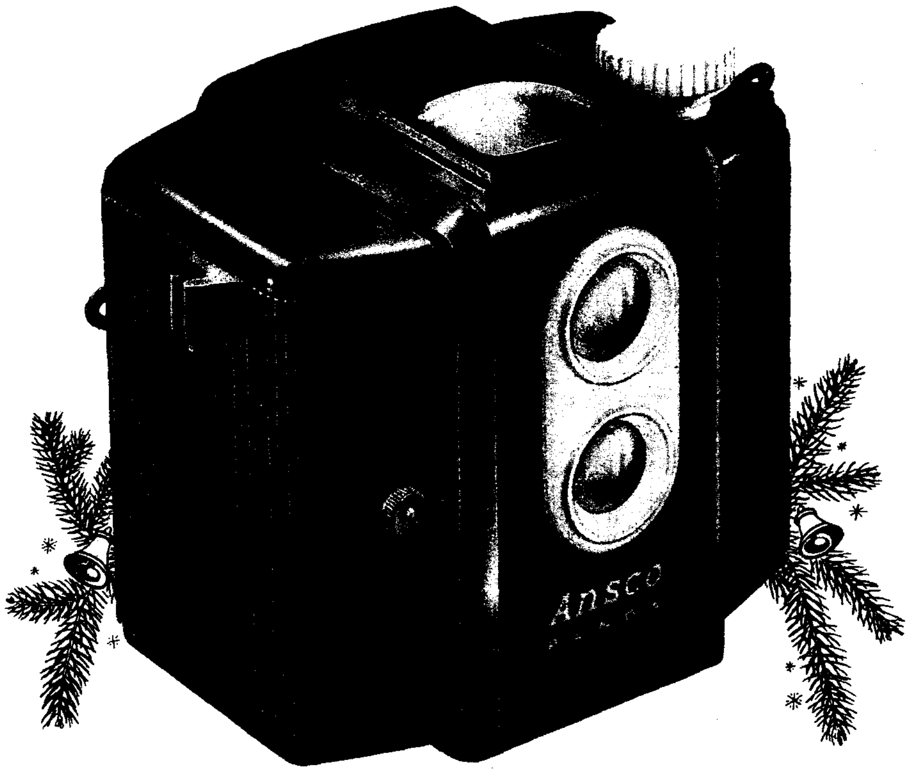
I was told that inland for a full 2,000



"Tomorrow you can go in town again and get stuff for your side of the family"

COLLIER'S STANLEY BERENSTAIN

This Xmas the Ansco Panda



with these expensive camera features—only $4.25 (plus tax)

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. . . ***it's the world's first car with Cockpit Control!***

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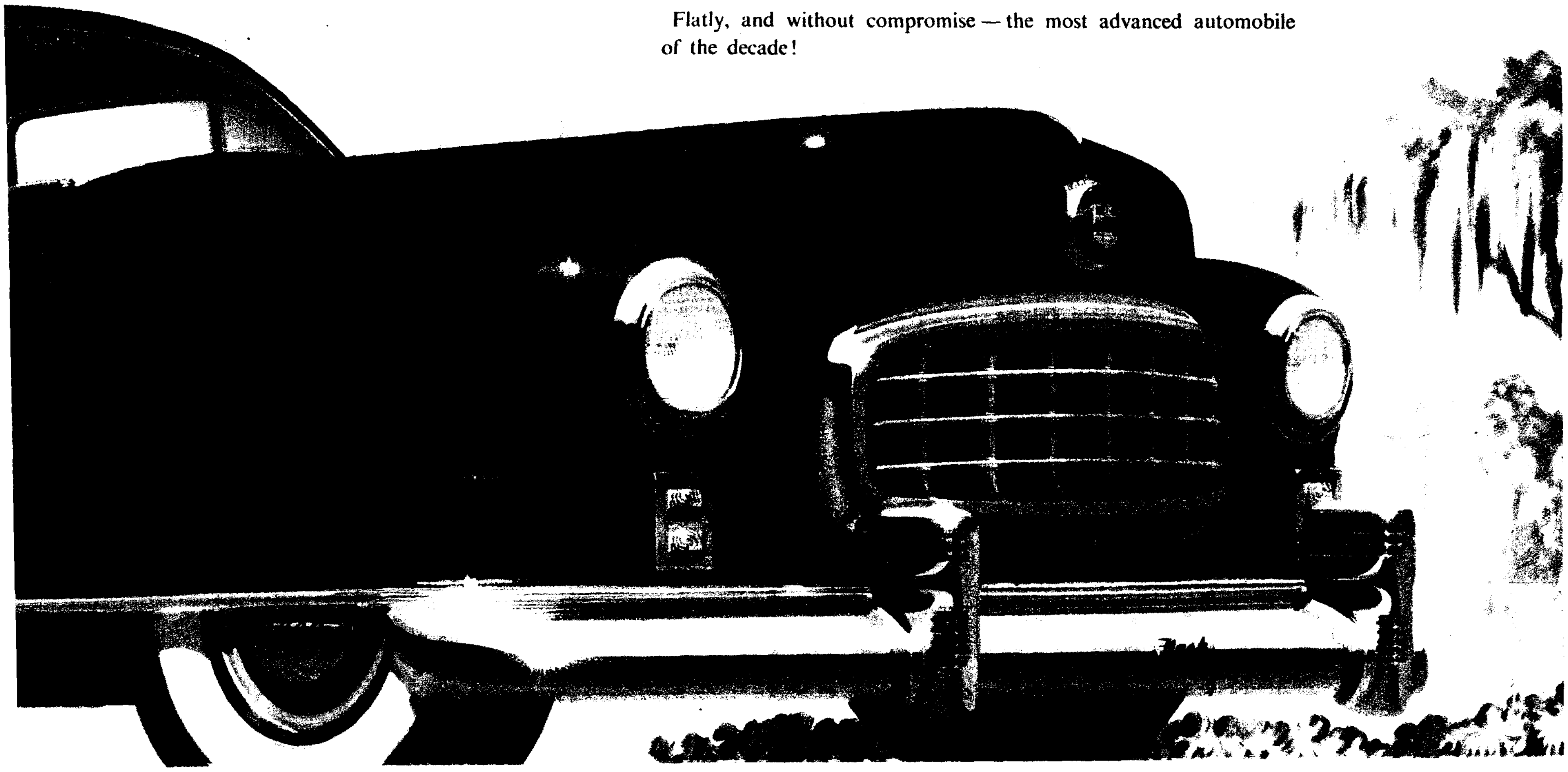

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miles from these bases, which support the coast, is a great network of military air centers.

My sources explained that I could get a visual idea of what the Soviet has built up in the hinterland by thinking of four parallel lines, running north to south, from the Arctic Ocean to the south coast, each separated by from 500 to 800 miles. Each line represents a chain of military air centers. The system for the most part lies on four parallel rivers.

The first river inland is the Anadyr. It was to the seacoast town of Anadyr that the czars, realizing the value of inhabiting their farthest east possession and unable to get volunteers, first started sending political prisoners. The Communists, vastly expanding this process, have made Anadyr a thriving city. There they have created not one, but two airstrips, capable of handling fighters, land-based bombers and seaplanes to co-operate in submarine operations.

Farther south on the same river, a city named Narkovo has sprung up in conjunction with another mammoth air base. This was built up during the war to handle the huge volume of bombers and transport planes we delivered in Alaska.

More Military Air Bases

Five hundred miles behind the Anadyr line on the Kolymar River, is the second chain of military air bases. Three new centers of population have been created here—Nizhne in the north, Sredne in the center and Verkhne to the south. Directly below these towns speedy efforts have been made to make Magaden, located on a large sheltered bay, a supply center and a ramified air base with two satellite fields.

The Russians with picks and shovels have built a gravel road between this thriving port and Seymchan airfield to complete a series of five bases running hundreds of miles from the Arctic Ocean to the south coast.

On the third river, the Indigirka, there are substantial air bases running north to south from Oymyakon to Obnotsk. It is on the fourth waterway, the Lena, however, that the Soviets have made their greatest effort, I was told. They have constructed airstrips at Tiksi, east of the mouth on the Arctic, at Bulun, Dzardzhan, Zhigansk, Yakutsk, Isitskaya and Olekminsk. Dzardzhan has expanded from virtually nothing to a city of 40,000 to 60,000. Yakutsk is said to have an excellent surfaced road, which runs southward to meet the trans-Siberian railroad.

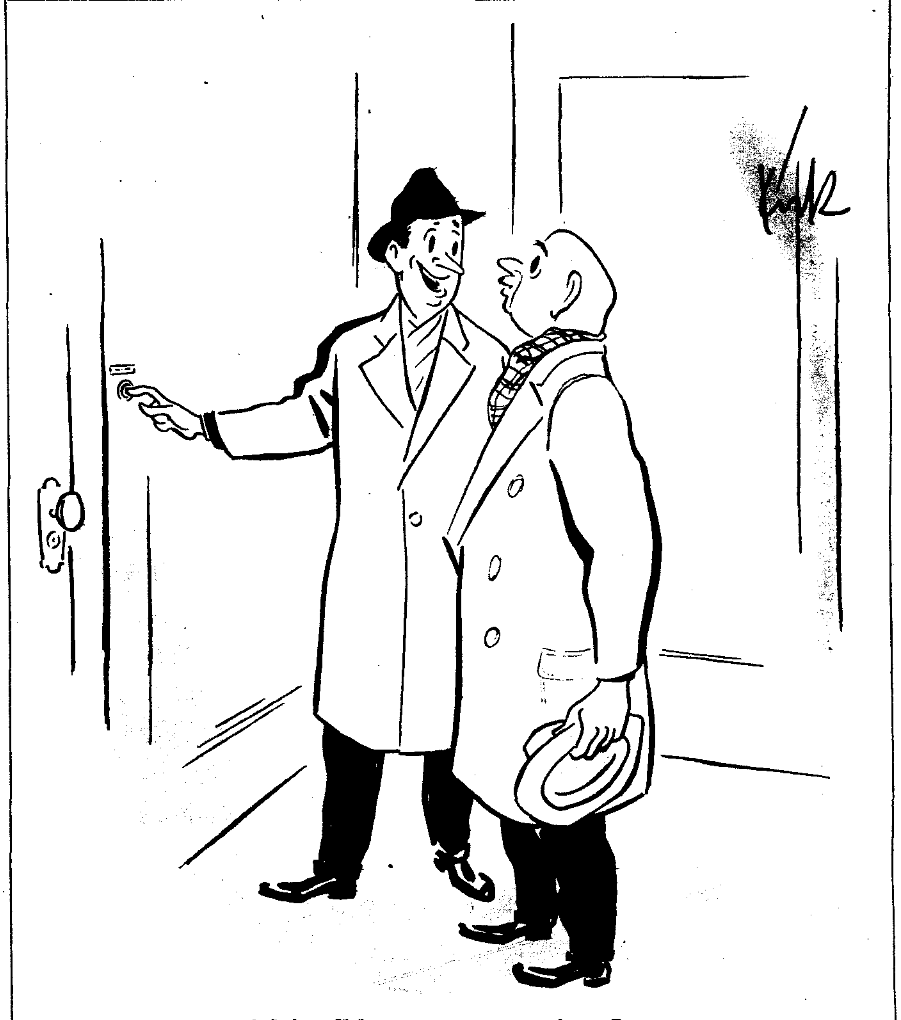
The bases on the Lena River are supplied by barge during the summer. During the eight months when the river is frozen, relays of dog teams take up the task.

It is possible to name a score of other fields scattered about eastern Siberia at localities with such tongue-twisting names as Mys Schmidta, Penshino and Ambarchik, but it is unnecessary to do this to emphasize the greatness of the over-all project. During the war only four bases were needed to handle the movement westward of thousands of our Lend-Lease planes.

While the Russians are lacking naval surface forces they have a powerful submarine fleet based on the Kamchatka Peninsula just west of the Aleutians. At Petropavlovsk, where the population has doubled since the war, a giant sea and air establishment has been amplified. Geographically, the Russians are much closer to the Aleutians than were the Japs when they captured Attu.

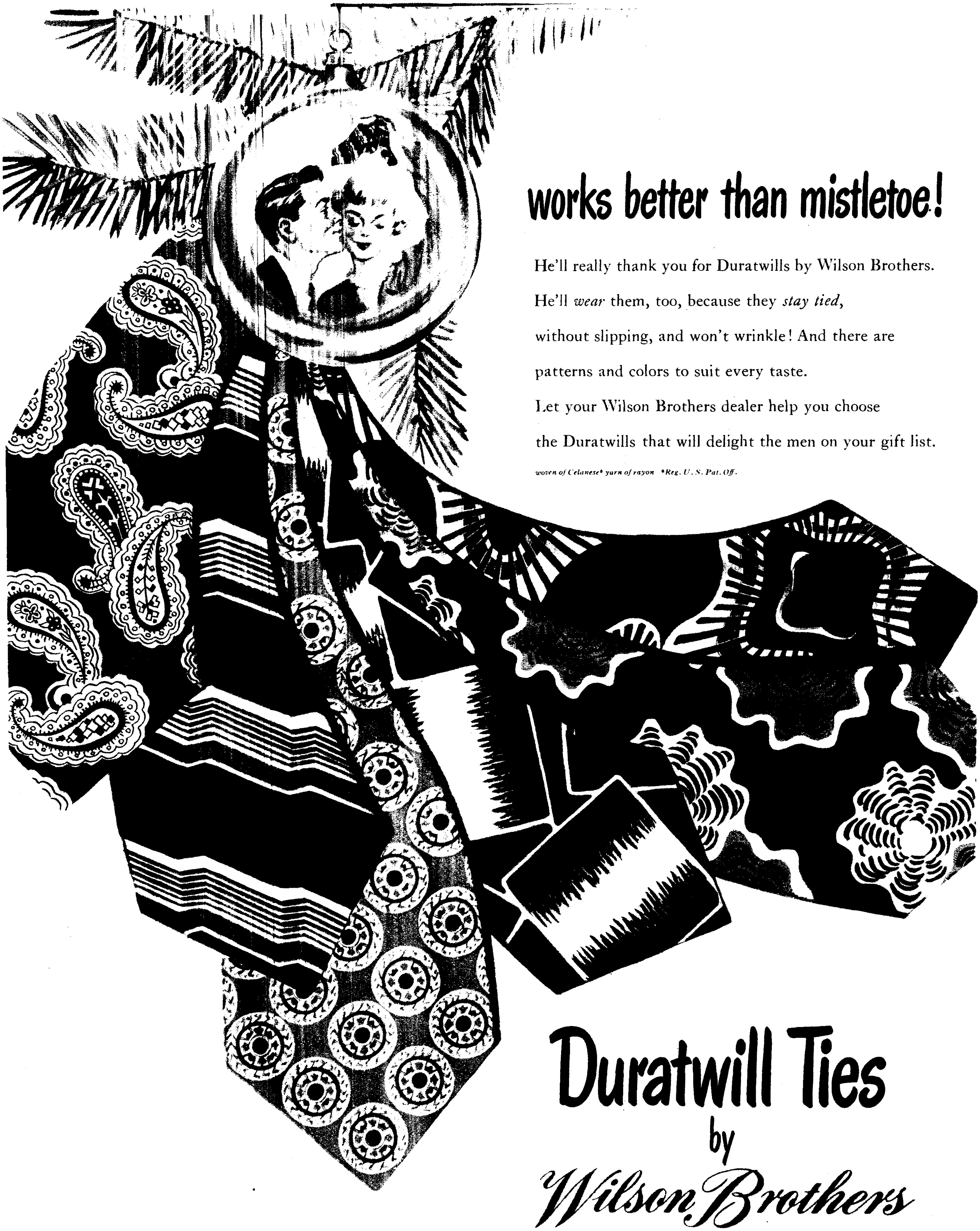
According to one source the Soviets are said to have built seven new cities in eastern Siberia and to have shoved 5,000,000 people into the area by forcible means. This figure may be an exaggeration. The difficulty of supplying such a force in the subarctic weather would be very great indeed. But this problem can be partly overcome if the Communists develop the oil, timber and mineral wealth which abounds in the area.

It is hard to estimate how many new roads have been built. Again the severe cold hinders development. At Verkhoyansk, for example, midway between the



"I didn't tell her you were coming. I want you to see how cute she is when she's mad"

COLLIER'S KIRK STILES



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Lena and the Indigirka rivers, is the cold pole of the world, with temperatures recorded as low as 120 degrees below zero Fahrenheit.

As our plane turned east and headed back to Nome, Alaska, what I'd seen of the bases along the coast and what my informant had told me of the supporting installations in the hinterland made me worry about the fate of Alaska if Russia should launch an invasion.

I had toured the Alaskan defenses before making the observation flight, and by comparison, Alaska was in poor shape indeed.

Responsible officials, leading citizens and some military men assert that, under present conditions, a few thousand Soviet paratroopers could capture any of our biggest air bases. There are two brigades of Soviet paratroops in Siberia.

The root of the trouble in our Alaska defense system is lack of ground personnel. We have built air bases in Alaska but have not sufficient ground forces up there to support them. As a result we have completely abandoned some bases and are defending others extremely lightly. In one blinding storm, I flew over a strip at Point Spencer north of Nome. I looked down at an 8,000-foot paved runway capable of handling superfortress bombers. There were no defense troops there whatsoever.

An Amazing Explanation

I asked why ground forces are not in Alaska and got this astonishing reply: "Lack of housing." Soldiers who were protecting key air bases during the summer have been withdrawn to the States because of inadequate winter quarters in Alaska.

This withdrawal set off a storm of controversy all over Alaska. Some prominent Alaskans are of the bitter opinion that in the event of war, authorities in Washington are prepared to sacrifice the territory in favor of offensive action elsewhere.

Congress' reason for balking at appropriating funds for winter housing is partly due to the high cost of construction. In Alaska the rate is three times as high as in expensive Seattle. Quarters for one family have cost as much as $65,000.

During the war, Soviet pilots sent to Alaska to pick up Lend-Lease planes were allowed to roam wherever they wished. They had free access to military installations and facilities. The main pickup center was Fairbanks, but McGrath and Galena airfields were designated as emergency landing spots and were frequently used. So often did the Russian fliers put into Nome that a sumptuous guesthouse was constructed for them.

The Soviets know where our unguarded airstrips are, their length and other specific data of that kind. They know just what kind of approach to make at each airfield, how our radio communications function and other normally carefully guarded facts.

A squad of Russian fighters, flying over the Bering Strait, could reach Nome in 20 minutes and knock out the handful of troops we have stationed there. A similar attack could be carried out against Fairbanks and Anchorage, the two major Air Force bases.

★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★

HOW TRUMAN DID IT

There were no deep-laid schemes to outwit the Republicans. There was no high political strategy, no devious plan. There was just Harry Truman ignoring polls, pessimisms and doubters. That's all. The President's secretary, Charles G. Ross, tells the inside story . . .

In* Collier's *next week

★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★

For defense we have only 100 jet fighter planes.

Lieutenant General Nathan F. Twining is in command of the armed forces in the territory. During the war this handsome, prematurely white-haired officer led the Thirteenth Air Force in the Pacific. He hinted at the tremendous odds he is working against in Alaska when he told me, "We are training every soldier, sailor and airman in the use of defense weapons, regardless of what his principal duties may be."

Though noncombat troops are being trained in the use of guns, at one base I visited the turnover of replacements is so heavy that not more than a thousand men at one time could be called qualified to use a rifle.

Major General Joseph H. Atkinson is in charge of the Air Command. Heavyset and calm, he commanded the 97th Bombardment Group and later the Fifth Bombardment Wing, in England during the war. He explained that our military installations in Alaska "were built to fight the Japanese."

By this he implied that in the event of war with Russia these installations are too far south to be of any use. And, it was only necessary for me to see Sitka, the old Russian capital of Alaska, to realize the truth of this. At Sitka, a $56,000,000 wartime defense system has been completely abandoned because of its southern location.

One military authority phrased the matter this way. "We had two choices in Alaska. One was to build no airstrips, in which case occupation of Alaska would be of virtually no service to an enemy. The other was to build bases and defend them."

But we have done neither. While we built the air bases, we have abandoned some of them—and we are defending others extremely lightly.

If we had the necessary supporting ground troops and weapons our basic defense picture in Alaska would look better. In what officers call the "heartland" of the territory—an area one fifth as big as the United States—we have air bases and strips that could handle the latest bombers. This heartland is a triangle with its points at Anchorage, Fairbanks and Elison. The latter had runways 12,000 feet long.

In this wilderness of snow and ice it takes almost five men to do what one could do in a temperate climate. The hardship of campaigning was brought home to me forcibly when I flew over the spot where a B-29 had gone down. Some of the crew were saved. But I was told that after waiting twenty-four hours for rescue the navigator and several others decided to go to a village twenty miles away for help. They were later found, frozen stiff, less than five miles from the plane.

Weather, supply and communications are, of course, major problems. The dramatic Alcan Highway, which runs through Canada to Fairbanks, is a mud trap for a stretch of at least 150 miles south of the Canadian border. There is a railway running from Seward port through Anchorage to Fairbanks, but other than this there are few land transportation facilities. Funds have finally been voted by Congress to surface a few roads, but work has not yet begun.

Because she lacks an adequate Navy, Russia would have difficulty supplying its force from the Siberian ports. But she has at least two brigades of paratroopers in Siberia, and during the war received 5,000 C-47 transport planes on Lend-Lease which she now has had time to duplicate in mass production.

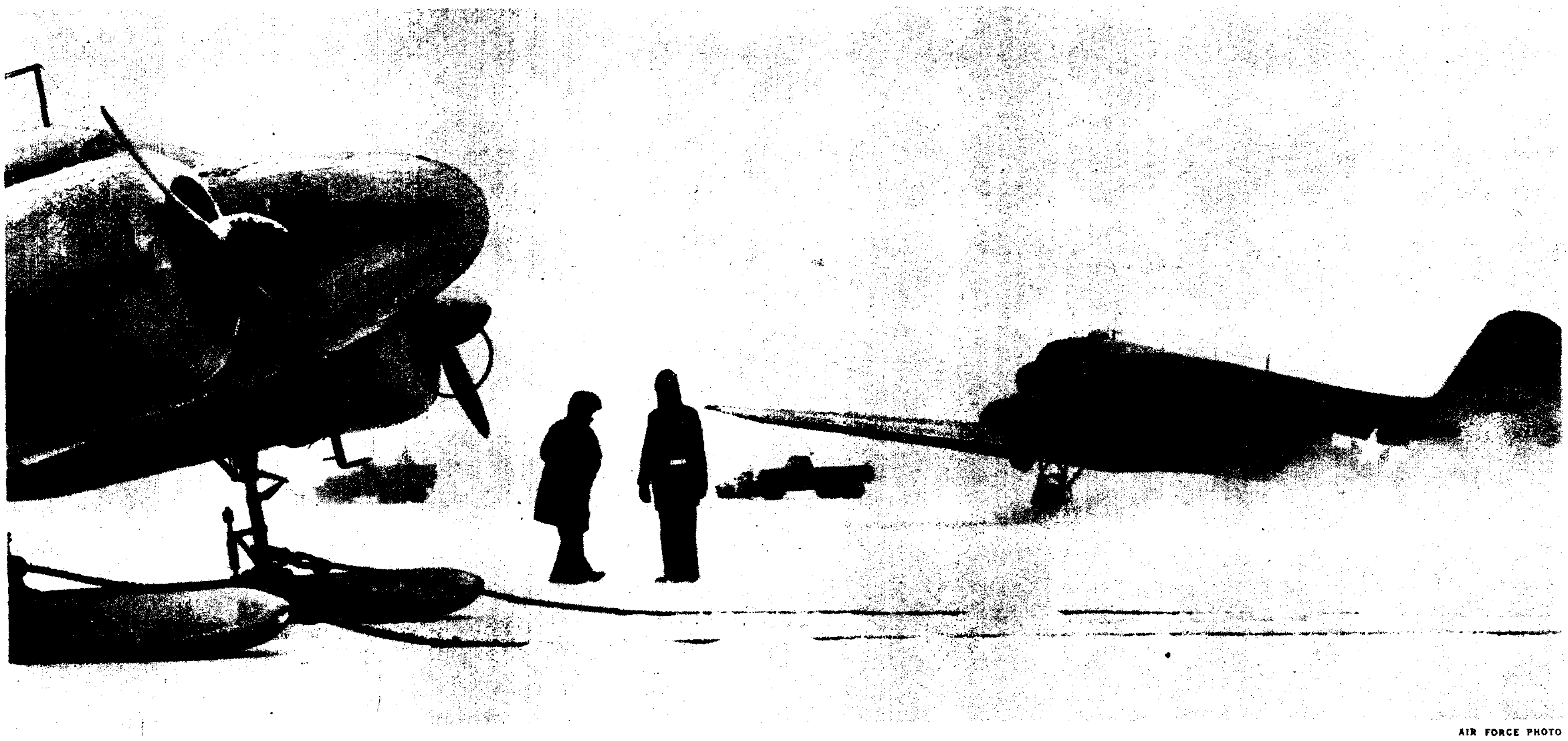
Sparsely Inhabited Country

Whereas eastern Siberia's population is being forcibly increased, Alaska's population today is only 90,000, of which some 30,000 are Indians and Eskimos. This represents an increase of only 60,000 in fifty years—a period during which the population in the U.S. went up 70,000,000. Although their names are known all over the world, Alaskan "cities" consist of only several thousand people. Nome, today, has a smaller population than it had several decades ago.

Ernest Gruening, who has been governor of Alaska for nine years, the longest term any governor has served since Seward bought the territory from Russia in 1867, holds that only through statehood can Alaska solve its problem of restrictive land laws which among many other factors contribute to underpopulation. A couple of senators, he feels, would help it get defense funds. At present Alaska has only one delegate in the House, and he cannot vote.

With the billions we are spending for defense, it would seem that the relatively minor outlays necessary to assure housing for a few thousand ground troops could at least be met.

Those responsible for holding back on appropriations should remember that it takes only 45 minutes for a modern, four-engined bomber to take off from Uellen airfield in Soviet Siberia and drop its bombs on the arctic outpost. After troop carriers pour down thousands of paratroops, the Soviets could seize our Alaskan bases and use them to bomb the United States. ☐☐☐



AIR FORCE PHOTO

At ice-locked Elmendorf air base in Alaska, crews sometimes work 24 hours a day to keep runways open. Lack of ground troops is our weakest link in defense

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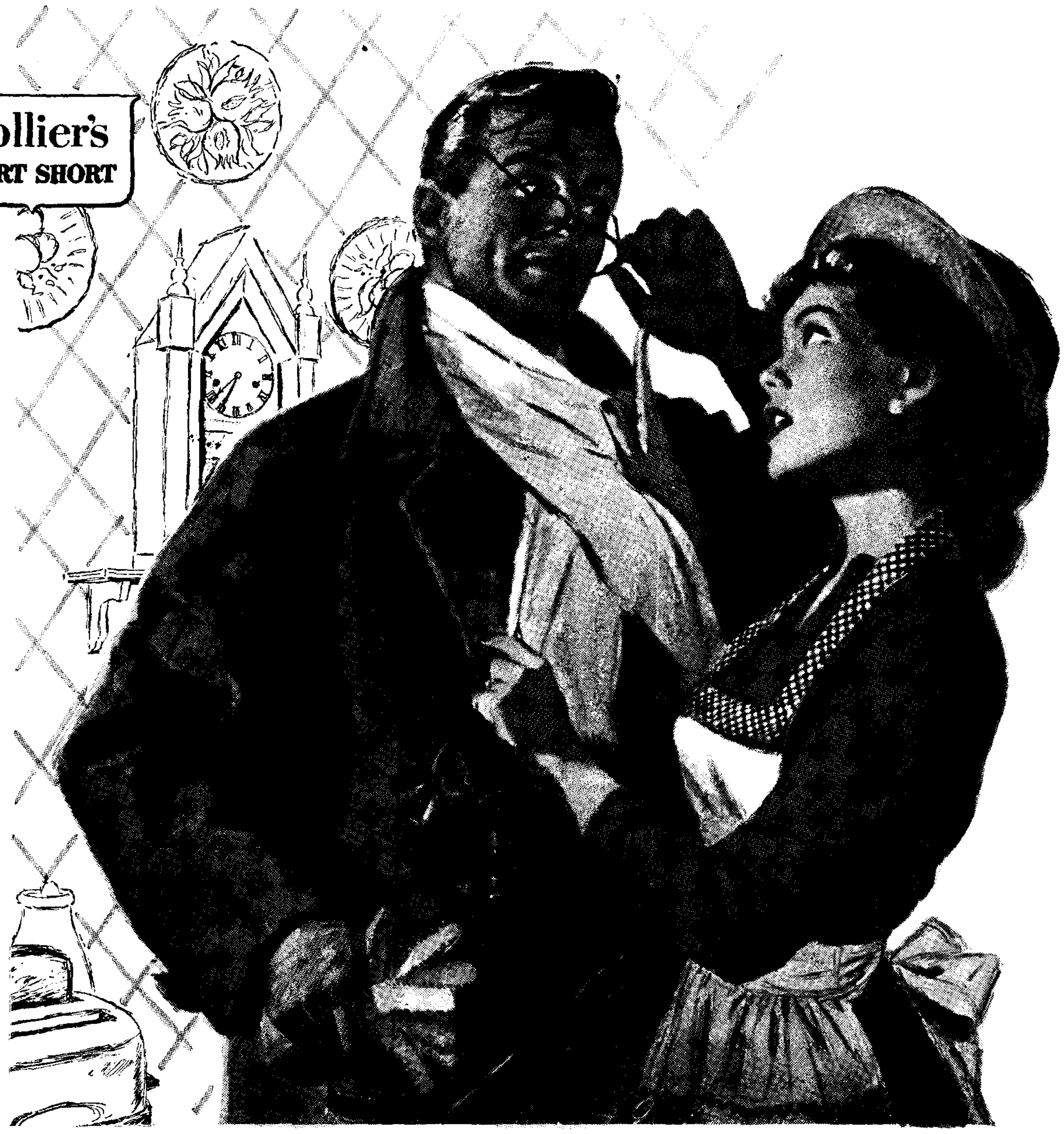
Collier's
SHORT SHORT



"It wouldn't hurt to have your eyes checked," Althea said. "Do make an appointment, Charley"

Husbands' Day

By SIDNEY HERSCHEL SMALL

CHARLEY JONES came into the breakfast room whistling. Outside, snow covered the lawn; wind had blown it back across the path which Charley had swept yesterday. Today, Monday, would be colder.

He saw Althea coming along the path, unrolling the newspaper. Charley thought how lovely she was. Her hair was like copper, her eyes blue. He said, when she came in, "A cold day."

"You're the only husband in town, Charley," said Althea, "who doesn't scream about walking to the station."

"I like it," said Charley.

Althea said, as she poured the coffee, "Pick up some cold meat in the city. I can whip up something hot to go with it. I'll be at the Wilsons'. Maybe I'll be late. Bill Wilson's doctor wants him to have tests. Sarah's going with him. I'll take care of the children. I'm glad you haven't ulcers, Charley."

"Take it easy," Charley suggested. He knew the Wilson youngsters would give her a rough day. "Don't knock yourself out. We're playing bridge with Hank and Mary tonight, aren't we?"

"I hope so. Poor Hank! Mary says his arthritis is awful again. If I get to see Mary," Althea went on, sipping her coffee, "perhaps I can do a few things, outside, which Hank can't. Mary simply hasn't the time."

It occurred to Charley that he shouldn't feel so grand, when everyone else seemed to have aches and pains. He always felt fine.

"I promised Ann Chase that you'd winter-mulch their roses one evening," Althea said. "Joe can't. That poor back of his . . ."

"Okay," said Charley.

He gave his glasses a polish and put them on his nose.

"It wouldn't hurt if you had your eyes checked," Althea informed him.

"They're fine. Perfect. I—"

Althea insisted, "Make an appointment."

"Sure." Charley Jones grinned. He kissed her goodby.

On the way to the station, Charley wondered if Althea wished she had a husband with something the matter with him, so she could fuss over him and discuss his symptoms. He discarded the notion as stupid and unfair.

The trip to the city was about the same as usual. And yet Charley, surprised at himself, was annoyed by George McKay's account of how he hadn't slept, and by Jim Hale's explanation of what cold did to his sinuses.

At the office, Henderson hadn't come in, and Charley handled the other man's work also. The boss was cranky, although, before lunch, he told Charley that wind played the devil with him and made him irritable.

"You," the Old Man accused, "are always in the pink."

Charley said, "Maybe someday I'll get hit by a truck."

"If you did," the Old Man said, "you'd get off without a scratch."

"Speaking of getting off," Charley remembered, "my wife wants me to have my glasses checked."

He made an appointment with the oculist for the afternoon, and learned from him that the glasses were adequate. A change might be indicated later.

While Charley had been away, a customer had telephoned a complaint, and the Old Man had disagreed. The conversation ended with words as icy as the day. The boss, in telling Charley, admitted being slightly in error, although reminding Charley that nervous indigestion was responsible. Charley managed to placate the customer, but took a beating in doing it.

ALTHEA called as he was signing his mail. "Please eat in the city," she said. "Joe's back is worse. Ann is terribly worried. I told her she must relax. They're going to the first show. They can't get a sitter. I'll have dinner with them and stay with the children, and—"

Before Charley considered how it would sound, he said, "There's something to be said for having aches, isn't there?"

"Why, Charley!"

He was about to tell Althea to skip it, that the day had been difficult. At that moment, without volition, the entire day swarmed before him in remembrance. And somehow he didn't want to say anything.

"You didn't really mean that," said Althea. "I know you didn't." She added, "Did you see the eye doctor, Charley?"

"Yes," Charley said.

A paragraph of the letter at which he had been glancing was a mess. The girl who had written it had left early with a headache. The other girls were shutting their desks. Whoever Charley asked to rewrite the letter would give him the dirtiest look of which she was capable.

"Of course nothing was the matter, dear?" Althea said.

"Well," said Charley Jones very slowly, "I've got to be just a little careful in the future with the old eyes."

He heard Althea's quick indrawn breath over the telephone. "Oh," she said. "Oh! Exactly what did he say, Charley? You tell me!"

"He wants to look at me again," said Charley carefully. "A little later. It isn't anything to worry about."

"Come home for dinner," ordered Althea. "I'll find a sitter for Ann."

"I suppose you called off the bridge," Charley said. "Bridge'd be better for the eyes than reading, wouldn't it?"

Althea said, "Of course it would." She went on, "Don't pick up anything for dinner. I'll make a mushroom omelette. You come straight home." Then Althea asked hastily, "Do your eyes b-b-burn or anything, darling?"

"No," said Charley honestly. "They feel okay."

So did he, although he didn't whistle until he replaced the telephone. Then he broke off the tuneless, strangely contented sound, because the Old Man was standing beside his desk and was staring at him.

"A man's got to take care of his eyes," the boss said. "We'll lift detail work off your shoulders." The Old Man paused. "You be damned careful, Charley."

"I will," promised Charley.

When he left the office, and on the train, and walking along the windswept street, Charley guessed that he now belonged to a sort of fraternity. He had given Althea something about which to worry . . . but if there was anything he liked, it was a mushroom omelette—and a good game of bridge.

Charley tried to feel ashamed of himself. He came closest to it when he saw Althea at the window, wearing the firelit red and gold house coat, and when she waved to him. He tried to feel ashamed of himself, but he felt very fine.

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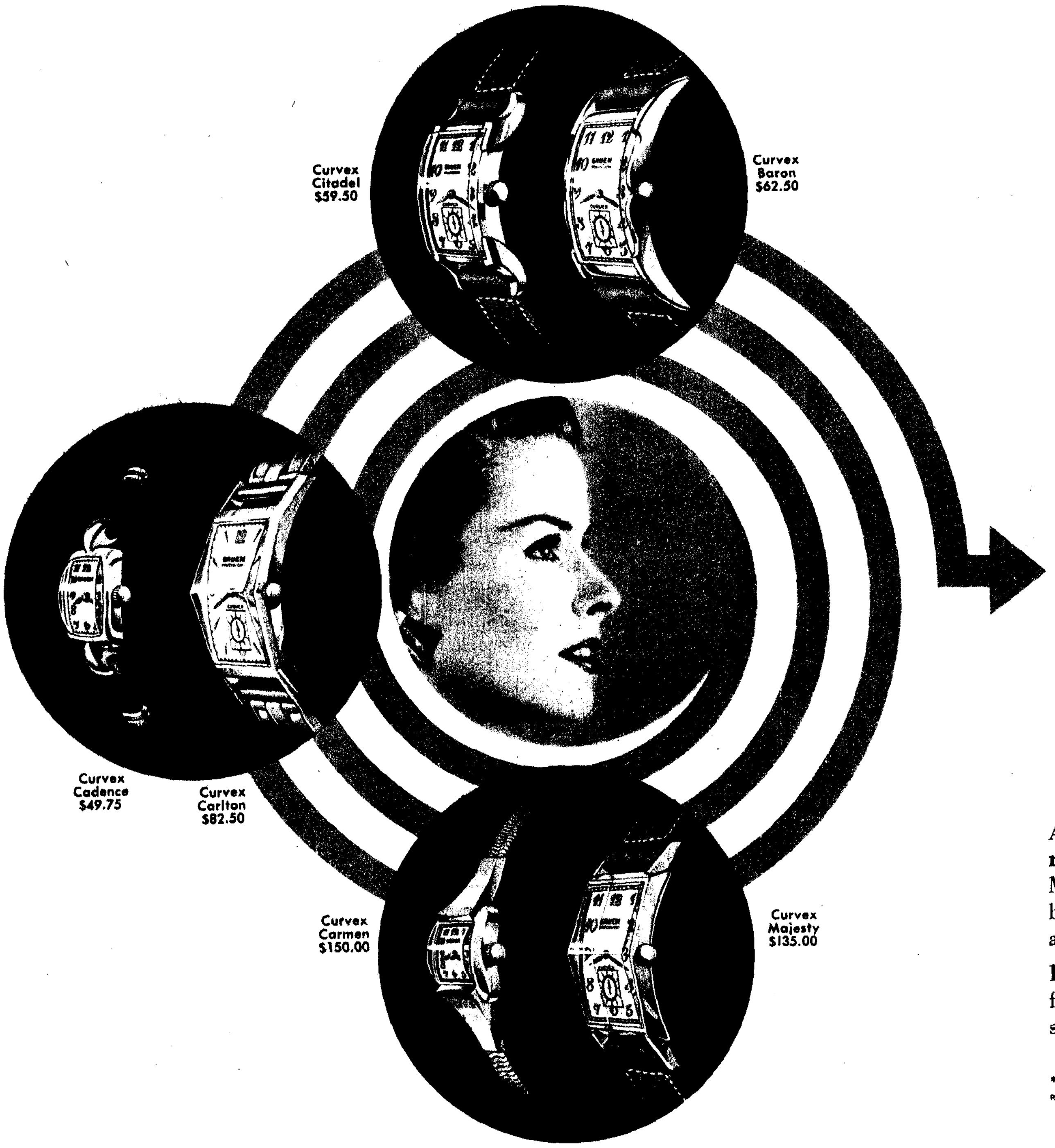

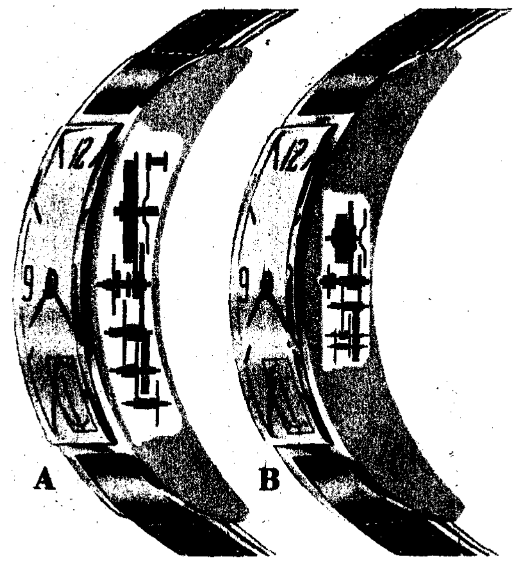

A—Gruen Curvex with Curvametric Movement—Both case and movement curve together. Movement fills curved case to maximum. Result: bigger movement; therefore larger, more dependable parts, greater accuracy.

B—Ordinary Watch—Case curved, movement flat. Flat movement cannot fill curved case. Result: smaller movement; tinier, less sturdy parts.

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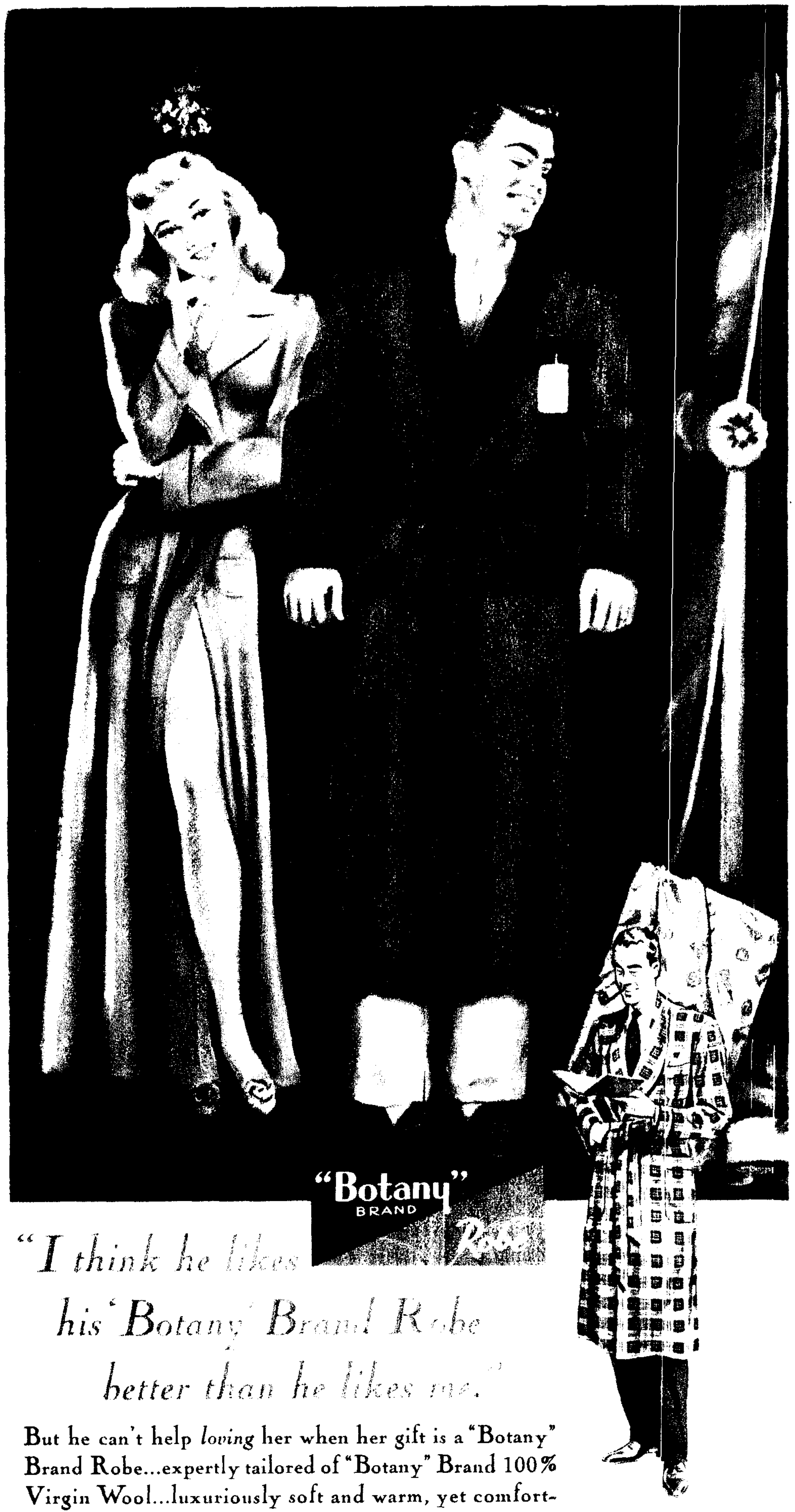

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HIGH PRESSURE IN THE CONGO

Continued from page 25

he shoots over his quota. It's particularly important today to get the Toledo machete firmly established in this postwar era before we find ourselves bucking foreign competition. Why, picture it—" his voice ran like sirup as he started off on an Inspirational Talk to the Sales Force. "The factory back there in the U.S. is turning out thousands of dozens of machetes every day. The best carbon steel, the finest plastic handles with the patented Tite-Grip feature. Think of the factory as a team, Wilson. The shop is the line, the packing room is the center who snaps the ball back to the quarterback. That's you, Wilson, out here in the field. When you get that ball, what do you do with it?"

"I don't like football. It makes me dizzy." I hoped that would shut him up but he didn't pay any attention.

"You've got to carry it!" he hollered. "You've got to go out and sell! Not sit around listening to concertos."

"Now look, Mr. Herstil—" I began.

"Call me J.T.," he said crisply. "It saves time. And time, you know—"

"I know," I finished for him, "time is money."

BY NOW I didn't think J.T. was so funny. But I kept on, hoping he'd see reason. "I've got about five thousand customers here—all the natives working in the oil palm plantations. And every one of them carries a Toledo machete. They use them to cut grass and palm nuts, make boats, kill snakes, slaughter cattle, cut up their dinners, pick their teeth and some of the dudes even use them as razors on Sunday. Now you people make a good product, so even with that kind of wear and tear each machete lasts a customer just about six months. I sell ten thousand machetes a year which I figure is keeping the market saturated."

"Ha—" began Herstil, but I jumped in before he could get started.

"Maybe," I put in wickedly, "you people should use a cheaper grade of steel so the machetes would wear out faster."

J. T. Herstil was indignant. "I'm sorry you feel called upon to suggest anything so unethical! Besides," he added thoughtfully, "we tried that in a few test markets and lost customers. No! Your trouble is that you have failed to grasp the opportunity for salesmanship. Why, with a little gumption you could expand your machete business overnight!"

"That's beyond me," I said, frankly puzzled. "With every customer having a machete and replacing it as soon as it wears out, I don't see how I can push sales much higher than they are. Besides, I'm not too much interested."

"Mr. Wilson." J.T. put on his Executive Manner. "I traveled up here to see you with the idea of recalling your franchise if your sales didn't become more satisfactory. I see now that being so removed from the hustle and bustle of business competition has slowed you down. You've lost touch with the science of salesmanship. Now I'm a fair man, Wilson, and I want to show you what can be accomplished before I do anything hasty. You have a shipment of No. 10's on the landing. How long does it usually take you to sell them?"

"That's about a three-month supply," I said sort of low. The prospect of losing the machete franchise had me worried. The natives won't use anything but a Toledo and I could count on that business just like money in the bank. But I was damned if I was going to stiff-arm any customer into buying something he didn't need.

"Well, sir"—J.T. rubbed his hands and gave me an oily smile—"I'm going to give you a lesson in Psychological Salesmanship. I'm going to show you how to unload that shipment in one week's time. If I can do that, the company certainly has the right to expect you to increase your sales or forfeit the franchise."

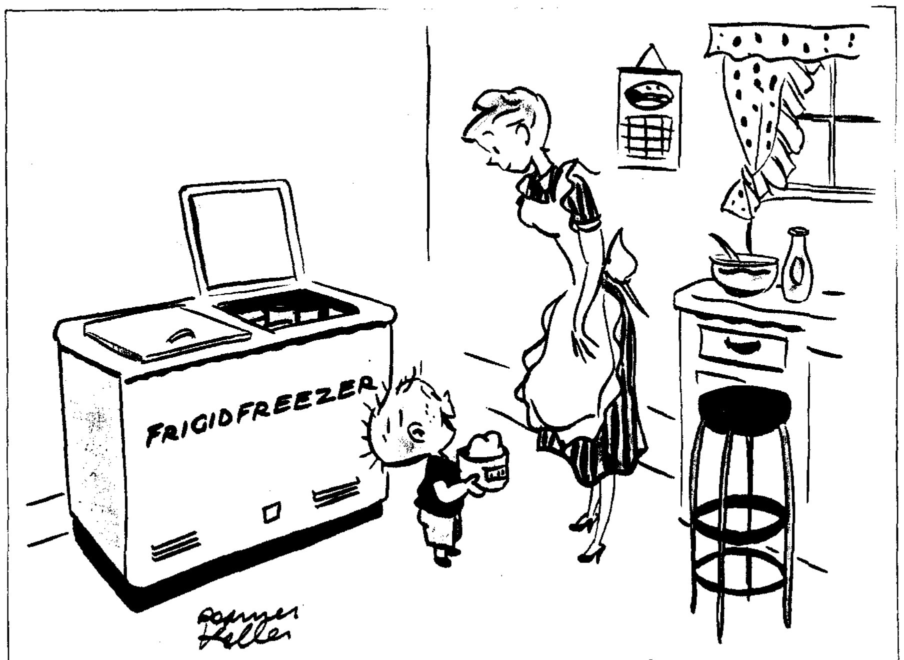
"I suppose so," I told him sadly. "What are you going to do—import a lot of new customers or run off a one-cent sale?"

"I'll resort to no tricks, Wilson. I'll use nothing but scientifically tested salesmanship. Why, I'll have these natives so crazy for machetes we won't be able to supply the demand!"

That made me feel better. I figured any guy who knew as much about the Congo as J. T. Herstil wouldn't cause me much trouble. Give any hot salesman enough rope and after he's lassoed all the customers in sight he's bound to end up by hanging himself.

Just then there was a growling noise behind J.T. He jumped straight up to the ceiling and came down running. I finally tracked him down in the kitchen. The elephant gun was swaying in front of him and he kept making little nervous noises in his throat.

"It's okay, J.T." I locked the gun in the pantry closet. "That was just the air-conditioning machinery. Why don't you go over to the store and start selling?"



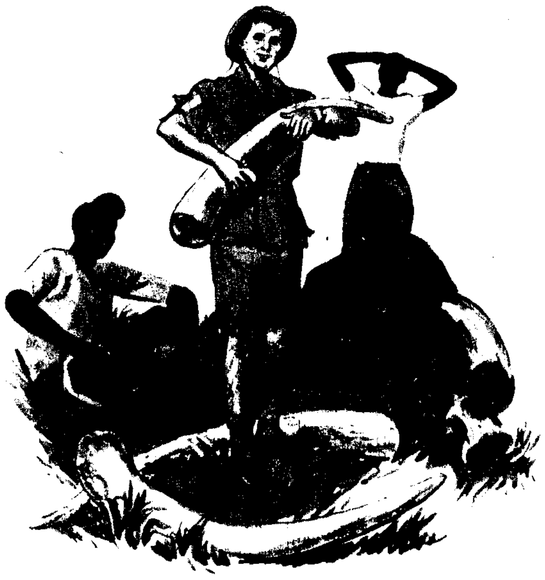
"This is part of the great blizzard of '47 to show to my grandchildren!"

COLLIER'S REAMER KELLER

I sure have to give J.T. credit for trying. As soon as he discovered that the Bantus were probably less nasty than the average stateside customer and that they could understand his sales talk, he really turned on the heat. I just stood back and watched him operate. He started off on the sales approach of making the natives feel that toting an old machete was an act of social suicide. That may be flashy selling technique back home, but out here in the Congo it's poor business.

THE longer a native keeps a machete, the more he loves it. He makes sure he gets a good one in the first place. Then he keeps it till there's nothing left but a sliver. Most of the customers around here are what you'd call uncivilized. That doesn't make them dumb enough to be interested in throwing away something usable for the privilege of buying another article just like it.

J.T. wasted a lot of sales talk before it dawned on him that he was getting nowhere. But like any hot-shot salesman, he didn't give up with just one try.



"What do you mean, illegal?" J.T. sputtered. "I traded fair and square for this ivory"

"These people aren't advanced enough for Snob Appeal." J.T.'s eyes were glowing at the prospect of outwitting such tough resistance. "I can see they're unmoved by the Social Superiority angle."

"That's what I like about them," I said. "They're so much smarter than most of the people I've met at home."

"Let's not be facetious, Wilson. Do you carry paint in the store?"

"Sure," I said. "All colors. It sells for five dollars a gallon."

"That will be a small investment for the ultimate return." He gave me the Executive Look, complete with stabbing forefinger. "And it will provide a valuable lesson for you in sales psychology. A good salesman studies the resistance and comes up with a solution."

J.T.'s solution was pretty simple. He unpacked the twenty-four gross of drab, blue-steel machetes and painted them every color of the rainbow. Some had cerise blades and orange handles. The blades of the more conservative ones were striped red and white like peppermint candy. Much as I hated to, I had to admit J.T.'s nifties would attract the natives. They like anything flashy. The next morning when the store opened, they were standing around the display three deep, gabbling in admiration.

"Just simple salesmanship," J.T. boasted. "They wouldn't respond to my talk before because the machetes didn't look any different. Now every customer will want three or four."

"They may want them," I said significantly but the remark went over his head so I started for the bungalow to take a siesta.

J.T. was a sorry sight when he stomped in at dinnertime. His brow was furrowed and he had that look of utter frustration that can come only to a thwarted salesman.

"I don't understand it, Wilson. The natives were delighted with the painted machetes but I didn't sell many more than you do in an average day."

"I'll let you in on a secret." He looked so woebegone I couldn't hold out any longer. "The customers think your machetes are swell but they didn't buy many because they just don't have the cash. These babies get paid for labor in food and shelter. The little extra they have is spent before they get it. They have to save up for months to buy a machete. And I advise you against opening any charge accounts. They figure if a storekeeper is dumb enough to let them have something without money, he's so rich he doesn't need it."

J.T. was stunned by the news. Thinking he'd throw in the sponge, I got ready to pour out some insincere sympathy. But he was trained in the Don't Give Up school. His eyes got glittery with cunning.

"If they don't have cash, surely they must have something of value? Something they could trade for the machetes that could be turned into money?" he insisted.

"Well," I admitted. "Lots of them dig in the swamps for gum copal."

"What's that?" Already J.T. could hear the jingling of cash registers.

"It's a kind of fossilized gum, used for making expensive varnish. I get quite a bit of it in during the year. However, if you're going into trading, there's some things I should tell you about."

"Never mind," said J.T., putting me in my place. "I'm the fellow who'll sell those machetes. I'll find out from Joe in the morning how much to allow them for the gum copal. Now that I've cleared the currency hurdle, I'm set."

"Okay," I said wearily. . . .

The next day I didn't get down to the store until noon. Joe, who understands the Bantus' whims, takes care of most of the customers, which gives me more time to listen to concertos. When I walked in, J.T. was dealing out machetes with one hand and weighing big sacks on my bulk scales with the other. He knocked off selling when he saw me. From the looks of things, I guess he needed the rest.

HERSTIL rubbed his hands together in nauseating good humor. "I've got this stock half sold and I've more than made up the cost of the paint."

"Just how are you accomplishing that economic miracle?"

"The natives don't seem to care how much gum copal they give me for a machete. I started off trading one for twenty pounds of the stuff and now I've got it up to fifty."

"Whew," I whistled sarcastically. "That's really doing business."

"Thanks." Herstil felt so good, he couldn't conceive that I wasn't flattering him. "Of course it may seem a bit unorthodox. But then, the natives don't need the gum copal, so whatever they get for it is pure profit. And considering that I put a lot of time and ingenuity into decorating the machetes, it's a fair return. All that would be lumped into Sales Overhead, of course."

"Of course." I walked over to one of the sacks of gum copal. I just couldn't figure out why the Bantus had been so anxious to get rid of it. Usually they'll

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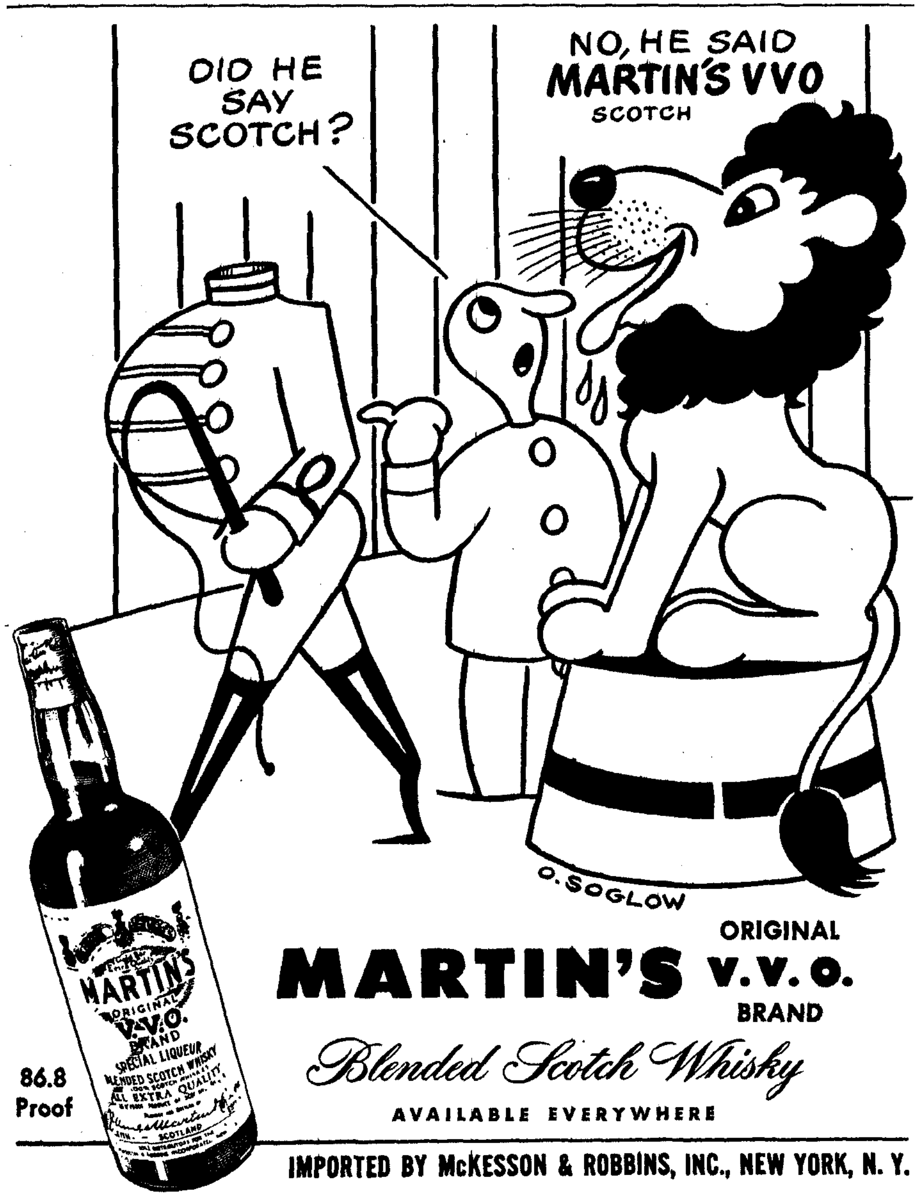

NO, HE SAID MARTIN'S VVO SCOTCH

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trade you all day for a yard of cloth. Looking closely at some of the stuff, it was easier to understand.

"J.T.," I said softly, not wanting to kill him right off with the shock. "Did you go over this stuff carefully when you were trading?"

"I examined the top layers, certainly. There wasn't much time for a more thorough scrutiny with trade going as briskly as it did. What's the matter? It's gum copal, isn't it?"

"The top layers are. The rest of the sacks aren't much more than a representative collection of local rocks."

J.T. stiffened slowly. His mouth worked but not a sound came out of it. I couldn't tell if he was going to blow up or collapse.

"The dirty crooks!" he screamed at last. "The low, thieving swindlers!"

IT WAS all I could do to keep from laughing. "Now, now, J.T. They traded you fair for your machetes. It's your responsibility to be satisfied with what you're getting before you make the trade. They probably thought you had some reason for wanting rocks."

"Why, the unprincipled scoundrels!" he shouted. "They can't do this to J. T. Herstil!"

"They already have." I shut him up before his beefing got too monotonous. "All you can do is chalk it up to experience. There's enough gum copal here to pay for about a fourth of the machetes. Why not take it easy for the next few days and stop trying to expand this market?"

"You'd sit around here the rest of your life being satisfied. That's because you're not a self-starter! You think I'm licked, but I'm not! I said I'd sell that twenty-four gross of machetes in a week and I'll do it. There's one card I haven't played in this game of salesmanship. Tell me," he screamed, "how many times a year do you go out in the field for business?"

"Why, never." I was startled at the thought. After all, the natives know where my store is. When they want something, they come and get it. It had always seemed pretty simple to me.

"Good!" Those little flickerings started in J.T.'s eyes again. "I'll have a virgin territory to work in. Will it take long to organize a safari?"

"Why, no. But if you're going out to sell machetes, why don't you just pile them in the back of the truck. There's good roads all over this section."

"A truck!" From the scornful way he tossed it out of his mouth, I could tell the idea didn't fit in with J.T.'s ideas about the Belgian Congo. "No, thanks! If you can get me some boys, I'll start out in the morning."

"Okay," I said. "But you'll have to trade with the natives, you know. Don't let them put anything over on you this time."

"Don't worry!" It was marvelous how little time it took for J.T. to regain his self-importance. "One lesson is enough for J. T. Herstil."

"If there's anything I can do—" I began. Then I shut up when I saw the smirk on his face. What good does it do to talk to a high-pressure character like that? They're too busy listening to their own wheels turning over.

J.T. made quite a picture when he left in the morning. He'd put on his White Explorer's outfit which looked dandy except that he kept tripping over the machete that was slung from his belt and got his shorts pretty dirty before he even started. The boys were all lined up with boxes on their heads, grinning like kids on a picnic. This safari business was just as new to them as it was to J.T. When they wanted to go someplace before, they just started walking down the road and thumbed a ride. But J.T. was paying them well so they didn't mind humoring him. Besides, he was giving them plenty of laughs as a bonus.

When J.T. had checked everything for the twentieth time and Joe had picked him up and dusted him off for the thirtieth, he came stalking over and slipped me a steely handshake.

"Goodby, Wilson!" He spat the words out like pebbles. "I'll be back in four days if the jungle doesn't get me."

"Why worry about that?" I asked. "Just stick to the roads and you can't get lost."

"Stick to the roads! You think I'm going back to the home office and tell them I walked around the Belgian Congo on paved roads? No, sir! I'll handle this my own way with no suggestions from you!"

"It was just an idea," I said wearily. "You don't have to follow it. Are you sure you wouldn't like a few tips on trading before you start?"

"Not on your life! Salesmanship is Salesmanship, the whole world over. If you think I'll get stung with gum copal again, just set your mind at ease. This time I'll trade for things I know something about. And don't worry about the machetes, either. I'll take full responsibility for this shipment. When you see me again, I'll have sold the lot for a handsome profit."

What could you do with a guy like that? While he began to lead his safari into the jungle, I called Joe back for a minute. I knew J.T. would be safe with Joe, unless he cut his head off shaving.

"Take care of him, Joe," I said. "That is, up to a point. Let him do his own trading. Even if he wants to exchange those machetes for a hand-painted gold brick, let him. He's old enough to be taught a few lessons."

"Don't worry, Boss. He wouldn't take my advice if I gave it. I'll see that he has a nice hike and gets back safely."

Joe grinned and winked at me. Then he disappeared into the jungle. I went back to the bungalow to catch up on some good music.

I half expected J.T. to come stumbling back out of the jungle in a few hours but I underestimated his powers of endurance. He certainly didn't lack initiative.

NATIVE customers, who didn't look down on roads as much as J.T., brought me news of him the first day. They came pedaling up on bicycles to tell me he was thrashing through the jungle beyond the plantation. Then I didn't hear another word until he burst into the bungalow at the end of the fourth day.

He looked terrible. His clothes were in tatters. His arms were covered with big welts where the flies had been at him and his knees were nicked and bloody from tripping over his machete. But when I saw the glittery look in his eyes, I groaned. They had the self-satisfied shine of a man who's just Closed the Big Deal.

"Well," he said in sarcastic triumph, "I did it! In one week I've disposed of your three-month supply and at a tidy profit." He went over and switched off the phonograph. "Now are you willing to admit that you ought to sell harder to keep the Toledo franchise?"

I couldn't say anything for a minute. I'd figured he'd tramp around in the jungle and come back with his tail dragging. And here he was bouncing around the living room, the living example of the successful salesman. It shook my faith in human nature.

"What did you get for them? A satchelful of diamonds?" It was a weak crack, I know, but I had to say something to keep up appearances.

"Now, now. Let's not have any sour grapes, Wilson." The sight of J.T.'s smug face was as annoying as the fact that he'd sold the machetes. "Come outside and I'll show you what I've got."

I followed him out, much as I hated having him gloat over me in public. I knew J.T. was too shrewd to be taken in twice. He must have traded for something that was worth the price of the machetes. Considering his good humor, he probably had gotten something worth twice as much.

"There," he said with an expansive sweep of his hand. "Ivory—two thousand bucks' worth, at least. I know because I checked on the market price before I left Matadi. I thought I might have to shoot a few elephants for protection and planned on doing it at a profit. This little haul will more than make up for my gum copal loss. Ah"—he rubbed his hands in that obnoxious way again—"it's all in knowing how. The baby I got this from couldn't resist my pitch."

I just stood there and looked at the ivory. He had seven big tusks, magnificent things and easily worth the amount he'd mentioned. The boys were lying around them resting after lugging them through the jungle. Joe was sitting there with the rest of them, grinning. I grinned right back at him.

"What's the matter?" said J.T., uneasily. "It's worth what I said, isn't it?"

"Sure it is—probably more. You made a good trade, J.T."

"Well, that's more like it." He started to swell up again and walked over and picked up one of the tusks.

"The only thing is," I added, "the whole thing is very illegal."

J.T. sputtered for a moment before he got started.

"What do you mean, illegal? I traded fair and square for this ivory—and those natives didn't steal it, either! They showed me the carcass and bones of the elephants the tusks came from. Don't try to tell me there's anything phony about this deal!"

"J.T.," I said. "Come inside a moment and I'll bring you up to date on local market conditions."

He went all to pieces when I explained that ivory was a strictly controlled commodity. He started groaning when I told him elephants couldn't be hunted without an expensive license. The sweat began to trickle down his cheeks when I explained about the fine for trading in illegally hunted ivory—especially when I converted the francs into dollars. But I outdid myself in describing the local jug in Matadi. Solitary confinement, bad food, bugs, disease—I laid it on thick. He was shaking all over before I finished.

Once he got in that state, he started begging me to help him out of his predicament. I wouldn't even listen. But after he'd stewed a while, I began to give in. It shouldn't be too risky to get the stuff back and then J.T. kept promising there'd be no more said about the franchise. When I agreed, you'd have thought I was giving him the International Sales Award.

Why, the next morning J.T. was still wringing my hand in gratitude as we waited for Cap Pelletier to make in to the landing.

WE WATCHED the Stanley Steamer until it disappeared, then Joe and I walked back to the store together.

"Joe," I said, pointing to the ivory stacked under a tarpaulin on the porch. "You'd better pile that stuff in the truck and take it back where you got it. I hope you won't have any trouble getting the machetes back."

"Not the slightest, sir." Joe grinned very politely. "And don't be disturbed to have it in your possession. The ivory was legally hunted, it belongs to my father. He was going to bring it down to trade with you but I thought it convenient that he first provide a little embarrassment for Mr. Herstil. I guided him to my father's village because Pater and I are both studying Abnormal Psychology by mail. By Jove! Mr. Herstil made a most interesting firsthand subject. You should have seen him capering before Pater with his painted machetes. The old boy let him have the ivory as much to see what he'd do as to help you in a tight spot."

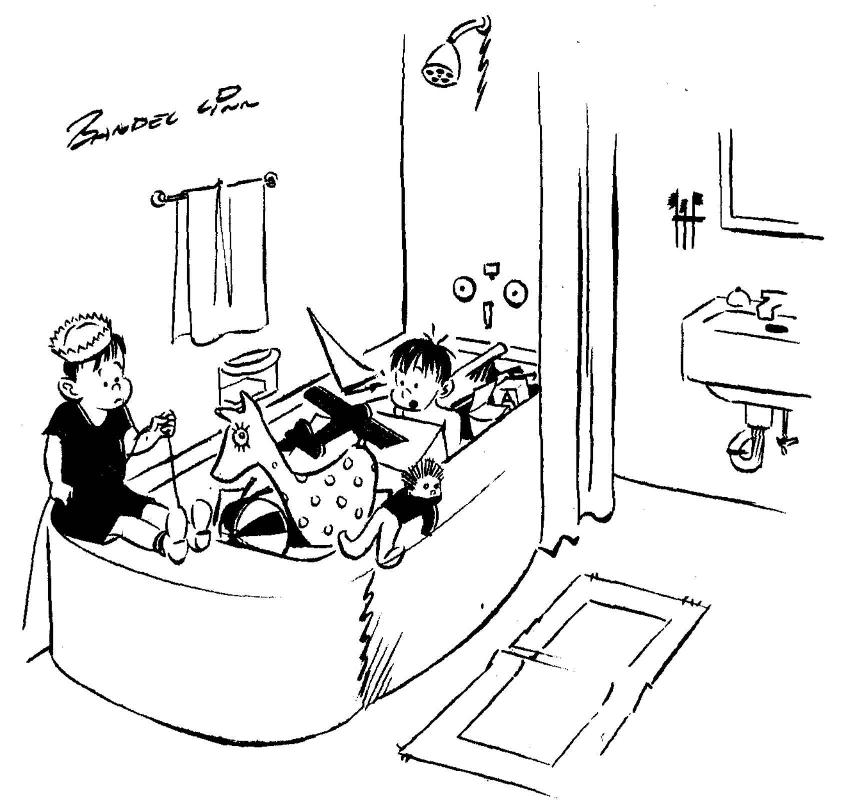
Joe paused in admiration for his late guinea pig. Then he re-collected himself politely.

"Shall I leave the ivory here and bring my father back with the machetes?" he asked.

I went weak for a moment, thinking of the indignant lecture I'd given J. T. Herstil. Then I burst out laughing.

"No, Joe," I howled. "Take it back and ask your father to hold on to it for a few weeks longer. There's no telling when another smart operator will blow in, itching to bring some efficiency to the jungle. If he does, I'll just turn him over to you to handle."

"Yes, sir, Mr. Wilson." Joe winked broadly and started for the ivory. "Me sabbee." □□□



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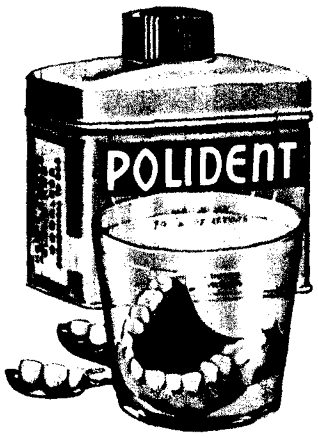
Polident comes in two sizes—regular and large economy size—available at all drugstores. It costs only about a cent a day to use, so get a can of Polident tomorrow, sure.



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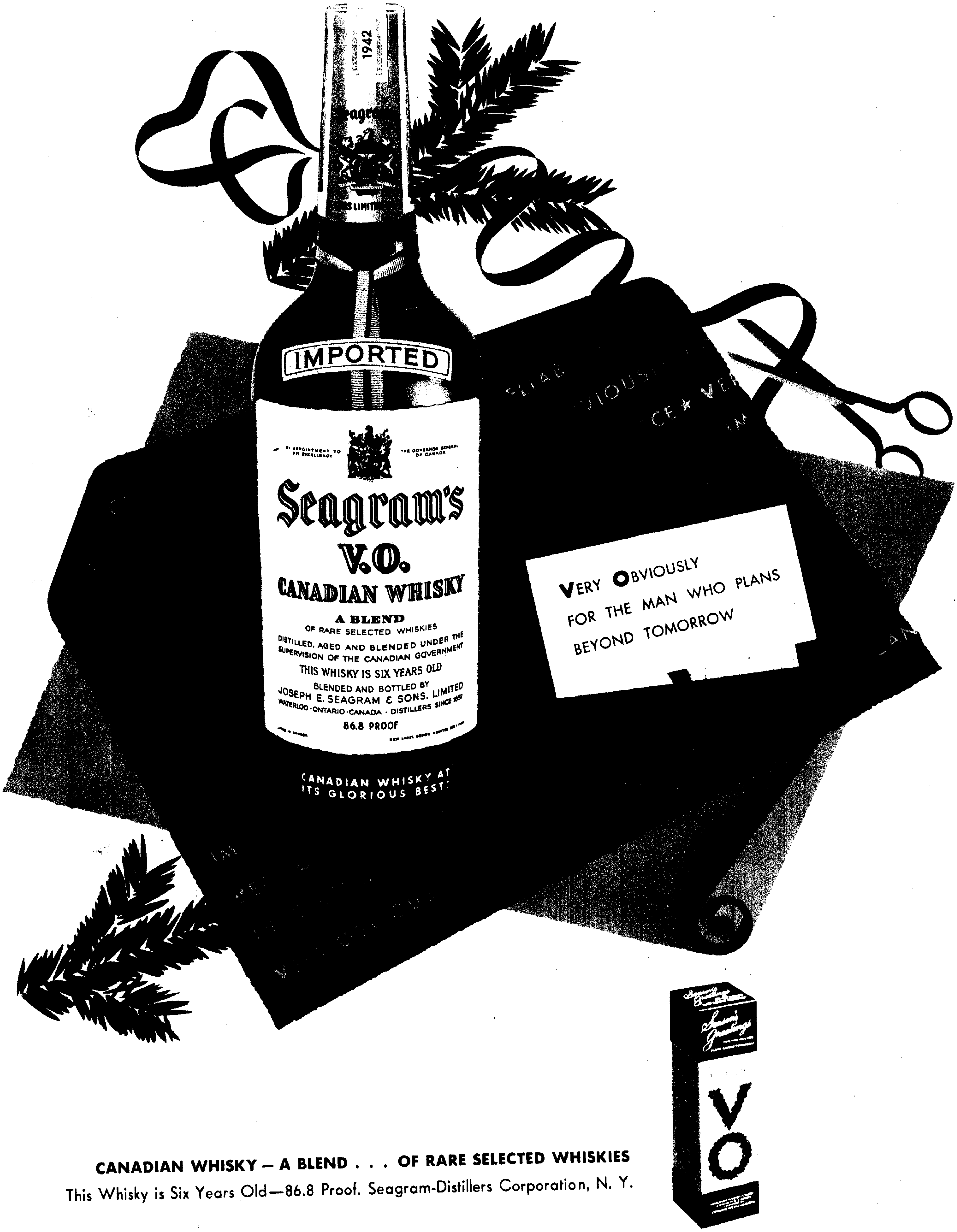
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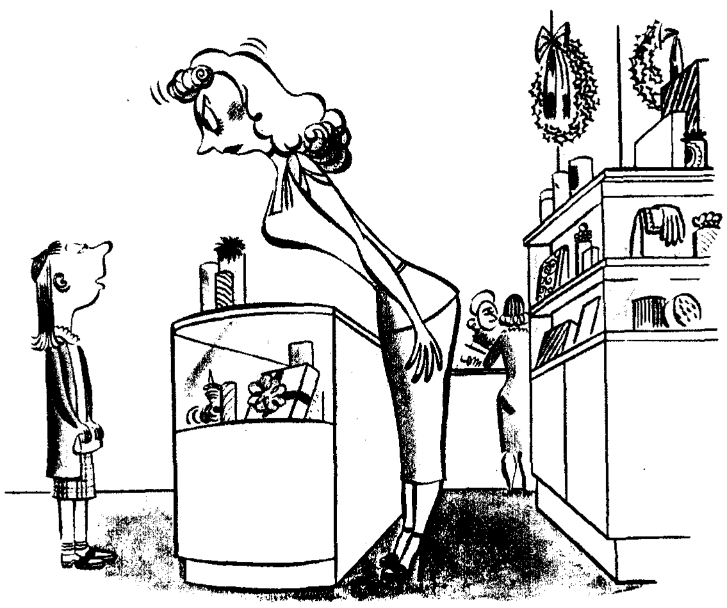
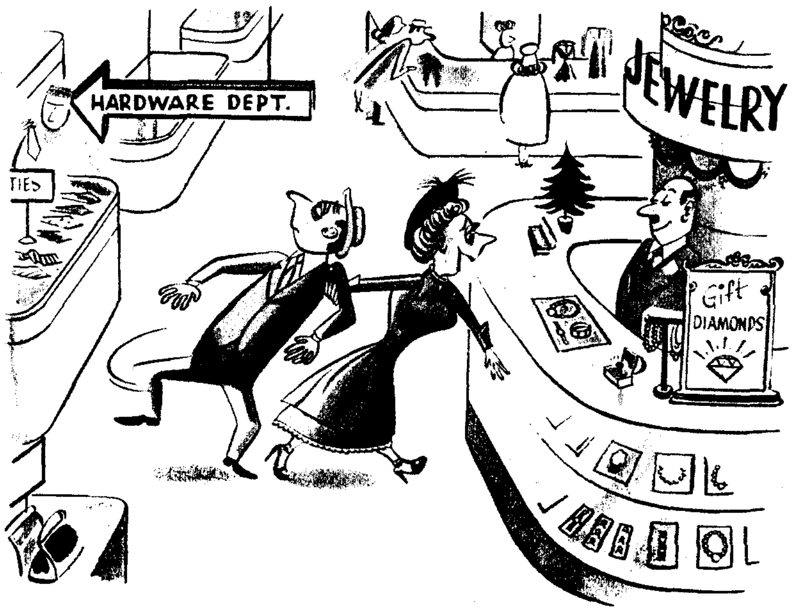
Shopping Shambles

Seasonal scenes by Cartoonist Irwin Caplan, who hopes they won't actually happen



"I'd like something appropriate for an old lady—about your age"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TIES
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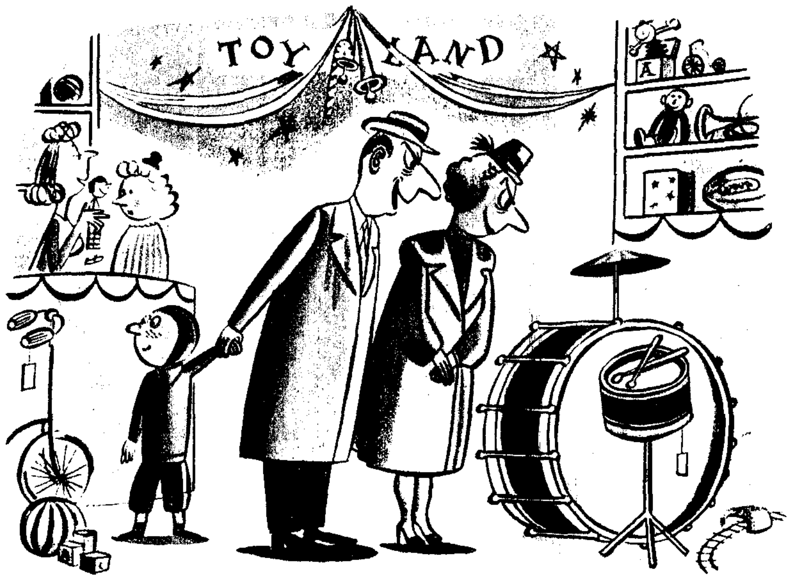
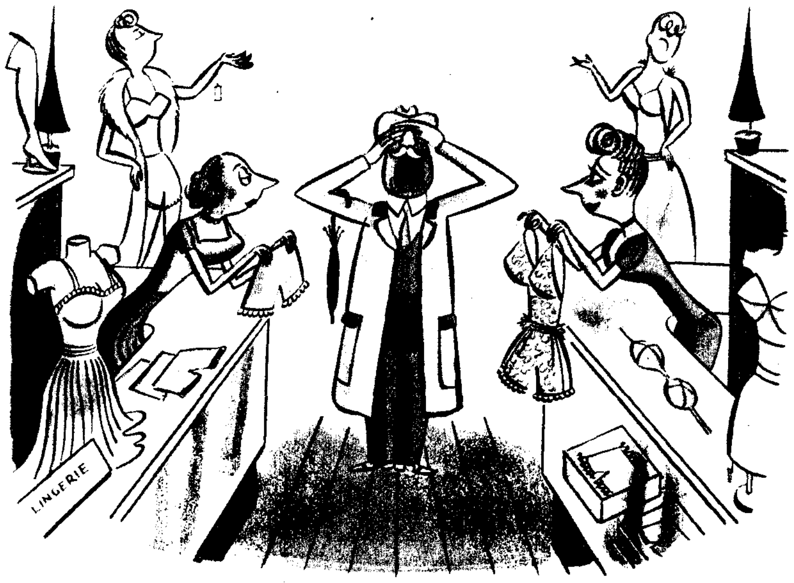
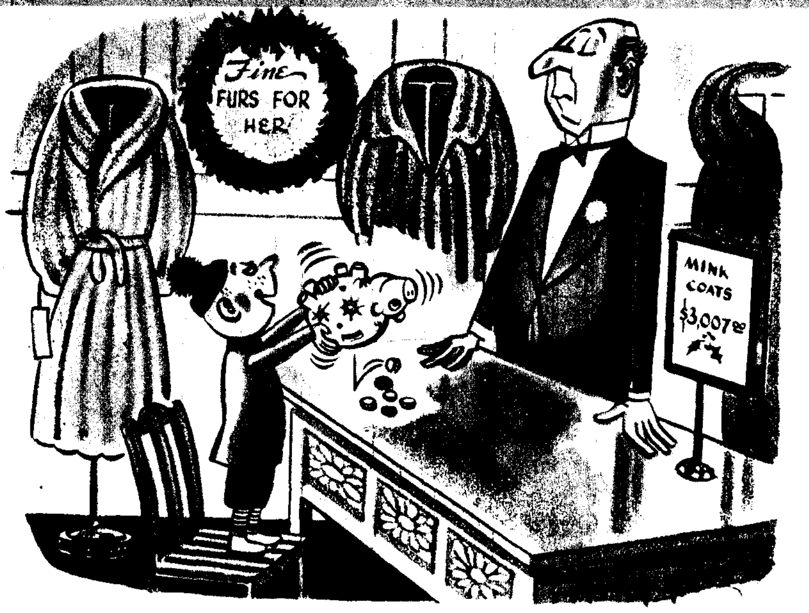
"No matter which way we go, Edgemont, we still seem to come back here"



"Let's buy Cousin Alf's kid a set of drums. It'll make up for the bugle they gave Edwin last Christmas"



"Anything, just give me anything!"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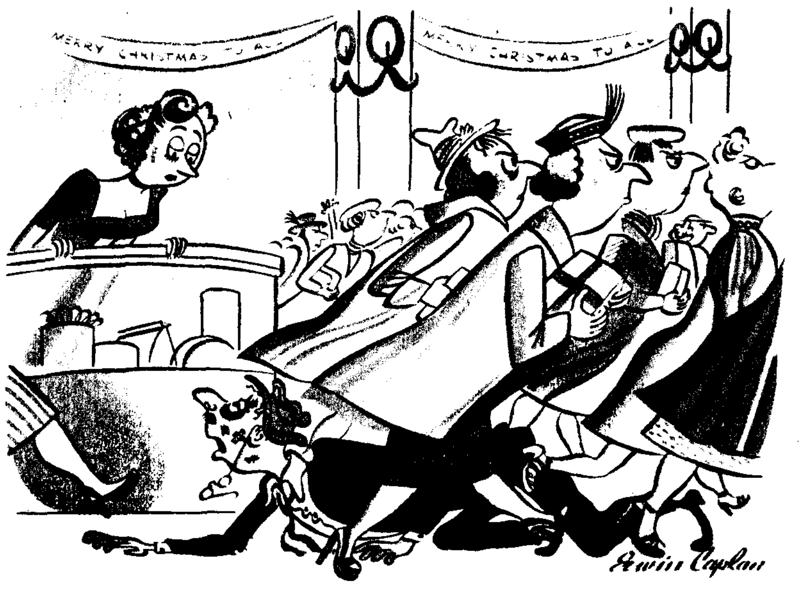
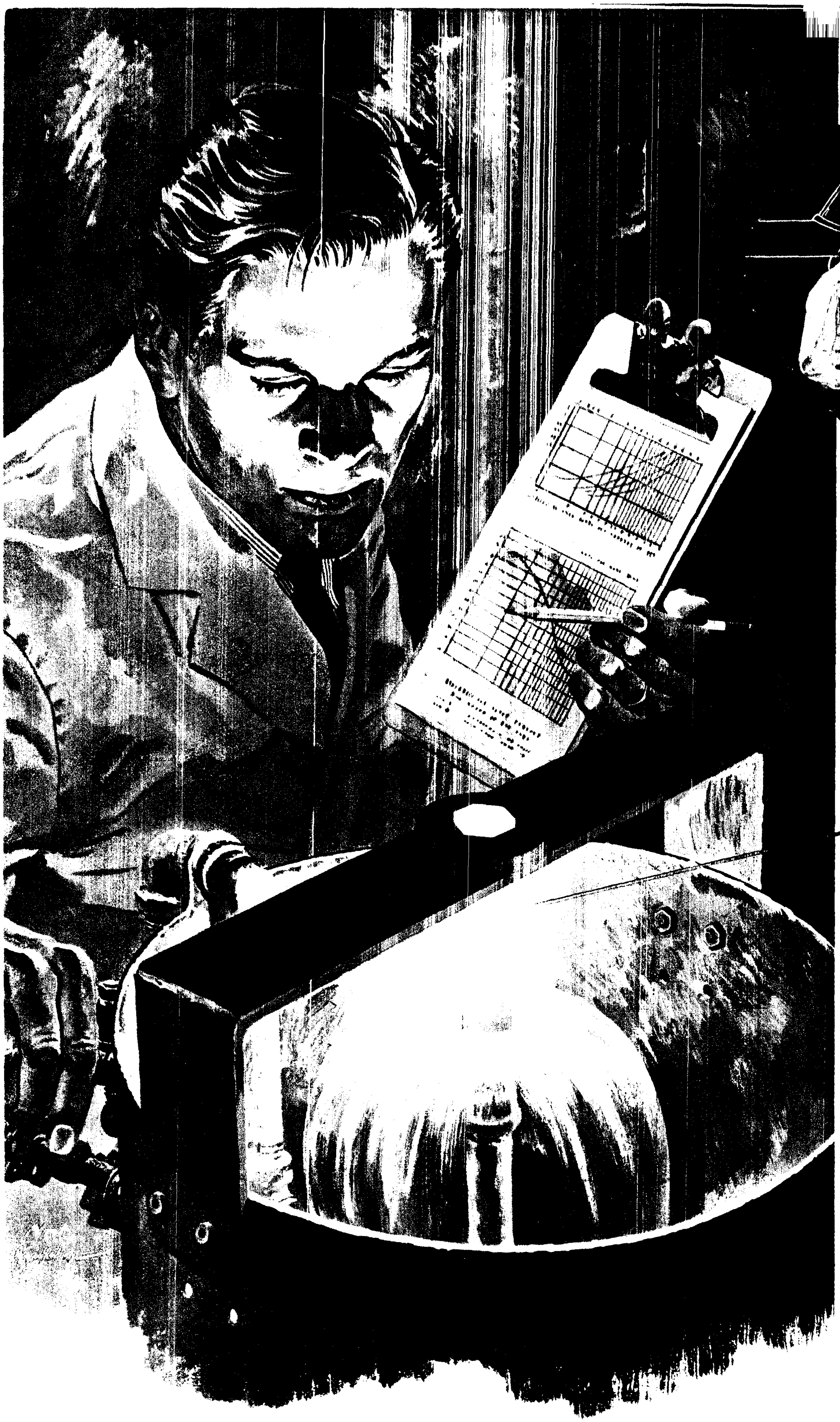
"Something for exactly thirty-seven cents, please"


MERRY CHRISTMAS TO ALL
MERRY CHRISTMAS TO ALL
Irwin Caplan

"Nothing, thank you. I was passing your store on my way to work when you opened your doors"



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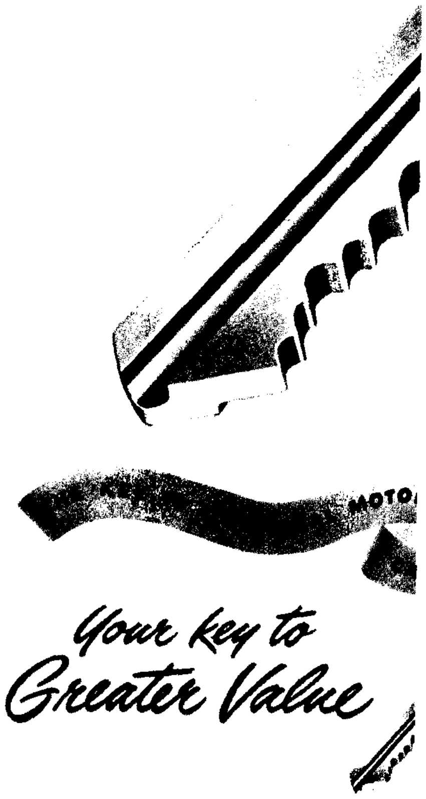

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Monday and Friday evenings, over more than 450
Mutual stations, coast to coast. Hear him!

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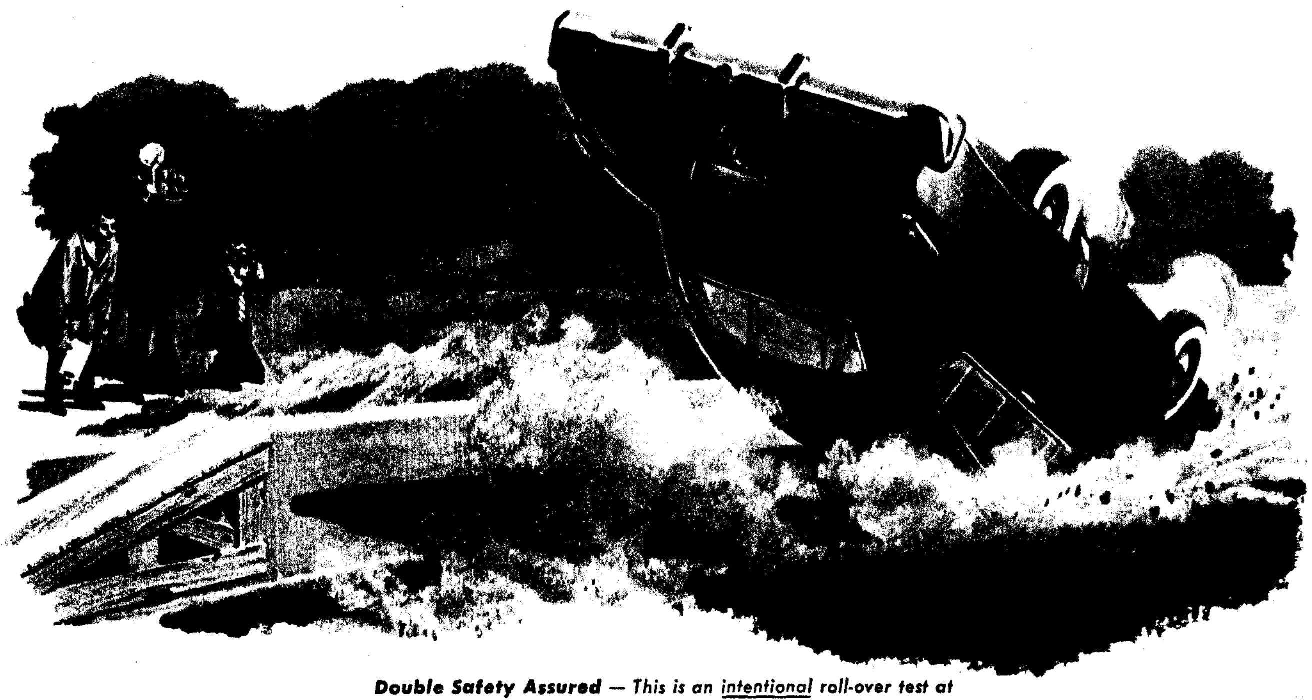

Double Safety Assured — *This is an intentional roll-over test at GM's Proving Ground. To the safety of greater visibility from wider windshields is added the safety of stronger body structure, as proved by the searching tests at the Proving Ground.*

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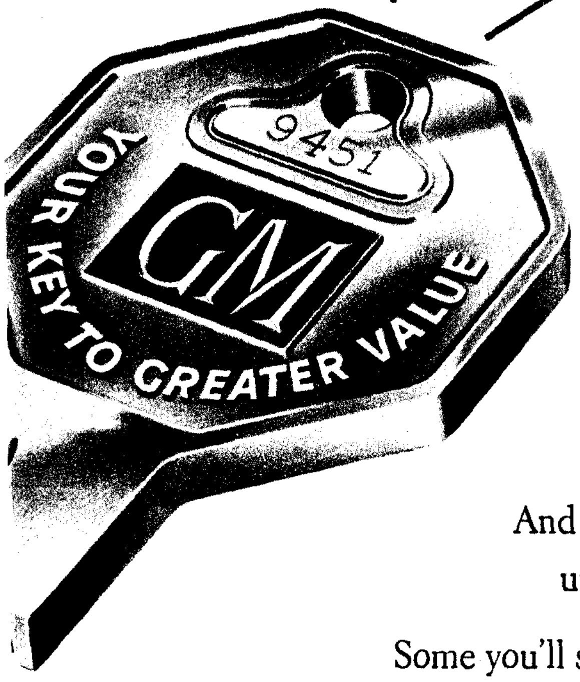
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All will be the results of years of study by GM research—of improvements developed by alert engineering—and of careful production planning.

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Peggy Diggins' smile wins her a story-book career!

Peggy Diggins, Beauty Director at famed John Robert Powers School, attracts glamorous assignments wherever she goes. Peggy's charming smile was first spotted by a famous columnist, who launched her on a promising movie career.

Then the war began, and Peggy left Hollywood to join the WAC. Soon she was back in the limelight as a war correspondent, traveling in London's most exclusive circles, and meeting world-famous leaders. Now marriage and motherhood keep Peggy close to New York. And her students at Powers School see a shining example in her winning smile. It's a Pepsodent Smile! Peggy says, "Using Pepsodent is part of my beauty routine."

The smile that wins is the Pepsodent Smile!

Peggy Diggins knows it. And people all over America agree—the smile that wins is the Pepsodent Smile! They've seen how Pepsodent removes the film that makes teeth look dull—uncovers new brightness in their smiles!

Wins 3 to 1 over any other tooth paste—families from coast to coast recently compared delicious New Pepsodent with the tooth paste they were using at home. By an average of 3 to 1, they said New Pepsodent tastes better, makes breath cleaner and teeth brighter than any other tooth paste they tried. *For the safety of your smile use Pepsodent twice a day—see your dentist twice a year!*

ANOTHER FINE LEVER BROTHERS PRODUCT

PASTEBOARD BONANZA

Continued from page 27

game occurred on a battleship off Gibraltar. On the eve of the North Africa landing, when it was too late to do anything but wait, Eisenhower and Robert Murphy, consul general of North Africa at the time, played bridge with General Mark Clark and his Chief of Staff, Major General Alfred Gruenther. Their autographed deck was later auctioned for $25,000 to aid War Bond sales.

Despite opposition of hell-fire-and-damnation fanatics who still regard playing cards as the devil's picture books, more American adults are playing every day. Over the years most people have played rummy, other than gin. Next is one of perhaps a thousand variations of solitaire. Third in all-time popularity is poker, and following are hearts, pinochle, contract bridge, gin rummy, auction bridge, cribbage, whist, five hundred, and more than 100 other games.

Contract Is Most Popular

Current favorites are different. When the Association of American Playing Card Manufacturers made a national survey in 1948, contract bridge was found to be the leading game, followed by pinochle, poker, rummy, gin rummy and solitaire in that order.

If card players are sinners they have distinguished company. Winston Churchill is a demon at six-pack bezique, Admiral Chester Nimitz and General Claire Chennault play cribbage; Roosevelt liked to peek in spider solitaire. Mrs. Truman and Governor Dewey's mother play nonpolitical bridge, and Chief of Staff Omar Bradley, W. Averell Harriman, Herbert Bayard Swope and President Truman favor friendly poker. Ethel Merman, Shirley Temple, Bob Hope and most actors who can get publicity for it play gin rummy.

The only card game with a national organization behind it, as in baseball, golf and tennis, is bridge, which is dominated by the American Contract Bridge League. Formed in 1939, the ACBL conducts all national and sectional championships and awards master points to good bridge players the way the American Kennel Club gives points to prize pups in a dog show.

In the happy hierarchy of 1948 bridge, there is, fortunately, room for everybody. About a decade ago the world of bridge consisted of a select, self-perpetuating handful. Names like Culbertson, Morehead, Mott-Smith, Sims, Lenz, Gruenther, Vanderbilt and Jacoby arranged all the tournaments and also seemed to win them. The vast bridge-playing public had little more chance of cracking the inner circle than have Abbott and Costello of crashing a coronation.

Then came the revolution. While the leaders grew fat and lazy, among the peasants numerous devotee players studied bridge theory avidly. Soon those in the inner circle were being defeated in tournaments by people they'd never heard of, folks from Oshkosh and down Oklahommy way. Today hundreds of people play better than all but two or three of the highly publicized experts of the thirties.

This situation humiliated bridge royalty. Something had to be done. A mathematical mystery called Master Points was ordained with points to be awarded for success in duplicate bridge tournaments. These would qualify a lucky point possessor as Junior, National, Senior or Life Master. Quickly voting themselves in as Life Masters, the royalty threw open the doors to qualifying *hoi polloi*. Today bridge Masters stumble over one another in the subway.

Tournament bridge is tough. At the nationals, contestants pay an average of $300 each in expenses and entry fees for several days in which unrelaxed pinpoint concentration winds up bowstring nerves to the snapping stage.

Worst of all are not the long sessions of play but those torturous silent and bleak hours after 3:00 A.M. when a sweating contestant tosses sleeplessly alone in the dark with his Maker and his mistakes. Klieg light memories illuminate every hand and mental neon signs embellish errors that lesser players mercifully forget. For bridge memories never fail. Top-ranking Charles Goren once, on a bet, recalled each of the 140 hands he had held in a three-day tournament, but in his case, without regret.

Antique dealers haven't yet entered the field, but card collecting is a hobby of several million children who swamp manufacturers with requests for samples of back designs which they use for trading. More serious collectors include the British Museum, the Metropolitan Museum of Art, and the Smithsonian Institution.

The most complete collection is owned by the U.S. Playing Card Company and is on display at the Cincinnati Art Museum.

The collection contains tens of thousands of items, many priceless, including the first cards to be block-printed (1440), exquisite, hand-painted Persian cards which are not rectangular but round, cards illustrating the New Testament and even some designed by William Makepeace Thackeray.

Nobody knows how playing cards got started. One likely story attributes them to Chinese Emperor S'eun-Ho, A.D. 1120, who had more concubines than time. Cards provided them with self-perpetuating distraction. Another story, equally likely, sets their origin in India where a maharaja's wife, frantic from her husband's annoying habit of pulling his beard, invented cards to occupy his hands. Others say they were developed by Egyptians, Arabs or Koreans. The first recorded reference occurred 1,000 years ago in China.

Kings Decide Who Shall Play

Cards have a turbulent history. When their popularity became universal Charles VI forbade Frenchmen to play on workdays, and James I of Scotland barred them to all except himself and cronies. During the Crusades, Richard I of England limited play to knights and clergy. Charles I made cards a state monopoly. He bought the entire supply for higher-price resale. Appropriately Louis XIV gave the first masque ball with card costumes. Although a version of Henry VIII is model for the present king, the queen is the wife of Henry VII.

Cards were also popular in the colonies. In 1785 pious Massachusetts taxed playing cards in "an act for encouraging agriculture . . . and prompting frugality and economy." In 1770 they were used to admit medical students to classes at Philadelphia College.

George Washington was a regular but unsuccessful player. In four years he lost $30.78. Benjamin Franklin was among our first card printers. Cards used by American Indians so remarkably resemble the peculiar cards of Koreans that anthropologists cite them as evidence of a prehistoric Indian emigration from Asia.

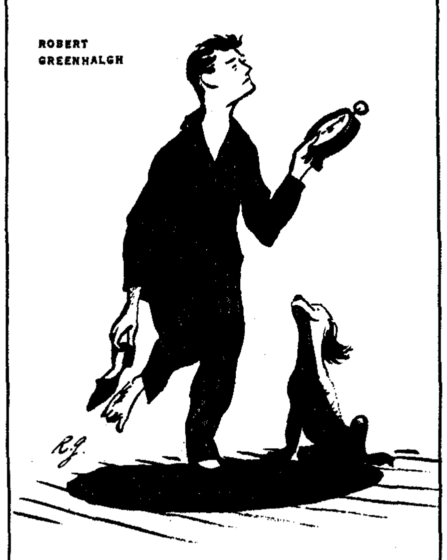
Cards vary in different countries. In Portugal and Spain the suits are cups, money, swords and batons; in Germany, bells, acorns, hearts and leaves. Many games vary widely. Poker has so many variations players must agree on rules before the game. But the laws of bridge are inflexible and require 35 pages of fine type.

Fortunetellers see portents in cards; there are 12 face cards for the months, 52 cards for the weeks (counting aces as one, jacks as 11, etc.), 13 suit cards for the moons and four suits for the seasons. But there are really five "standard" decks, all different: the Tarocchi of 78 cards and five suits; the Italian of 40; the Spanish of 48; the German of 32; and the English-American of 52.

An Opera Printed on Cards

Playing cards have had some queer uses. With them Benjamin Franklin insulated his electricity machine. Formerly their backs were plain white and they were fashionable for inscribed social invitations. John Gay's The Beggar's Opera, produced in 1728, and popular for a century, was printed on cards, a few bars of music and a verse to each card.

Cards have even been used for money. In 1685 Jacques de Meulles, top finance man for the French in Canada, was fresh out of funds to pay the troops. He commandeered all the cards in French Canada, had them inscribed with stated values and issued them together with an edict that they were legal tender. Since the troops responsible for enforcing the edict were the same ones who were thus paid, the scheme worked admirably. In fact it worked so well that playing cards were thus used off and on for 34 years.


ROBERT GREENHALGH

Out of Order

I must have been born
With a twist in my make-up.
The sequence each morn
Is: I get up, I wake up.

—RICHARD ARMOUR

Many professional card players earn a comfortable living but today they work longer hours. Big-stake social games are now rare; high income taxes make losing too expensive. Wealthy men who drop $5,000 cash in an evening may have to earn as much as $40,000 or more to get it back. Even the elite with gross incomes of $500,000 and more a year—after paying taxes, have little appetite for losing $25,000.

Marked cards are widely used by gamblers but of course no reputable manufacturers issue them. Companies which do manufacture and sell cards for cheating buy standard and popular decks and employ trained women to paint tiny but revealing identification on the backs. These are sold ostensibly for "magical" purposes. Another marking device is a chemical invisible to the naked eye which can be seen through special glasses.

Recently card playing was added to the curriculum of Brooklyn (N. Y.) College. Albert Ostrow, noted card authority, was induced to accept the chair of bridge in the adult education division. Ostrow, who expected only enough students for one class of four or five tables, was swamped with four classes and 220 students.

Card playing seems destined for high intercollegiate competitive status. The 316 accredited colleges are invited to participate in an annual intercollegiate bridge tournament, an elimination affair, with the semifinalists traveling to Chicago for the play-off. Expenses are paid by card manufacturers. Twelve colleges participated in 1940.

This year 152 colleges, from 43 states, took part. In the semifinals 1,216 students shuffled it out.

The five major card manufacturers guard their techniques the way David Lilienthal protects the atom secret but all cards are made on the principle of pasting several thicknesses of paper together, and printing or lithographing them in sheets of one or two decks at a time. The individual cards are then sliced out by a huge cookie cutter which rounds the corners and crimps the edges so they won't fray when shuffling. Sometimes the edges are lacquered, too.

Although Austria and Belgium were big card producers, the toughest prewar competition to the dominant U.S. makers were the Japs who overcame technical difficulties with characteristic simplicity. Using a cheap photographic process they turned out unlimited quantities of imitation U.S. cards, flooding the Far Eastern market at five cents a pack.

Briefly before bankruptcy, an entrepreneur once produced cards made of aluminum. But in this age plastic cards were as inevitable as jet propulsion. A Viennese chemist, Siegfried Klausner, invented plastic cards after he and mountain-climbing friends had spent a miserable week end in a leaky Alpine cabin where the dampness caused their paper-made cards to disintegrate.

New Designs Not Wanted

Players resist changes in card design with epic stubbornness. Card makers are constantly plagued by citizens eager to cash in on their ideas. Suggestions pour in for dull finish, no-glare cards, cards with each suit in a different color, cards illustrating national shrines, state birds, and flowers, commemorating birthdays, or significant events.

Every few days somebody approaches a manufacturer with the suggestion that Clark Gable would be prettier as a king than Henry VIII. The card people just groan. Decks have been issued with personalities on the face cards and their makers died poor.

The Japs issued a pack celebrating their 1905 Russo-Jap War victory. One Nazi deck pictures Hitler in four poses as the friend of children, art, nature and animals, but there is no record that it was ever used in a tight pinochle game.

After the 1917 revolution an enterprising Soviet commissar sadly pondered the consequences of millions of kulaks happily playing cards with royalty pictured on them. The old cards were banned and new ones printed with appropriate proletarian figures. The roar of protest could be heard throughout Europe. At the risk of a Siberian exile a smuggling ring was organized and playing cards went underground along with religion. The resistance was so determined that the ban was quietly lifted and the enterprising commissar doubtless shot.

Card players above all abhor small talk. But once a psychiatrist recommended card playing to a client with a retarded personality. She had complained, "I can't talk to people. I simply can't think of anything to say."

"Madam," said the psychiatrist, "You should take up bridge."

"*Wasn't there an Old Father Hubbard too?*"

"Why do you ask that, Joan? This is the story of Old *Mother* Hubbard."

"Yes, I know, but if there *was* a Father Hubbard, would her cupboard still be bare?"

"It shouldn't be. Of course, Old Father Hubbard might have died before this story was written, but it's the Daddy's job, in every family, to make sure there's always enough to eat . . . whether he's around or not."

"Will Mommy and I always have enough to eat?"

"Of course, Honey. You and Mommy will have all the food you need, no matter what happens. You can keep on living in this nice house, too, and have plenty of pretty dresses to wear."

"Gee, I'll bet you're the smartest Daddy in the whole world, to fix all that!"

* * *

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I'll Fix it Tomorrow

By GURNEY WILLIAMS

Don't laugh at a wife who repairs a television set with a kitchen fork. The average husband wouldn't even be able to find the fork

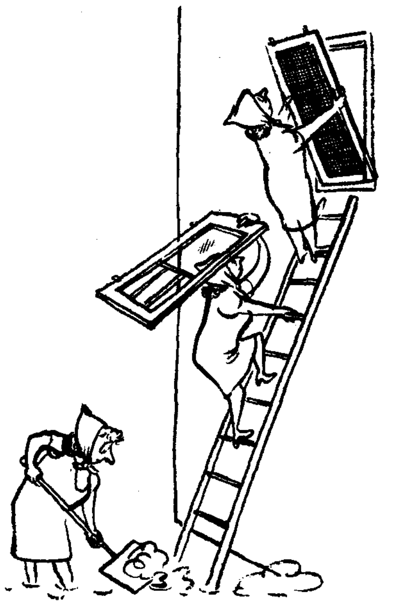
It gets looser every day

MY TREATISE* on women who scornfully toss away instruction books for operating and maintaining household appliances, then yowl when a gadget goes "Boin-n-n-g!" brought such a clamorous response I feel impelled to air some of the complaints.

Selecting four letters I find first a scented note from a Dallas homemaker who wants to know if I am the same Williams who went to college with her husband and, if so, kindly to pay back the ten dollars I borrowed from him one night in a Detroit speak-easy, as they are expecting another addition to the family. Wrong Williams.

The second beef, from Bozeman Montana, is signed merely "Outraged Reader" and its anonymity disqualifies it for publication. Besides, I did *not* promise to marry any citizen in or from Bozeman.

The third letter is more like it. A lady named Janet B. Callaghan of Rochester, New York, has put the finger on the slipshod customs of the man of the house and it is with her permission I quote her, taking the customary editorial liberties known in the publishing business as writer's cramp.



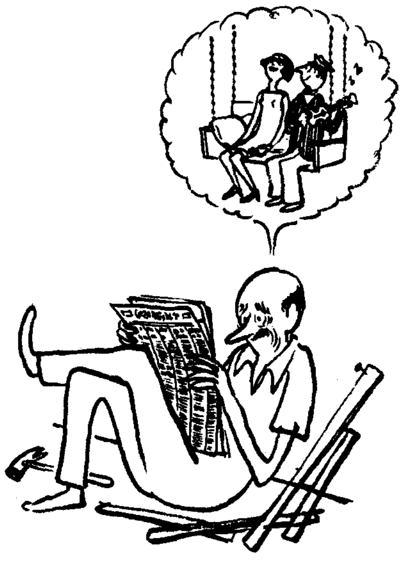
I have to put them up

Mrs. Callaghan wants to know about that loose doorknob that gets looser every day. The husband says he'll fix it that evening, or tomorrow. There finally comes a time, she maintains, when the police have to let you into your own home.

About that radio he won't have fixed, sell or give away. He wanted to dismantle it and save the double-oscillating frangportle, or something, for something. Well, it has been in the jelly closet now for over five years.

Those paintbrushes and cans he left on the side porch last spring after he painted half the railing are still there, frozen stiff. He never cleans a brush after using it, as any orangutan would after seeing it done once; he just buys a new one each time he starts a job he'll never finish.

"Do you hear bells ringing?" Mrs. Callaghan asks. "Does anything sound familiar? . . . I must hurry now and clean the filters in the gas furnace, take down the screens and put up the storm windows—after I've shoveled enough snow to make room for the extension ladder."



He found an old newspaper

The fourth letter was from my wife and was addressed to The Editor, who knows a hot potato when it hits him in the face and who therefore passed it along to me and left for the week end.

"You have a colossal nerve taking an article from my husband," the communication begins, "about the inefficiency of the average housewife, and I demand not only a retraction and an apology but the right to be heard.

"Early last September a joker named Pete Barnum, whom we've known for years, took a look at our somewhat dingy library and suggested we panel it in knotty pine. You and I, he told my gullible mate, could nail up the stuff on a Saturday morning, build a new bookcase in the afternoon and tack on the trim that evening. That would give you all day Sunday to wax the works. Think of the dough you'd save.

"Well, my husband spent the first two days ripping down the old wallboard. He could have done it in a day but behind one of the panels he found a hole stuffed with a crumbling newspaper dated November 20, 1920, and it took him six or eight hours to put together, read and reminisce about all the items he found.

"The following week end Pete showed up in his jeep loaded with sawhorses, house-wrecking tools and power saws, and the two loafers got to work.

"Four weeks later they had the walls up and almost half the bookshelves cut. Meanwhile, the ceiling had taken such a beating we had to have it replastered by a man who knew what he was doing. One hundred and fifteen dollars.

"Meanwhile, too, I had foolishly murmured I didn't like the L-turn at the bottom of the stairway adjacent to the library and was going to have it straightened someday. Pete, who had dropped in to see how the library work wasn't going, grabbed a crowbar and removed not only the L-turn but the first five steps, promising he'd run up a new set in a jiffy. After negotiating the second-floor landing by means of a stepladder for three subsequent weeks, I called in a carpenter and had him do the job right. Eighty-five dollars.

"It is now December, the sawhorses and rubbish are still in the library, there is sawdust everywhere except in the kitchen sink, our books are still piled up behind a sofa in the living room and the project is still uncompleted.

"Pete, who hasn't been around since before Thanksgiving, is too busy writing a book called How to Remodel Your Home to worry about *my* problems; and the clown I married, who seems to be of some fantastic use to your magazine, is too engrossed in half building a workbench in the cellar to replace the bowlegged bookshelves he and that other character put up around a couple of steampipes.

"In indignant conclusion," the letter ends, "don't think for one instant that any of your writers can tell *me* women don't do things right."

I won't, dear.

Pete removed the first five steps

DRAWINGS BY SAM COBEAN

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*No Wonder It's Busted, Oct. 23, 1948.

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will it be
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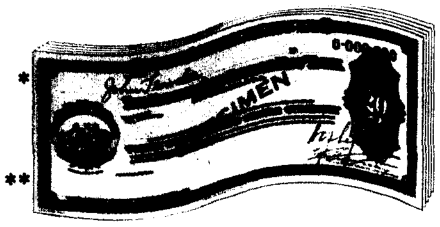

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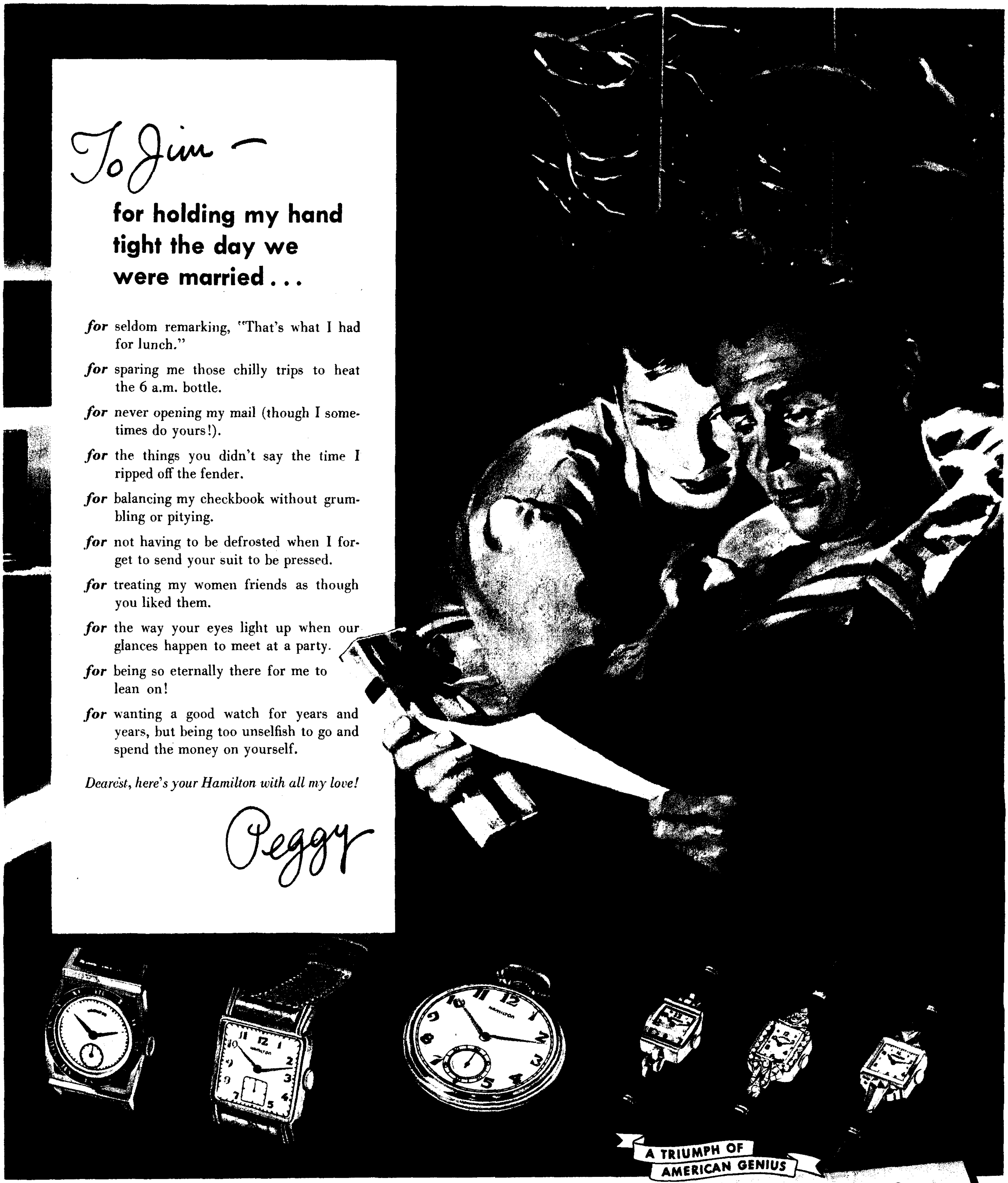

To Jim —

for holding my hand tight the day we were married . . .

for seldom remarking, "That's what I had for lunch."

for sparing me those chilly trips to heat the 6 a.m. bottle.

for never opening my mail (though I sometimes do yours!).

for the things you didn't say the time I ripped off the fender.

for balancing my checkbook without grumbling or pitying.

for not having to be defrosted when I forget to send your suit to be pressed.

for treating my women friends as though you liked them.

for the way your eyes light up when our glances happen to meet at a party.

for being so eternally there for me to lean on!

for wanting a good watch for years and years, but being too unselfish to go and spend the money on yourself.

Dearest, here's your Hamilton with all my love!

Peggy

A TRIUMPH OF AMERICAN GENIUS

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Hamilton
THE WATCH OF RAILROAD ACCURACY

STEERAGEWAY

Continued from page 21

you think he'll make a wonderful doctor, Mr. Carbrey?"

Mr. Carbrey twirled his watch chain, rubbed his mouth with his hand, and said Hugh seemed like a fine boy. Later, wondering what effect this pressure toward surgery might have had upon Hugh, he found a chance to lead Doctor Ladd to discuss his son's career.

HUGH'S father proved to be more reticent than Mrs. Ladd on the subject. "Of course," he confessed almost diffidently, "I want my boy to be a great surgeon and Hugh knows it. I'm sure he'll want to do everything to make good for us."

Mr. Carbrey asked mildly, "You yourself do only surgery, I suppose?"

"Personally, yes," Doctor Ladd agreed.

"I've often wondered," the Head remarked, "whether it wouldn't be a good thing for every doctor to make a study of psychology too." He added hurriedly: "I don't mean faith cures, anything of the sort; but I sometimes suspect that a surgeon is in danger of thinking of the human body as a machine, which he can put in order by purely mechanical adjustments. After all, to fix the carburetor on an automobile isn't enough to keep it safe on the road; you have to have a sensible driver, too."

Doctor Ladd smiled. "Oh, yes, we take that side of things into account in the clinic," he explained. "For instance, we have a woman in the office whose whole job it is to know how to handle our business dealing with patients, to keep them satisfied."

The Head ventured to say, "Well, I was thinking more of—personal relationships, personal problems." He chuckled, as though his remark were only a jest. "After all," he said, "you can't make a surgeon out of a boy by surgery; by grafting a sixth finger on his hand!"

The doctor stared at him. "I should say not," he agreed. "It would just be in his way."

Mr. Carbrey decided that Doctor Ladd had a literal mind; and he said no more, and hoped for the best, and Hugh came to Hadley and did well. For a while, the Head forgot his concerns. . . .

But tonight after he had arranged for Hugh's release from jail, the time had come, he thought, to get closer to Hugh; to tread carefully, to help the boy.

In the morning he told Mrs. Carbrey what had happened the night before. "If I lecture him like a Dutch uncle," he said, "it will create a gulf between him and me. I don't want that. There's never been a teacher caste as opposed to a pupil caste at Hadley."

She smiled a little; for these were familiar words. "I suppose," she said, in affectionate amusement, "you won't do anything! You'll probably just sit back and wait for Hugh to make the first move."

He nodded, almost gratefully. "You're always right," he agreed. "That's good advice, Margaret."

"I didn't mean it as advice," she assured him. "You know that perfectly well."

"Just the same," he said, "I think that's what I'll do." . . .

So Mr. Carbrey waited; but Hugh did not make the first move. Hugh made no move at all. Mr. Carbrey knows everyone up and down the beautiful valley in which Hadley lies; and he spoke a word to the tolerant judge who would handle Hugh's offense, and, when the case came to trial, sentence was suspended. But Mr. Carbrey said nothing to Hugh about the matter, and Hugh said nothing to Mr. Carbrey.

The Head found that disturbing; yet he can be a patient man. Once or twice Mrs. Carbrey spoke to him about it. "Perhaps you're unfair to Hugh," she suggested, "to leave this thing like an open wound." And he explained, "I think the time to tell a boy a thing is when he is ready to hear it."

But Hugh did not come; and winter settled down. Hugh gave no new offense; yet he seemed to avoid the Head, and his work in class was done sullenly.

WINTER sped away. The snow disappeared in February. After weeks of fine sun the carpet of dead leaves from the year before was like tinder, the old stalks of weed and grass were inflammable as tissue paper, and the danger of a ground fire became acute.

One day such a fire started on the slopes up toward the Rock, a mile or so from the school, across the valley. The Head had been down along the river road in his light buggy. He was driving Jack, the fine gelding that Doctor Ladd had given him, and enjoying the big horse's smooth swift trot and the rush of wind in his face, when he saw smoke.

He flicked Jack with the whip, and five minutes later two hundred boys were racing across the valley and up the hill to fight the fire. It was checked after an hour or so, with no great damage, but that evening the Head called a meeting of the school.

"I want to speak to you about the excitement this afternoon," he said. "We all had a lot of fun fighting the fire, and we did a good job in stopping it quickly. But that fire ought never to have been started. I'm afraid it started because some boy left a cigarette butt burning in dead grass, or a fire still smoldering, up there. If any of you think you might have started that fire, I wish you'd come to see me."

THE HEAD went from the meeting to his office at home. Within five minutes, someone knocked on the door. The Head called an invitation; and Hugh Ladd came in.

"Well, Hugh," Mr. Carbrey said cordially, "I'm glad to see you. Please sit down." He himself sat down, throwing a leg over the arm of his chair.

Hugh sat down, uneasily. "Mr. Carbrey," he said, "I have reason to believe I may have started that fire. I was up there with Wally Thorne, and I smoked a cigarette and flipped the butt away as we left. I remembered about it later, but just didn't go back to see about it."

"Well," Mr. Carbrey assured him, "I'm mighty glad you told me." He waited, hopefully; but Hugh said nothing more. So Mr. Carbrey rose, and held out his hand. "I'm glad you told me about it, Hugh," he repeated. "Thank you."

But Hugh did not get up, did not take that offered hand. He leaned forward, his elbows on the arms of his chair, looking at his shoes; and the Head waited, and Hugh said, not looking up. "I ought to have come to you last fall, sir. About that automobile thing. When you put up the bail for me, I expected you'd send for me, and give me the devil, or send me home or something."

"Oh, that?" the Head said agreeably. "Why, that was your business, Hugh, not mine. You got into a jam; and my job was to try to get you out of it, and I did. So I had nothing to worry about. The rest of it was up to you."

Hugh nodded, and brushed his eyes with his hand, and the Head said, "Of course, I've had an idea you weren't getting as much out of this year at Hadley as you ought to."

"No, sir," Hugh assented; and still he did not rise. So the Head sat down.

"Do you want to talk about it?" he asked. "Don't unless you want to." He smiled and said, "I've always had a lot of faith in you, you know. I've felt sure you'd work out—whatever has been bothering you. You're a fine boy."

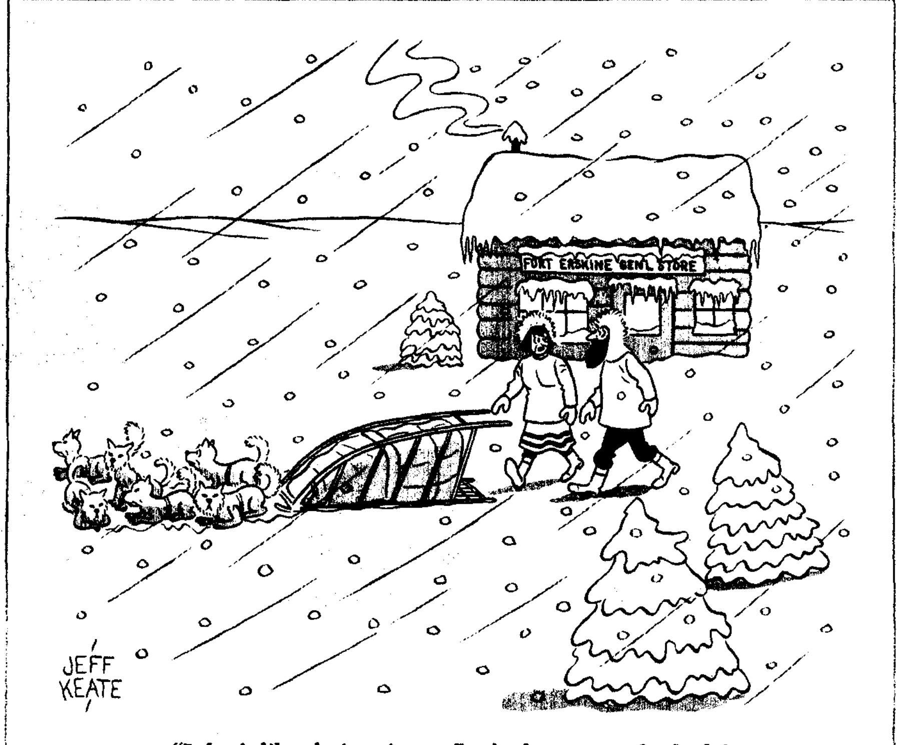
Hugh cried, resentfully, "That's just the trouble, sir!"

"Eh?"

"I've always been a fine boy!" Hugh said, his tone bitter. "I've been told so till it just sort of makes me sick every time I hear it." And he explained, "You see, I'm—Father and Mother haven't any children except me, and my cousins have all sort of gone to pot, so I've always been the fair-haired boy in our family. Nothing was too good for me. I'm supposed to grow up and be a wonderful doctor, and a great man and everything. Ever since I was a baby, Mother's talked and talked about it, and about how Father counts on me following him in the clinic, and so on."

"I see."

"Darn it, sir, it gets kind of sickening to be a good little boy all the time. Oh,



COLLIER'S "I don't like their prices. Let's shop around a little" JEFF KEATE

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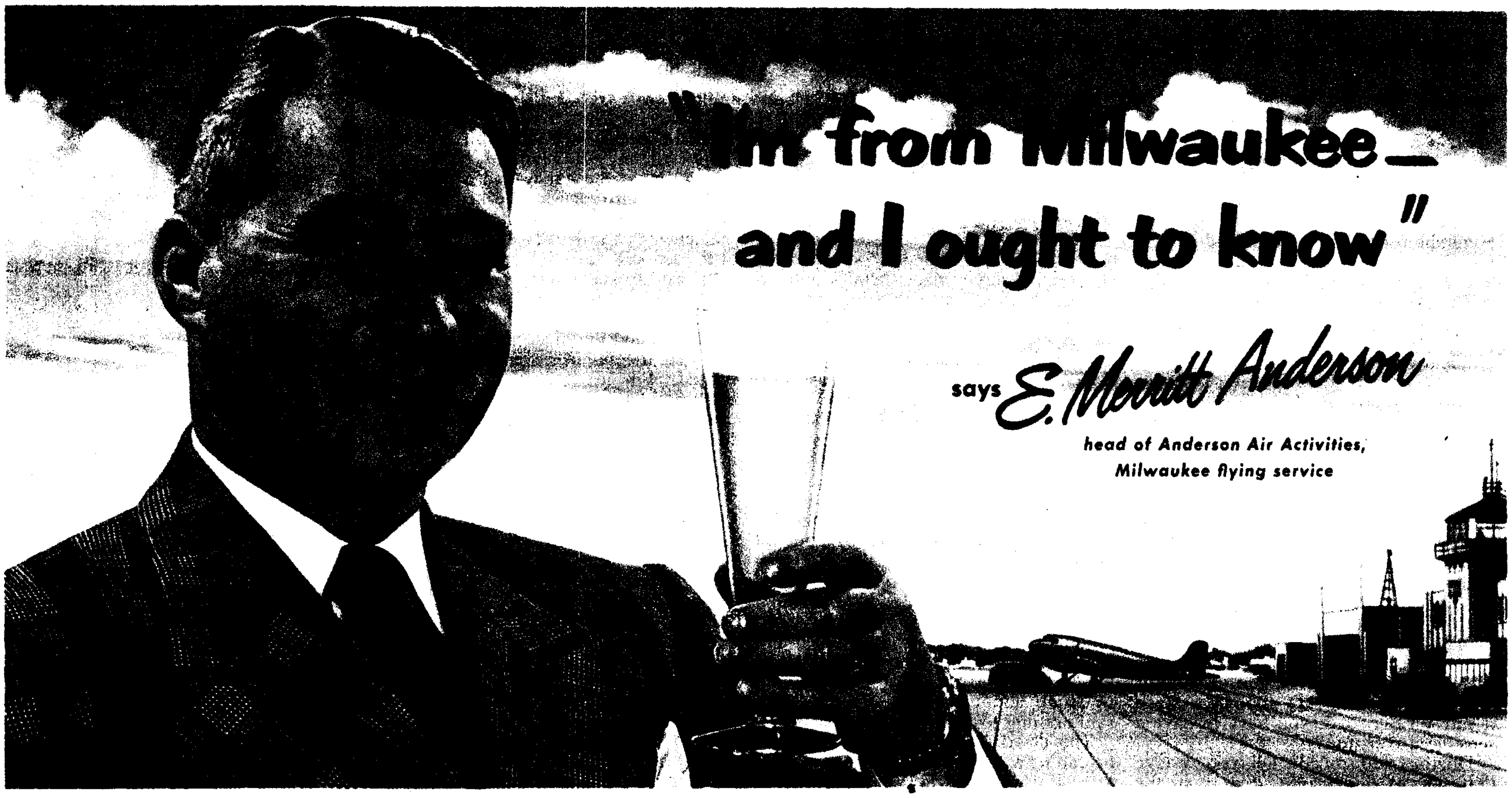

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of course, Mother means all right; but—knowing how much they expect from me and count on me, and being reminded of it all the time, kind of got me down."

"I see," the Head assented, again.

"I sort of got in the habit of doing things because they wanted me to," Hugh confessed. "I never stopped to think much about whether I wanted to or not."

"You mean you don't want to be a doctor?"

"I don't know!" Hugh exclaimed. "How can I know? I've never been asked, never had a chance to find out. Nobody has ever wondered what I want to do or to be." A sort of passion shook him. "Sometimes I think I want to be a burglar or something!" And he cried, "I only want a chance to think for myself, to do things myself, to decide things myself!" He hesitated. "I guess I sound like a fool."

"No," Mr. Carbrey told him strongly. "No, you sound pretty wise, to me." And he said, "This thing of wanting to be something else—everybody feels that. Montaigne wrote an essay about it once. I remember he quoted an old couplet:

"'The oxe would trappings weare,
The horse plough yoakes would
bear.'

"Maybe that isn't exactly it—but that's the idea. The ox wanted to be a war horse in martial gear, and the war horse wanted to pull a plow. That's pretty true of men as well as boys. Probably your father sometimes wishes he—"

Hugh said eagerly, "Yes, sir. I've heard him say a thousand times he wishes he could run a breeding farm and raise trotting horses."

"Exactly!" The Head suddenly was silent, as though some thought stirred in the back of his mind. Then he asked, "Have you thought definitely of any other profession or—vocation?"

"Well, I'd really like to be a civil engineer. If they'd let me. Oh, they'd let me, all right; but I mean, if I could do it without making them unhappy."

"You're very good at mathematics," the Head assented. "That might not be a bad idea."

IT WAS as though Hugh suddenly were released from irksome bonds. He began to talk. During the next hour, Mr. Carbrey said very little; but Hugh said a great deal. The Head thought it was probably the first time in his life that the boy had felt free frankly to speak his own mind, to tell his dreams and his desires.

He listened, but after a while he thought not so much of Hugh and of what Hugh was saying, as of Hugh's father. Doctor Ladd was a man, and a man was just a boy grown up. The Head knew how to handle boys—and men, perhaps. Mrs. Ladd might be more difficult; but Mr. Carbrey thought: If I can manage Doctor Ladd, he can manage her.

Yet he could not go directly to Doctor Ladd and say, "You must for Hugh's sake and your own do thus, and thus, and so." Hugh's father was a surgeon, used to trust in tangibles. But Hugh's problem was one of intangibles, which may be so much more real than reality itself. Mr. Carbrey could not without seeming absurd say to Doctor Ladd, "If you wish to find your son you must first lose him." The doctor must be led to discover this for himself; to learn for himself that if the twig be bent too harshly, the tree may be deformed.

So the Head sought devices. When he said good night to Hugh the boy said, "Thanks a lot, sir, for letting me talk to you. I feel better."

Mr. Carbrey nodded. "Why, then, that's fine," he said, and said no more.

Later, upstairs, Mrs. Carbrey asked, "Hugh?"

"Yes. Yes, we had a good talk."

She saw the twinkle in his eyes. "What are you going to do now?"

He said, after a moment, "It will be hard on Jack, but—"

"Jack Nye?" This was one of the boys in school.

"No, no. Jack the horse! But a boy is more important than a horse. I'm going to teach Jack to pace."

She protested, puzzled, "But he's a trotter."

Mr. Carbrey chuckled. "Exactly," he agreed.

COMMENCEMENT came, and with it came Doctor and Mrs. Ladd. The main festivities ended in mid-afternoon, and Mr. Carbrey hunted up Doctor Ladd. He said, "Doctor, would you care to come for a drive with me? This is the best time of the day, here in the valley. I enjoy dodging the commencement crowd for a half hour now and then; and I want to show you a road I like down along the river."

Doctor Ladd said, "Yes, I'll be glad to go. How's Jack working out?"

Jack was the gelding Doctor Ladd had given Mr. Carbrey. "We'll take him," the Head promised. "And you can see for yourself."

Doctor Ladd agreed. "Meet you at your house, shall I?"

"I'll pick you up at the inn," the Head amended, and a quarter hour later he was waiting outside the inn when Doctor Ladd appeared and approached the buggy. And the doctor stared in a disapproving astonishment at an arrangement of straps on the gelding's legs. He looked incredulously at the Head.

"What's the idea?" he asked.

"Get in," Mr. Carbrey directed. "I want to show you." Doctor Ladd took his seat beside the other man, and the Head explained, "You see, I'm teaching Jack to pace. Been working at it for two months now."

Doctor Ladd's lips were white with disapproval; but he only said, "Jack's a natural trotter."

"He's a fine horse," the Head agreed. "I don't think I ever owned one as intelligent. Of course, this is slow work; but he will learn. I've never happened to own a pacer, always wanted one." Jack tossed his head, fretted at the reins, danced nervously; and the Head gentled him. "He'll make a pretty fair pacing horse, I think," he said.

The doctor was shaken by feelings he had difficulty in controlling. "I've always gone on the plan of developing a horse's natural trait," he suggested.

"You wait and see," Mr. Carbrey urged. "Jack's a fine horse."

They proceeded for a mile at a walk, and the Head talked cheerfully about the school and the commencement; and Doctor Ladd watched Jack. The horse was fretful under these restraints which fettered him. Even at a walk, his coat was already dark with sweat, and there was foam on his lips, and he fought the bit in a nervous way.

They came to a reach of dirt road that ran straight enough; and the Head said, "Now, we'll show you." He touched Jack with the whip, gathered the reins.

The horse lifted obediently to a trot, but the straps shackled him; he broke and tried to gallop, and the Head pulled him down. "Easy, Jack; easy!" he said. "Let's show Doctor Ladd what we can do. He bred you, remember. You want to make him proud of you. Now try again."

Jack danced and threatened to balk, stopped, backed a little; and the Head urged him:

"Easy, boy. Now—on."

Jack obediently tried again, and broke, and tossed his head; and when he was pulled down he blew foam.

Doctor Ladd could no longer hold his tongue. "Mr. Carbrey, you can't do this! You can't turn a trotter into a pacer. It's a cruel, needless, dangerous thing to do." There was wrath in his tones.

"Well, it's interesting to try," the Head

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When you consider industrial plant locations from the standpoint of possible atomic bomb attacks, remember that for the enemy, as for us, atomic bombs are expensive weapons. Also it is risky and costly to fly them to targets. The National Security Resources Board says most locations in cities of less than 50,000 population are reasonably safe from this form of attack. There are many cities in Minnesota meeting these requirements. In each you will find the facilities you need, plus a supply of good labor.

To Jack from Bill
BOTTLED IN BOND
OLD FORESTER
KENTUCKY STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKY
This whisky is distilled by us only, and we are responsible for its richness and fine quality. Its elegant flavor is solely due to original fineness developed with care. There is nothing better in the market.
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100 Proof • Bottled in Bond

KENTUCKY STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKY

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BROWN-FORMAN DISTILLERS CORPORATION . . . AT LOUISVILLE IN KENTUCK insisted. He, too, was perspiring; for Mr. Carbrey loved horses. "Easy, Jack! Let's make the doctor proud of you, now."

And this time he cut Jack sharply with the whip, and the gelding leaped ahead; and the straps half tripped him, so that he went down on his knees. A shaft cracked with a splintering sound; and the Head pulled Jack up to his feet again.

But Doctor Ladd jumped to the ground and ran to the horse's head and gentled him; and he said in a cold fury to Mr. Carbrey, who had followed and was stroking the horse's nose:

"That's enough! He's your horse, of course; but I'll buy him from you. I won't have a horse abused. I bred him. I've still some claims on him. I made a mistake in giving him to you. Very well, I'll pay for my mistake. What's your price on him?"

"Don't you think it possible to train a horse to do whatever we think he ought to do?"

"Possible? Possibly. But it's rotten cruelty. You'll ruin the horse trying it."

The Head stroked the gelding's neck. "Easy, Jack," he said. "Easy." The horse, still trembling, nevertheless mouthed Mr. Carbrey's sleeve as though in affectionate apology for his own deficiencies; and Mr. Carbrey looked up at Doctor Ladd, and he said mildly, "I didn't suppose you'd object. After all, is a horse more important than a boy?"

FOR a moment there was silence then; and Doctor Ladd was suddenly pale. The Head explained, very gently:

"I've seen more than one boy's life ruined when he was forced into something he didn't want to do. It seems to—distort them, in deep, tragic ways. Horses, after all, are just animals, more malleable than a boy, more easily changed and molded without damage. Yet if you think I may ruin Jack by trying to make a pacer out of him—"

As though in surrender he stooped and began to unbuckle the straps on Jack's legs. Doctor Ladd stood back and watched. The Head did not look at him. He freed the gelding, and he inspected the cracked shaft and decided it would get them home; and he said agreeably:

"Well, let's see how he goes as a trotter, then."

And after a moment Doctor Ladd got into the buggy beside Mr. Carbrey. Jack went well. Neither man spoke for a while; but as they came back to the school, Doctor Ladd asked in a low tone:

"You think Hugh doesn't want to be a doctor?"

The Head said, after a moment, "You know, Doctor Ladd, about the time a boy gets through college, say in his junior or his senior year, he begins for the first time consciously to move, to go ahead, to go places under his own power.

"It doesn't do any good to work a ship's rudder while she's tied up at a dock, taking on her fuel and stores. It only wears out the rudder bearings, so that she handles badly afterward. You can't direct her course till she's in the stream, and moving; till she has steerageway."

SOMETIMES the things that happen to Mr. Carbrey take a long time in completion; but he is a patient man, and he is apt to remark that it takes at least as long to make a boy into a man as it does to bring an apple tree to bearing.

Hugh Ladd wrote him, after his freshman year at the university. "I've given up the idea of being a civil engineer. Higher mathematics is too tough for me." As a sophomore he won a place on the debating team; and he wrote to Mr. Carbrey to ask: "If you were going to practice law in Cincinnati, would you go to Harvard Law, or Michigan?"

But three years later the Head had another letter from him which he showed to Mrs. Carbrey contentedly. Hugh wrote:

"Dear Mr. Carbrey:

"Let me know, will you, the first time you're going to be in Boston. I'd like to get together with you. I'm at Harvard Medical, and a letter will reach me there, or you can get me on the telephone.

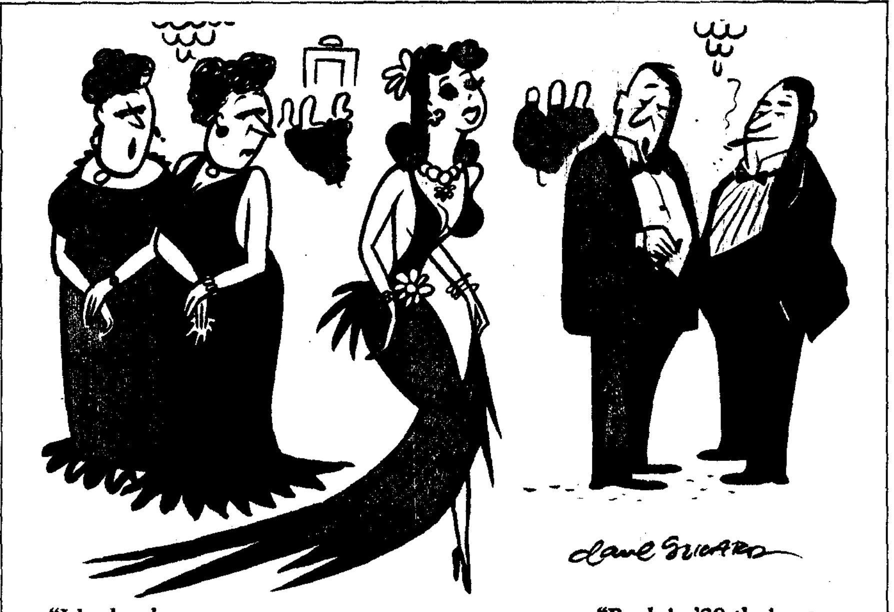
"Probably you'll laugh, remembering that evening at Hadley when we talked this thing over. I guess the only trouble with me then was I didn't know what I wanted. But this is where I belong, all right. It seemed like coming home, from the first day I got here.

"Father and Mother wanted to be remembered to you when I saw you. Father says to tell you that if a horse is a natural pacer, he'll pace without special training. He said you'd know what he was talking about.

"Drop me a line, or call me up, when you come to Boston.

"Affectionately,
"Hugh Ladd."

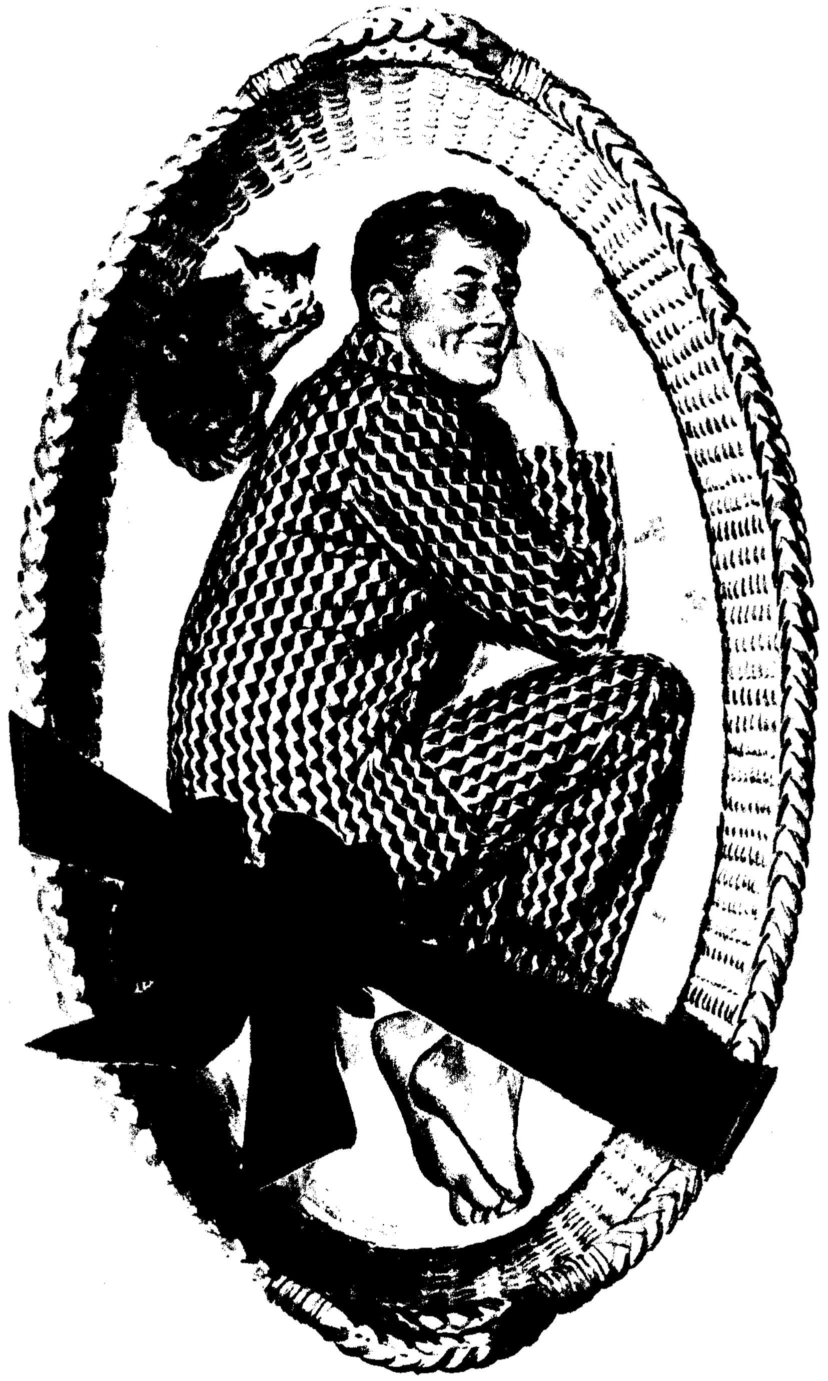
Mrs. Carbrey read this letter, and smiled, and gave it back to the Head. "Now I suppose you'll carry that around in your pocket for a while, before you put it in the files," she suggested. "Just to remind you how wise you were." And she said, "After all, you know, you weren't the clever one. Doctor Ladd had to handle Mrs. Ladd."



"I had a dress just like that —but Harve did not like it very much"

"Back in '39 their no-par stock was—uh —was selling—uh —selling for '39— I mean in '39—uh—"

COLLIER'S DAVE GERARD



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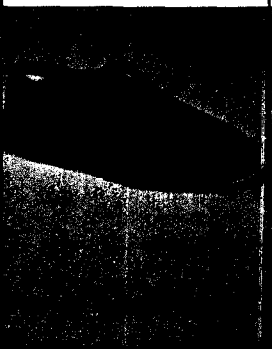
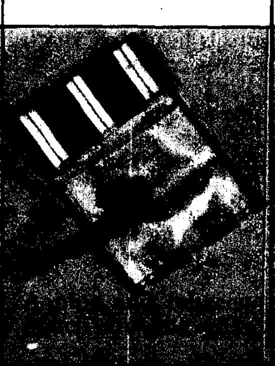
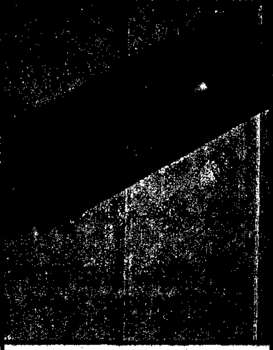
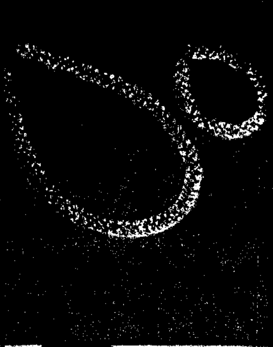
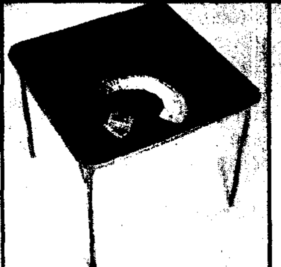
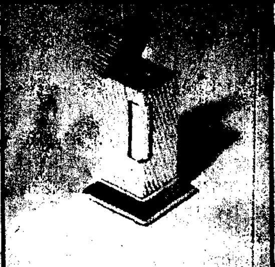
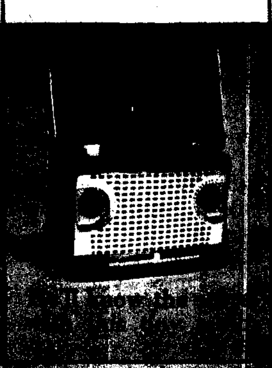
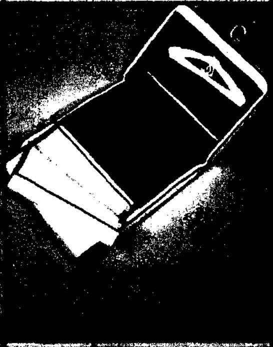
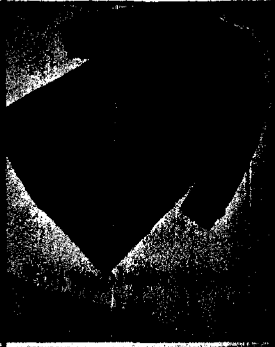
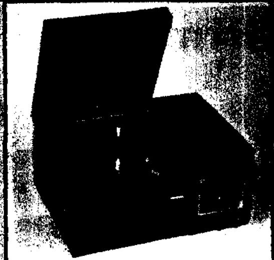
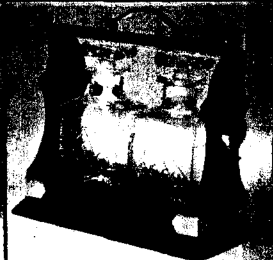
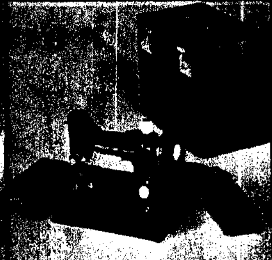
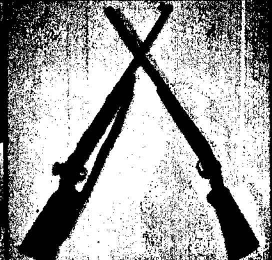
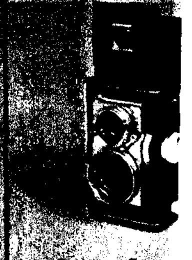
Under $5							
							
$10 to $25	Now Grandma really can enjoy her coffee	Pen-and-pencil sets, ideal write-nice gifts	Pantie and petticoat made of sheer nylon	 What will it be—gin, bridge, poker, faro?	This jeweled sweater is an evening affair	 Here's a lighter that Hubby can rely on	Umbrella with skin cover, h
							
Over $50	 A record-player radio fills many hours	 Men of spirits keep theirs well locked in	 Mum'll like sewing —with this portable	 Good guns make [illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible] case is an office [illegible]	 A fine reflex c —gift for an

Last Minute Gifts

IF YOU'RE a normal, average male you will, at about 4:30 P.M. on December 24th, be sending your secretary out with a $50 bill and a list of relatives or find yourself standing in a large shop doing your own Christmas shopping. There, amid the glaring clerks, you will try to decide whether a purple baby panda would make your niece Desdemona happy or whether your wife wanted a semibusinesswoman spectator sports hostess gown.

The reason for your delay is simple. (A) Only Fussy Fannies do their Christmas shopping early.

Uncle

Sister

Brother

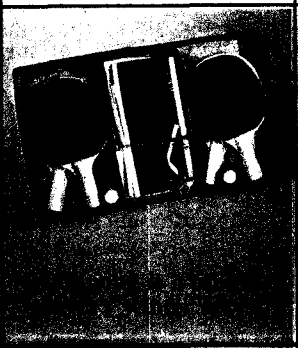
Daughter

Son

Girl Friend

Boy Friend

ing sets [illegible]



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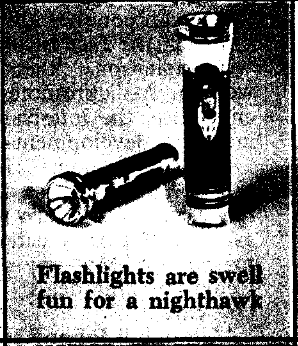
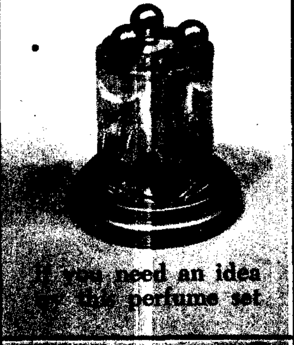
[illegible] belt with her [illegible] for high school

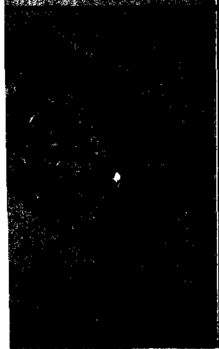


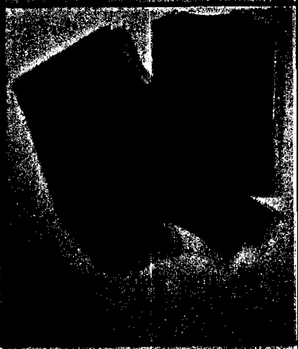
Flashlights are swell fun for a nighthawk



If you need an idea [illegible] perfume set

Five gadgets in one should equip his bar





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Footballs are [illegible]

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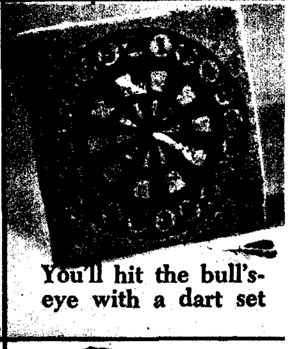
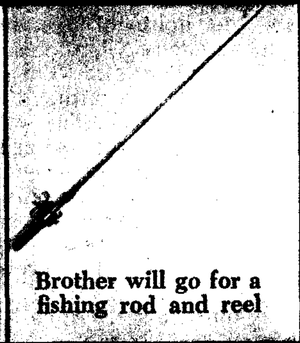


You'll hit the bull's-eye with a dart set

met uncles fuss
ty about salads

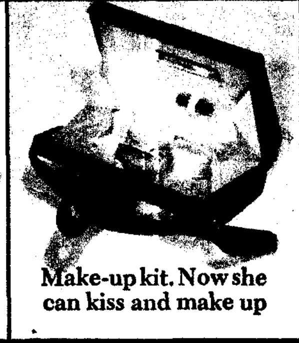
Good grooming is important to teen-agers



Brother will go for a fishing rod and reel

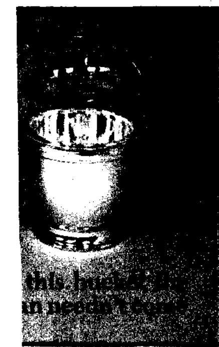
Scarlet-lined skating dress tops most lists

Power tool kit keeps idle hands occupied



Make-up kit. Now she can kiss and make up

Rugged sport jacket defies winter's blasts



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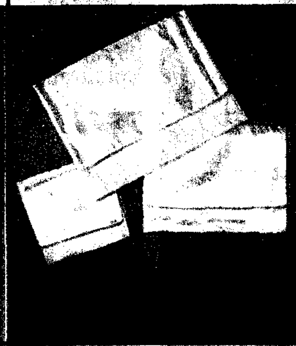
an needs [illegible]



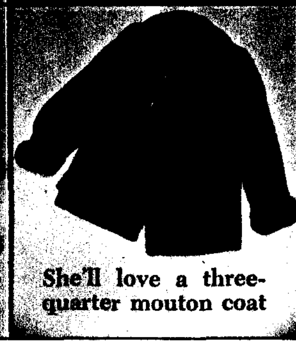
[illegible] a whole shav[illegible]

Peace, it's wonderful with an extra radio

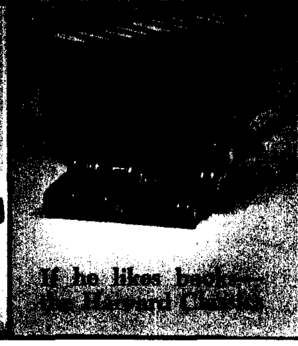
Softly pliant is [illegible] calf handbag

Give him a watch, he'll give you his time

ce recorder, for
ıre or business



She'll love a three-quarter mouton coat



If he likes books—the Harvard Classics

Train set to delight the young railroader

Her engaging ring—for $9,500 or $500

Binoculars will give him long-range views

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY NICK LAZARNICK

Gifts that are purchased in August have a perverse way of being mislaid, forgotten or discovered by their recipients during October. In that case, you've got to shop all over again. (B) People's tastes change. Where in March a genuine Captain Marvel interplanetary atom death-ray gun would have made Junior insanely happy, by Christmas he has inevitably turned pacifist, and will be satisfied only with a set of the works of Thoreau. (C) Unexpected people pop up with unexpected last-minute gifts which must be reciprocated. (D) There's always a chance Christmas will be abolished.

And there are hazards. Having overcelebrated a trifle at the office party, you may become confused and send the saddle soap intended for Uncle Ferd to Aunt Gaga and send Uncle (who doesn't drink) the three-way-stretch ice bag Gaga wanted. Or you may lump shop. Because of the lateness of the hour and a Jack Bennyish frugality, you settle for a dozen of the same thing—say a gay, inexpensive tie, which you dispatch to various relatives the country over. This works fine till family reunions, when every male relative turns up in the same gay, inexpensive necktie (after they had all chipped in and bought you that Cadillac convertible to match the color of your eyes).

Such being the possible case, here is a carefully categoried foolproof chart prepared by Collier's staff. There may be those who are dissatisfied with the chart's contents—such as wives. For them we suggest some simple universal gift like a mink coat.

Send your questions on the merchandise shown on these pages with a self-addressed stamped envelope to Christmas Gift Department, Collier's, 250 Park Avenue, New York 17, N. Y.

The gift he'll wear with great pleasure

PLYMOUTH
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Gabardine, belted trench model. All-wool zip-out lining.

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Your thoughtful gift of a handsome Plymouth coat will make him remember this Christmas a long, long time. For it's a wonderfully versatile coat he'll wear often — as a smart topcoat or raincoat. And the magnificent fabrics, plus the *hidden assets** of Plymouth sewmanship, will tell him you were careful to select the very best.

**Plymouth's Hidden Assets are: Crush-resistant front and collar. Sag-proof tailored front. Extra-sturdy, carefully-fitted pockets. Precision stitching. Tested weather-resistant finish.*

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Smart Rainwear for Men

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495 Albany St., Boston 18, Mass.

PASSAGE TO PANAMA

Continued from page 38

"Yeah."

"I know you look up to and admire me. What will happen if you find I have feet of clay?"

"I'm ready," Johnny said simply. "Love can conquer all."

"Well, the fact is," Anna Marie said, with agitation, "that I'm a business woman. A—a promoter. I believe in free enterprise, the interchange of currency, industrial development—"

"Get to the point," Johnny said.

"Enterprise," Anna Marie said, "currency, promotion. To me, existence is a gamble. Eat or be eaten. Every woman for herself. My—my outlook is elastic. I enjoy making deals. Sometimes I'm—uh—careless."

"Uh-huh," Johnny said.

"What would you think," Anna Marie said, "if you found that financially I was a—a soiled dove?"

"Just what I've already thought," Johnny said. "I knew you weren't anybody's pigeon."

"Are you big enough souled," Anna Marie asked, "is your affection richened with understanding sufficiently to appreciate and forgive the revelation that lovely woman sometimes stoops to folly in her search for a small profit?"

"Yes!" Johnny said. "Give me the dope. You're upsetting me!"

"Kiss me first," Anna Marie said.

He kissed her, and she clung to him in downcast desperation. The violence of the moment, internally and externally, caused his head to spin. He stared at his devious beloved dizzily.

"Here's the way it goes," Anna Marie said, not raising her head. "Several months ago I—"

"Pardon me," Johnny said. "Some other time—I think I'm going to be sick."

He turned away from her blindly, a hand clapped to his mouth, and staggered in the direction of the stairs. She overtook him and helped him down. His topee fell on the boat deck, and she picked it up. Tottering to the rail, he hung limply over. Green as the combers rolling beneath him, spanked by the rain, glassy-eyed, he was a pitiful sight.

After a little, she persuaded him to come with her to his cabin. They met the steward in the alley. Putting aside his mop with no expression of surprise, the steward aided in lugging Johnny to his cot.

"Mr. Smith is such a large man," he said. "They are always sicker."

He brought a basin, and Anna Marie got her smelling salts and gave Johnny pills. He returned them to her. The steward prepared a cup of hot bouillon. Johnny returned that. The smelling salts seemed to increase his nausea, if that was possible. Cold cloths on his forehead were of no particular value. The Leise Neilsen was groaning and plunging, and Johnny groaned and plunged with her. Finally he whispered a few words. Anna Marie stooped over him and listened intently. He repeated the whispers.

"No, you're not dying," she said. "It'll wear off."

AS IN a dream, Johnny heard a monotonous chant. He assumed they were conducting some sort of last rites over him. "What's that?" he said.

"A man in the bows heaving the lead," Anna Marie told him.

Suddenly the noise of the motor changed, and an intense vibration set up. "We're sinking," Johnny said. "I'm glad."

A terrific clanking and rattling began, succeeded by a loud splash. That was repeated in detail. Voices shouted in Danish. The vibration stopped and the noise of the motor sank to that of idling. A sound of combined squealing and grinding started.

"Mutiny," Johnny said. "Probably we're afire."

"I'm going out and see," Anna Marie said.

It was still daylight, and all at once he noticed the ship had ceased moving and was rocking gently. Rain no longer beat on the portholes. He sat up incredulously and burped. Anna Marie came back.

"We've arrived," she said. "They've opened number-two hatch and hooked up the winches."

"My head aches," Johnny said.

"You were lucky Maesk decided to go on in," Anna Marie said. "Otherwise we might have cruised up and down in the roadstead until morning knocking our brains out. That guy is a real sailor."

"The taste in my mouth!" Johnny said.

"Those clouds rolled away at exactly the right moment," Anna Marie said. "You actually couldn't see the island from two miles off, and one of the mountains on it is eighteen hundred feet."

"My error," Johnny said, "was in necking with you. I was all right until then."

"The captain has anchored in Biscuit Bay," Anna Marie said, "on the north end of the island. That's the weather side. From what I read, visitors always drop their hooks in Pirate Bay, on the east side. Biscuit Bay is supposed to be too exposed, shallow and full of dangerous rocks. But Maesk says otherwise."

Johnny rubbed his sore abdomen. "I've never enjoyed a trip less," he stated, "and that includes tours furnished by the United States."

Captain Maesk stuck his head in the door. "I was very disturbed to learn you were unwell again, Mr. Smith," he said

"If I could only get off the Lousy Neilsen," Johnny said, "I'd—"

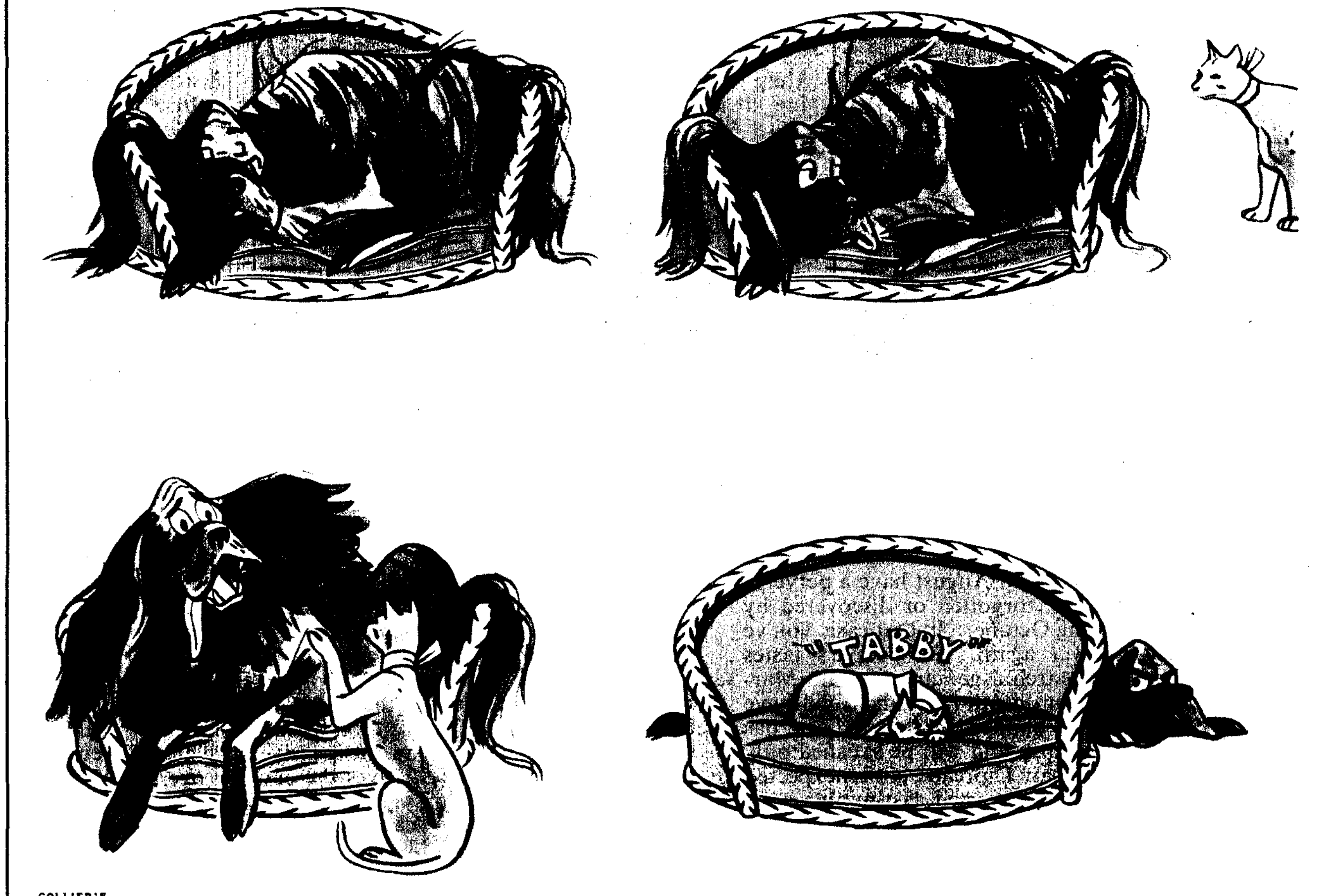
"You can immediately," the captain interrupted. "I'm going ashore, and you should come with me and try your sea legs upon dry land—Miss Bishop, wil you go too? I imagine Mrs. Redo is waiting for you."

"Okay," Anna Marie said. She helped Johnny straighten his buckling knees and steadied him. "You're not too fa gone for another round of bodyguarding are you, Smith?"

The captain had gone on, but Johnn

Clancy

By John Ruge



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looked in the alley to make sure no eavesdropper was near. "I'm with you, baby," he said, "minus only my gun, everything I've eaten and my health. This may be zero hour. The pot is coming to a boil—my experience as a detective tells me that. Let us be on the alert."

"Roger," the girl industrialist said.

"I want you to know," Johnny said, "that I still love you, no matter how critical the hour. We have one more river to cross. After that—uh—matrimony."

Anna Marie's eyes were shining. "They're off at Saratoga," she said. "They're running. Come on."

They descended to the main deck, which was a scene of great activity. The starboard lifeboat had just dropped in the bay, manned by four oarsmen, and had cut loose the falls. The gangway was being lowered. Bracing his wavery legs, Johnny stared around him at more crew members than he thought the ship contained.

On the foredeck, the cover of number-two hold was off, and the air was thick with liberated copra flies and stiff-lipped Danish conversation. Winches were hoisting out long, sturdy, unmarked wooden boxes. The fair-haired bos'n was driving his men hard.

"Look at the falls," Anna Marie said. "Isn't it pretty?"

Johnny swiveled to examine Biscuit Bay and Mangrove Island. High clouds still veiled the sky, but a little watery sunlight illuminated the vista. The harbor was quite small and rocky, and blocked off to the east by a tall headland from whose topmost cliff fell a silvery column of water that plunged into the greenery below. A high central spine seemed to run in a north-south direction along the island, broken by a canyon that debouched upon a sandy beach dotted with palm trees and formed the main landward side of Biscuit Bay.

The high ground was all to the north on Mangrove; to the south, the island fell away to swampy sea level and a fantastic tangle of the trees which gave it its name. Heading for the ship from the beach was an old scow, traveling with painful slowness. At her long sweeps were two dark, scarred, half-naked little men with machetes belted to their waists.

"Beautiful," Johnny said. "Who are those guys in the scow?"

"From Mrs. Redo's expeditionary party, I suppose."

"What are they unloading from the ship? Supplies?"

"Uh-huh," Anna Marie said.

"Mrs. Redo must intend to stay here the rest of her life," Johnny said, "judging by the size and amount of these boxes. I don't see—"

The captain climbed the rail to the gangway and waved to them. "We're ready to leave," he called.

ANNA MARIE and Johnny followed him down. The lifeboat pulled over to them. Jumping in first, the captain took the tiller. Johnny and Anna Marie joined him in the stern sheets. The captain gave a command in Danish and the men bent to their oars.

"They row raggedly, don't they?" he said. "One grows careless of boat drill on a merchant vessel."

"I'm getting upset again," Johnny said. "I'll bet if somebody shook a glass of water in front of me, I'd lose my lunch."

"Poor Mr. Smith," the captain said.

As they passed the scow, he waved to the two dark men aboard her. Though they gazed at the lifeboat with stony eyes, neither of the men gave the least sign of recognition or acknowledgment of the greeting. The captain smiled.

"Mangrove's welcome is not warm," he commented.

The seamen beached their craft, and the captain and his passengers stepped ashore dry-shod. While they waited for the captain to finish giving orders, Johnny hiccuped and looked at Anna Marie with sad red eyes. She patted him sympathetically.

"It's too bad you can't stay here for a few days on solid ground," she said. "You'd recover your health."

"I wouldn't like that," Johnny said. "There must be bugs and wild animals. The whole place seems spooky. No, thanks—I'll take Panama City. Where's Mrs. Redo?"

"Wherever the camp is."

THE lifeboat pushed off under the captain's directions, overhauled the scow, and threw the two men a line. One of them made it fast, accepting the tow. Standing at the water's edge, the captain assured himself that the rowers were putting their backs into the work. Johnny walked across to him.

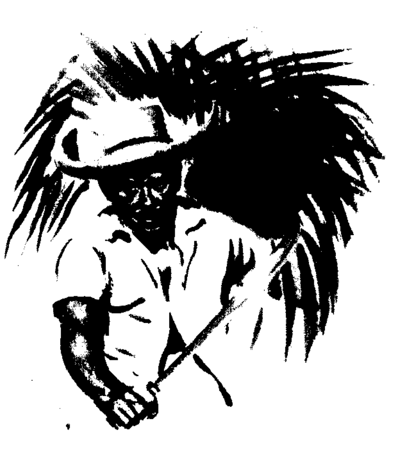
"Why's everybody in such a hurry?" he asked.

"We sail tonight," the captain said, "and a good deal of cargo has to unload."

"Can't we stay until morning?" Johnny said. "I'm kind of beat up, Captain."

Maesk smiled sleepily. "Perhaps I can arrange that, Mr. Smith."

Anna Marie had gone on ahead, up the canyon. Johnny and the captain followed her. The area under the palm trees was littered with debris—tin cans, rusted iron implements, rope and wire, pots and pans, rotting casks. They passed a moldering wooden hut.



The man advanced, prepared to strike

"The ruins of former treasure hunts," the captain said.

When they overtook Anna Marie, she had reached the edge of the belt of palms. Ahead the canyon narrowed, and was choked with a heavy growth of trees and underbrush. A stream of fresh water ran down the center, and beside it had been hacked a narrow trail.

"I don't see anything of Mrs. Redo or the others," Anna Marie said.

"Probably she is on the other side of the island," the captain said.

"At Pirate Bay?"

"Yes."

"Then why didn't we go there to unload? My original agreement with her was that we would meet at Pirate Bay. That was to be the scene of our operations. I thought you had later word."

"I did have later word," the captain said.

Anna Marie gave him a queer glance which he didn't seem to notice. "It's going to take some doing to get the—merchandise through this canyon."

"Yes," the captain said. "I think we had better find Mrs. Redo. Do you mind a two-mile hike?"

"I do," Johnny said. "Can't we go around in a boat?"

"This is quicker and more convenient," the captain said. "Darkness will come in another hour and a half."

"Come on, Johnny," Anna Marie said. "I have to talk to my partner."

The captain took the lead, Anna Marie was next, and Johnny brought up the rear. In a few moments, the canyon developed a rising slant and the trail grew steeper. The footing was bad, a combination of slippery adobe mud and loose growth.

Tremendous ferns grew everywhere; when disturbed, they sprayed moisture and red ants upon the passer-by. Johnny received a dose of both and instantly felt as though dozens of hot needles had been jabbed in his hands and neck. He brushed them off, and then swore at the sight of the rash already spreading on his skin. Anna Marie stopped and turned.

"Those are fire ants," she said. "Keep away from the ferns. Are you all right?"

"Why can't you and the captain carry me?" Johnny said.

He thought the exertion would unquestionably kill him, but it had the reverse effect. After a first profuse sweating and dizziness, he grew quickly well and his strength returned. He removed his raincoat and carried Anna Marie's slicker for her. She was an object of admiration to him, being entirely unwinded, sure-footed and cheery.

At its maximum height, where it penetrated the hogback spine of the island, the canyon's walls narrowed to a mere cleft in the earth. The trail vanished in the stream and they had to wade for a short distance. On the far side they could look down on Pirate Bay. It was larger than Biscuit Bay, protected by high brown headlands and an islet in the mouth, and had a sandy beach dotted with slender coco palms.

AT THIS end, the canyon mouth was wider, and formed a flat that had been largely cleared. Two tar-paper shacks set on palm pilings decorated the flat, as well as a profusion of junk from previous treasure hunts. Out in the bay was a battered, forty-foot decked launch.

The captain halted and mopped the perspiration from his face. "Picturesque, isn't it?" he said. "Let's keep moving."

Descending was even more difficult than climbing. They skidded and slithered and occasionally slid on the seats of their pants. Mud plastered them, and their clothes grew soaked from the saturated vegetation. The light waned rapidly as fresh clouds began to pile up.

Finally they reached the clearing. An inshore wind had freshened and thin rain was starting to fall. Johnny gave a leap as he saw an array of huge, armored creatures with enormous claws.

"Look out!" he shouted. "We're being attacked by Panzers! Fire and fall back!"

"Those are land crabs," the captain said. "Don't be alarmed, Mr. Smith."

"They're harmless," Anna Marie said.

"I don't believe it," Johnny said. "My gosh, they're the size of dogs!"

"Come and walk with Mama," Anna Marie said. "You can hold my hand."

"Dear me!" Johnny said.

The captain strolled among the crabs, and they scuttled away. Johnny kept close to his fearless client. Cupping his palms, the captain called the name of Mrs. Redo. The door of the nearest shack opened promptly, and Mrs. Redo materialized.

SHE was a tall, thin, gaunt-cheeked and lantern-jawed old lady, clad in a voluminous white dress, a man's raincoat and rubber boots. Rimless spectacles were pinched to the high bridge of her nose. Frizzy gray hair hung from beneath a topee similar to the one Johnny was wearing. She had watery, faded brown eyes, a wavering gait and false teeth that clacked faintly when she spoke. Going directly to Anna Marie, she embraced her and kissed her cheek.

"Welcome," she said. "Thrice welcome. You darling girl!"

"How do you do, Mrs. Redo?" the captain said.

"Good afternoon, Captain Maesk," Mrs. Redo said. "Welcome."

"This is Mr. Smith, Mrs. Redo," Anna Marie said.

"Welcome, Mr. Smith," Mrs. Redo said. She looked around her absently. "I didn't know if you would come today—I sent Pedro and Anastacio yesterday also. Is everything satisfactory?"

"We're unloading cargo now," the captain replied. "By midnight, at latest, we can sail."

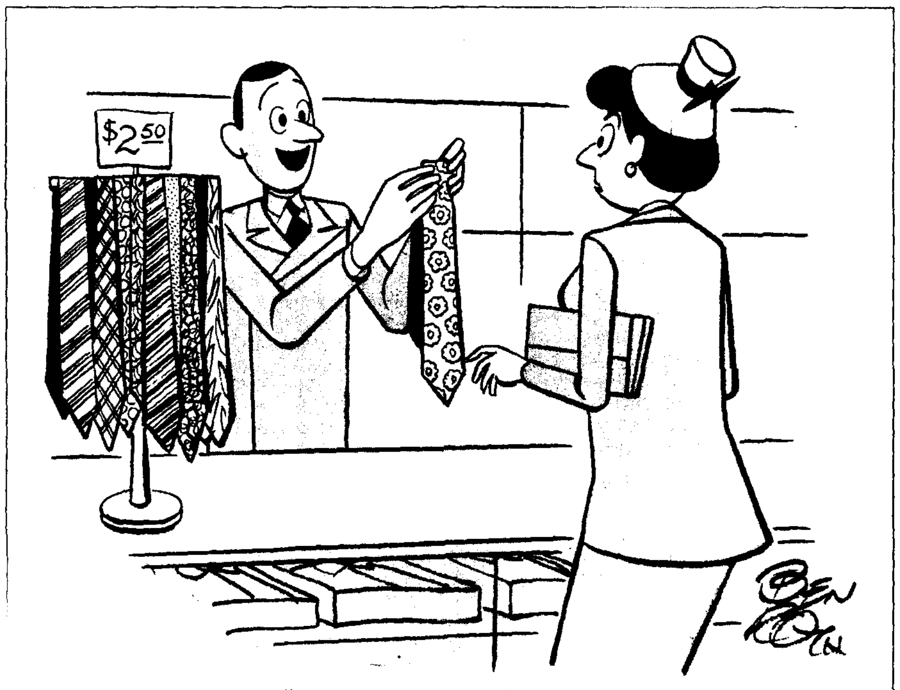
"I have been writing in my journal," Mrs. Redo said vaguely. "The flora and fauna of Mangrove are fascinating. It has rained a great deal. I haven't been able to take many pictures. I say, it has rained a great deal."

"It's raining on us," Anna Marie said, "and you can stop that absent-minded act any time you want as far as I'm concerned. Shall we get under cover and talk?"

"Please come in, you dear girl," Mrs. Redo said, without change of expression. "Captain. Mr. Smith."

They crowded into the single room of the shack. The furniture consisted of a built-in bunk, a table made of a plank and two supporting boxes, a stool, a tiny gasoline stove and a lantern. On the table were spread Mrs. Redo's journal and various other papers. The one little window did not open, and the shack had a wet, musty odor.

"Sit down just anywhere," Mrs. Redo said. "Excuse the disorder—I use this



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house for living and the other for stores. I should have cleaned up for you. I say, just sit down anywhere."

Anna Marie and Johnny sat on the edge of the bunk. The captain leaned against the table. Definitely creaking, Mrs. Redo lowered herself upon the stool.

"Anastacio and Pedro built themselves a palm-frond hut among the trees," she said. "To begin with, they lived on the launch. It has rained a great deal."

"Is that all you have—two men?" Anna Marie asked. "I thought you were bringing a whole party."

"Events altered," Mrs. Redo said. "Expenses, arrangements—the rain."

"How can two men do the work we need done?"

"They are very good men. Chicle hunters—*chicleros*—from the Honduranian jungle. Devoted to me."

"Have you found any treasure yet, Mrs. Redo?" Johnny said.

Mrs. Redo almost smiled. "Not yet. I say, not yet."

"Mr. Smith is a private detective," Captain Maesk explained. "He was sent along to guard Miss Bishop."

"Private detective?" Mrs. Redo said.

"Yes. It seems a letter of warning was received, causing Miss Bishop or her advisers to fear for her life. Mr. Smith was engaged as a measure of protection. He has declined to tell me any details regarding that letter. *But he appeared to think I might have written it.*"

FOR an instant, Mrs. Redo's weak eyes grew hard and shrewd. "Private detectives," she said. "Letter of warning. I say, letter of warning."

"Mrs. Redo," Anna Marie said, "why are you unloading the—the merchandise at Biscuit Bay? Isn't that going to double the work?"

"No, indeed," Mrs. Redo said. "I say, no, indeed. This is the bay where chance visitors might come. The merchandise is safer at Biscuit Bay."

"Is that where the treasure will be found, instead of around here as we planned?"

"Yes, you dear girl," Mrs. Redo said. "That's where the treasure will be found."

"What's that?" Johnny said.

"Wait a minute, Johnny," Anna Marie said. "Okay, Mrs. Redo. That part of our deal is still in effect. But the Madame de Maintenon expedition to hunt Mayan ruins is off. I've sold the company and I'm going to announce it as soon as I reach Panama."

"Oh, dear," Mrs. Redo said. "Is that true? It's a great blow to me. I say, it's a great blow to—"

"I imagine you're not exaggerating," Anna Marie interrupted. "And I have another great blow for you. Those airplanes aren't for sale. In fact, even if I wanted, I couldn't sell them. Is that clear?"

"Clear?" Mrs. Redo said. "Oh, yes. Perfectly clear. I say, it is perfectly clear."

Darkness was invading the shack. Scratching a match with some difficulty, Mrs. Redo lighted the lantern. Johnny observed that the captain, despite his sleepy manner, seemed rather tense; and Anna Marie's face was set and her glance intent. Only Mrs. Redo, weaving uncertainly, was utterly, confusedly relaxed.

"I wish I could offer you coffee," she said, "but the rain— Goods spoil so quickly in the dampness. I say, goods—"

"I'd like to add, Redo," Anna Marie said, "that I'm wise to you. Your impersonation of an old fool can be canceled along with the Madame de Maintenon aerial expedition. And I want to extend my grudging admiration. Although I'm not exactly cut out to be a patsy, you certainly took me into camp. I had you pegged as somebody interested in turning a fast dollar, and nothing more. It never occurred to me that you were a tropical Get-Rich-Quick Wallingford."

"You dear girl—" Mrs. Redo said.

THE captain straightened and took a flashlight from his pocket. "May I suggest, Mrs. Redo, that we leave as soon as possible? The rain is increasing and the trail will be difficult in the dark."

"Of course," Mrs. Redo said. "You are right. I say, you are right, Captain." She got up with difficulty from the stool, gathered her papers together, dumped them in an oilcloth bag, and buttoned her raincoat.

"May I carry something?" the captain asked.

"Pedro and Anastacio took my baggage over today," Mrs. Redo said. "I say—"

"We know what you said," Anna Marie said.

"Anna Marie," Johnny said, "you ought to try being a little more respectful to Mrs. Redo."

"Thank you, Mr.—Mr.—" Mrs. Redo said helplessly.

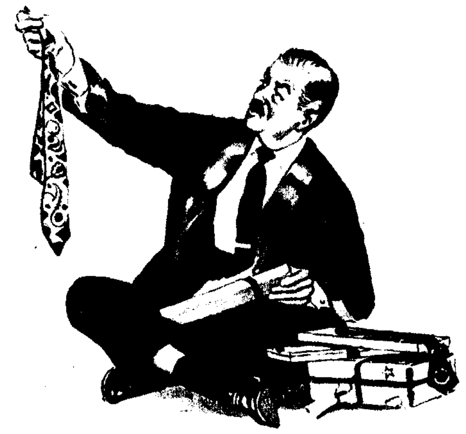
"Smith," Johnny said.

"Mr. Smith," Mrs. Redo said. She looked at Anna Marie and grinned fondly. "You dear girl, you are radiant."

"I hope I am betraying no secret," the captain said, "when I inform you that Miss Bishop and Mr. Smith have found romance on the Leise Neilsen. It is my belief that they intend to marry."

"What a darling couple!" Mrs. Redo said. "I say, what a darling couple!"

Both she and the captain, after exchanging a glance, moved suddenly to the doorway. Mutually stirred by alarm Anna Marie and Johnny jumped to their feet, bumping each other. From the



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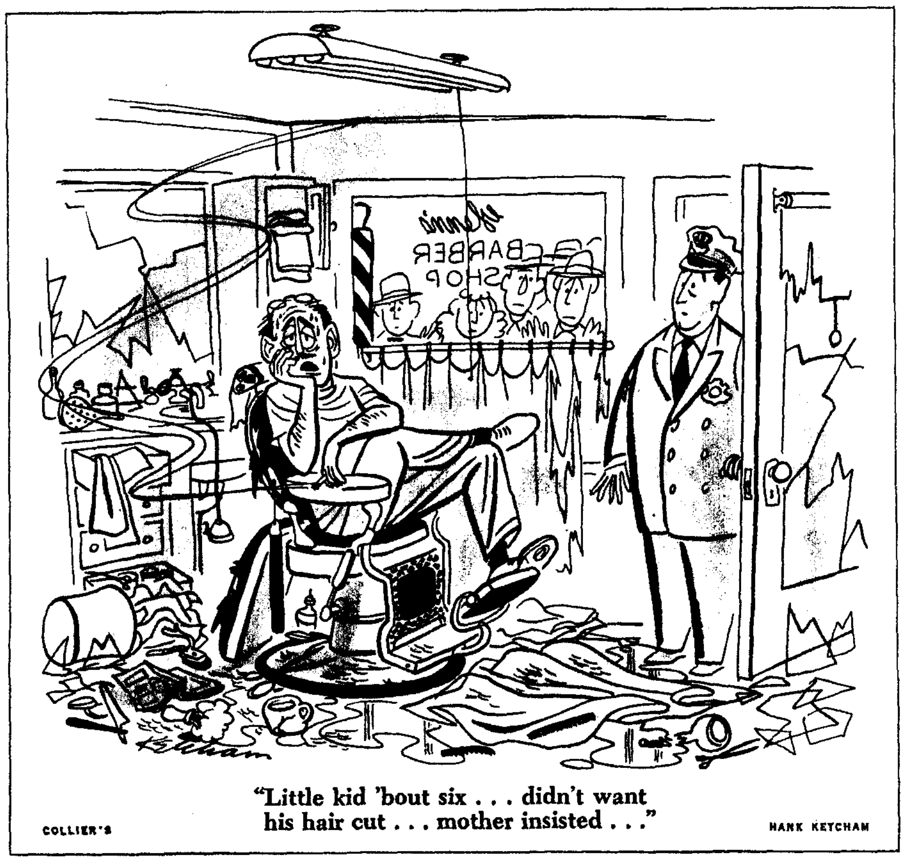
—WILLIAM W. PRATT



"Little kid 'bout six . . . didn't want his hair cut . . . mother insisted . . ."

pocket of her raincoat, Mrs. Redo produced an automatic pistol and released the safety catch. The captain smiled benignly from behind her.

"Stand still, you big bum," Mrs. Redo said. "I say, stand still, you big bum."

The hand that held the pistol was as steady as a rock. Johnny gazed at the little black dot of the muzzle and reflected that she was holding it perfectly for a belly shot. Some heroes he had read of managed to disarm people who had the drop on them, but his own experiences in the late world conflict had confirmed his opinion that bullets fired at short range were extremely difficult to dodge.

SIGHING, Johnny settled back on his heels. "Mrs. Redo," he said, "I'm surprised at a woman in your time of life going around treasure islands waving gats in people's faces. Aren't you ashamed of yourself? What would the kids think of Grandmaw making a fast draw and throwing down on fellas?"

"Make a move," Mrs. Redo said, "and I'll blow you apart. I say—"

"What is this?" Anna Marie demanded.

"It's this, you darling girl," Mrs. Redo said. "Mangrove belongs to you and the latfoot for the next week. At the end of hat time, someone will come for the merchandise. You can return with them to he mainland. They'll put you off on the Central American coast. My advice is to go in hiding for a while on a remote coffee plantation. Resist any attempts at extradition. Try to make a few poitical friends wherever you are."

"So you're still after the airplanes?" Anna Marie said. "What a fool you are!"

"Mr. Smith is an attorney as well as detective," the captain said. "He'll come in handy for Miss Bishop."

"During your stay here," Mrs. Redo aid, "Anastacio and Pedro will be on and. They can't shoot particularly well with their rifles, but they are infallible with their machetes. They understand no English, and they are devoted to me. Keep away from the merchandise and on't try to establish contact with any hips that might put in here.

"If you follow those instructions, you won't suffer harm. If you cause trouble, Anastacio and Pedro will either dispose f you or maroon you on the island when they leave. And don't try to follow Captain Maesk and myself—I'll take a hot at you if you do."

"Let's go for 'em, Johnny," Anna Marie said.

"Not right this minute, honey," Johnny said.

"You'll find the stores in the other house," Mrs. Redo said. "My boys will give you fish. Trying to appropriate their boat is useless—they have hidden a vital part of the electrical system. I advise you not to attempt to construct a raft and head for the steamer lanes; the sun is overpowering in these seas, and the sharks are extremely numerous. You could never keep a signal fire going in the rainy season. Any clothing you hoist on trees will be removed by Pedro and Anastacio. Your only recourse is to behave and enjoy the vacation."

"You can't win," Anna Marie said. "Stop fooling yourself, Redo. Whether I go to Panama or not, the announcement of the sale of Madame de Maintenon products and the abandonment of the aerial expedition will be made from New York in another week. I took a possible double-cross from you into account before I left."

"In another week, dear girl," Mrs. Redo said, "you may announce the end of the world. The sale of your company is simply a matter for you to explain later to the authorities."

Anna Marie stared at her uncertainly. She bit her lip.

"Come, Mrs. Redo," the captain said. "We ought to leave these young people to themselves. You have no cause to explain further."

"The plan is somewhat ingenious," Mrs. Redo said. "If I don't explain, she won't appreciate it. I say, the plan is somewhat ingenious."

ANNA MARIE drew a long, decisive breath. "Look, Redo. I don't owe you anything except a punch in the nose, but I'm going to tell you the truth for your own good. You've outsmarted me in a business deal. I'm a big operator myself, and I hold no hard feelings. I don't want to see you go to prison."

"Prison?" Mrs. Redo said. "I say, prison?"

"Prison," Anna Marie said. "Federal prison. You've done something wrong. The Federal Bureau of Investigation is checking on us, sweetheart. An agent visited me in New York and warned me on the disposition of those planes. He told me you were an old acquaintance of the F.B.I. That's why I sold Madame de Maintenon when the chance presented

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Gentlemen:

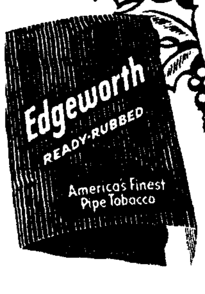
I've wanted Fibber to smoke a pipe for years—so last Christmas I gave him a beautiful briar and a pound of "Somebody's Tobacco"—I forget the name.

Fibber huffed and puffed—but it wasn't long before that tobacco found its way to our hall closet. Not long ago I made another attempt—this time I bought him Edgeworth. Heavenly days! He smoked it and asked for more!

With Christmas not far off it occurred to me you might like to warn other wives against the mistake I made last Christmas.

Give 'em Edgeworth, I say, and keep 'em happy.

Sincerely,
Molly McGee
(Mrs. Marian Jordan)



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itself. Another agent called on me in San Francisco. We're all hot as pawnshop pistols. You can't sell flying machines in Panama."

There was an instant of silence. Then Mrs. Redo laughed tinnily. The captain laughed. Johnny frowned at the girl industrialist.

"You darling child," Mrs. Redo said. "Your youth is betrayed when you try to bluff—your youth and inexperience. Everyone knows the F.B.I. is very talented at trailing famous, publicized criminals for years and finally sending them to jail for income tax evasion or parking by a fireplug. The bureau is celebrated for finding little bank tellers who abscond with two thousand dollars to another state.

"But out of its own country, unaided by the newspapers and that immense fingerprint department, the bureau is as helpless and stupid as any other police. You mustn't try to joke with a woman who has twice your experience."

"I'm telling the truth!" Anna Marie said. "They came to me in New York the moment I bought the planes and announced the expedition."

"I had you under observation in New York," Mrs. Redo told her. "I know you never had any intention of going through with the expedition. As you reached an agreement with me, Madame de Maintenon products was already up for sale so you could raise the money to finance development of a new oil field in California. You kept on with the publicity to have a smoke screen. Why? Because you intended to sell the planes yourself."

"They're mine!" Anna Marie said. "I had a deal for them to go to a South American oil company as soon as I cleared matters with the State Department. Only a small profit is involved."

"Which you didn't intend to share with me," Mrs. Redo said. "Well, they're going somewhere else now, for a large profit—that I don't mean to share with you. And that is precisely what I meant to do from the moment I approached you."

ANNA MARIE spoke dully. "Bless your old black heart! Okay, I'm foxed for the moment. But why are you moving the merchandise?"

"I need it in my business," Mrs. Redo replied.

"Have you stopped to consider," Anna Marie said, "that a third party is involved who will know everything before I'm through? Mr. Smith won't be likely to keep his mouth shut when this is over."

"Mr. Smith will be very likely to," Mrs. Redo said. "Even if he had anything to tell that would stand up in court, he won't want to send his fiancée to prison in order to punish me. That's what would happen, you adorable girl."

"Somebody wrote a warning letter," Anna Marie said, "and—"

"I'm coming to that," Mrs. Redo interrupted. "But first tell me how you arrived at the conclusion that I was after your airplanes? I'm very curious—and I have a gun."

"The F.B.I.," Anna Marie said. "I've been trying to tell you. They came and—"

"You sweet child," Mrs. Redo said. "Forgive me hurrying you in getting around to telling me the truth. I am an old lady, and my hand is unsteady. Please give me the real reason. Was it in that letter?"

"I'm telling you the truth," Anna Marie said.

Mrs. Redo shifted the muzzle in her direction. Johnny braced himself for some kind of move. Captain Maesk touched Mrs. Redo's arm.

"No violence," he said quietly. "That would be most foolish under the present circumstances."

"You've got to believe me," Anna Marie said. Her voice became pleading. "I'm speaking selfishly. It's my scalp as well as yours."

Mrs. Redo sighed resignedly. "Such nonsense. Even if the F.B.I. were interested in us, it would do them no good. In a few days those planes will rise in test flights and simply not return. By the time—"

"That's enough, Mrs. Redo," the captain said.

Mrs. Redo shrugged. "The dear girl appreciates ingenuity, and I want to amuse her. I say, I want—"

"It's your funeral, Redo," Anna Marie said.

"No, it's *your* funeral," Mrs. Redo replied. "I will be as surprised by the disappearance of the expedition's airplanes as the American authorities."

"For Pete's sake," Anna Marie said, "haven't you got sense enough to realize this is no bluff? If I weren't involved, I'd let you go hang yourself. Captain, you're a man of judgment. I appeal to you. Advise the old bag that she's walking on thin ice."

"Walking on ice is impossible in the climate of Panama," the captain said.

"Now, Annie," Johnny said. "Let's not get excited and call names. There is no use getting mad because you've tried to run your bluff and failed."

"You, too, Brutus," Anna Marie said.

"You gave it the old college try," Johnny said. "I applaud you. You're a charming kid."

"Mr. Smith is always like this," the captain said to Mrs. Redo.

"Thank you, Captain," Johnny said. "I wonder if I may deliver a few remarks?"

"Then he'll show us his badge," Anna Marie said bitterly.

"No, I won't," Johnny said. "But I do wish to appeal to good old Mrs. Redo's better side. Surely this little disagreement can be worked out to the satisfaction of all concerned without leaving a couple of us on a terrible island. I'm an innocent bystander, myself, and I'd like to point out—"

Mrs. Redo's pistol crashed. Johnny shut his eyes at the jet of flame. The report was deafening in the confined space. Splinters flew and a smell of burnt cordite came into his nostrils. He felt Anna Marie supporting him.

"I'm shot," he said.

"You aren't hit," Anna Marie said. "She missed you."

"An accident," Mrs. Redo said. "The trigger has a very light pull. I absentmindedly squeezed it—I say, I squeezed it. Pardon me."

"Am I bleeding?" Johnny said. "Where's the hole?"

"There in the wall," Anna Marie said impatiently. "See? A foot to the left of you."

"I'm deafened," Johnny said. "I can't hear you."

MRS. REDO said, "Mr. Smith, I want details concerning that letter. Can you hear me?"

Her pistol centered on him. "I can hear you," Johnny said.

"Why did it come, and who was it from?"

"I don't know. It was anonymous."

"What did it contain?"

"Nothing except that Miss Bishop might get killed if she went to Panama."

"There must have been more," Mrs. Redo said. "Tell me quickly, dear Mr. Smith. Why did you suspect the captain wrote it? Obviously you're sure it was from someone on the Leise Neilsen. This is very important to us, Mr. Smith. We don't want traitors in our midst."

"I can't hear you," Johnny said.

"Dear Mr. Smith," Mrs. Redo said.

"Shoot again, Grandmaw," Johnny said. "I say, shoot again."

Mrs. Redo's watery eyes grew icy. A miserable, nervous wetness spread over Johnny's body, and he wished he were in San Francisco in the small-claims court. Anna Marie seemed about to leap at the gun. Again Maesk intervened calmly.

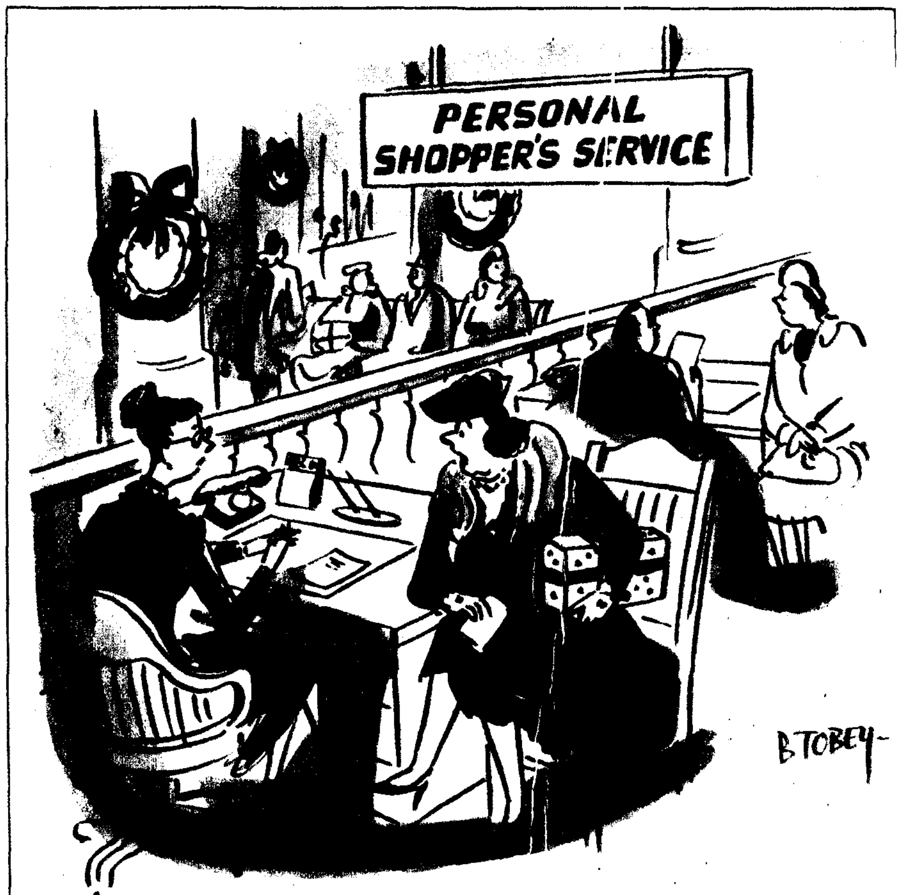
"I fear we have to leave," he said. "Come, Mrs. Redo. Please don't follow us. It is raining hard."

"I'll get you both for this," Anna Marie said. "So help me, I'll get you."

"Goodby, you darling girl," Mrs. Redo said. "I say, goodby."

The door slammed behind them, and the draft made the lantern flicker. Johnny suddenly noticed the sound of the rain and the wind. He looked dizzily at his client.

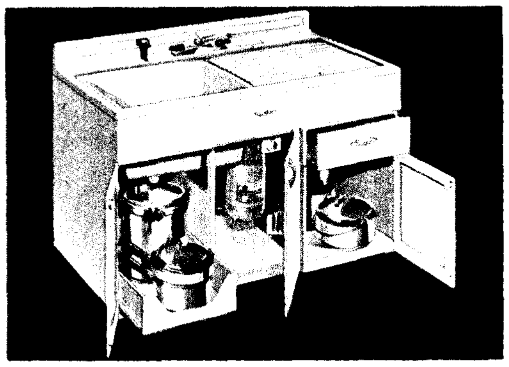
"I've got a headache again," he said. "We'll have to catch up with them on



"He doesn't smoke or drink, has no hobbies, and cares nothing about clothes—"

COLLIER'S BARNEY TOBEY

How to get *your* dream kitchen—and save



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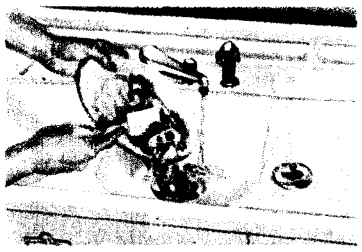

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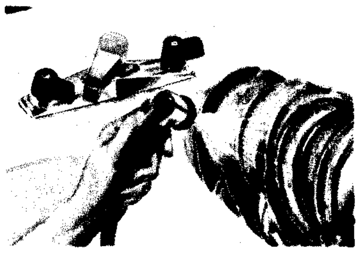

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WORLD FAMOUS SINCE 1857

the trail and overpower them." Anna Marie said. "Put your coat on."

"We won't be able to find the trail in the dark."

"They will show a light. We can follow that."

Johnny donned his coat and tapped his topee on the crown to settle it. "I don't like this," he said. "It's dangerous."

"We're hooked, wooed, tattooed, in the pit," Anna Marie said, in a fierce manner. "Don't you understand? That old witch was lying when she said somebody would come for us. They're going to maroon us, or have those two hatchet men carve us up."

"Oh, my goodness!" Johnny said. "Blow out the lantern."

SHE plunged the room into darkness. The quality of black was primeval; it scared Johnny. He reached for Anna Marie's cold hand, grasped it firmly, opened the door and led her out. A switch clicked and the white beam of a flashlight centered upon them. It depressed momentarily, exhibiting their luggage piled in the mud. They could dimly see the two *chicleros*. One of them had his machete in his hand, and he stepped forward and tapped a bag with the blade.

"Put on the light, Annie," Johnny said. "It's raining too hard for a walk."

He carried their stuff inside. The men stood and watched him. Reaching in his pocket, he motioned for them to come closer. They did, machetes extended.

"Take a look at this," Johnny said. "A badge, see? That's official."

"No sabe," one man said.

"Either take us back to the ship in Biscuit Bay at once or you're both under arrest."

"No sabe."

"Annie, do you speak Spanish?"

"No," Anna Marie said.

Johnny raised his voice—the only solution that occurred to him. "Back to ship—Biscuit Bay—last chance—go to jail—"

"No sabe."

The flashlight clicked off. The men disappeared. Johnny put his badge away, removed his dripping hat and coat, sat down on the stool. His client curled up on the bunk. They regarded each other. Rain blew in the hole occasioned by Mrs. Redo's itchy trigger finger.

"That good old badge," Anna Marie said.

"We'd better wait for daylight," Johnny said. "I'll move then."

"Aha," Anna Marie said.

"Treasure Island," Johnny said. "Old ladies with rods. Hot-air plant. I'm weak from shock. I knew it would be too much for you." Johnny scratched himself dejectedly. "Oil deal. Merchandise. People trying to drop things on you."

"Let me worry about it," Anna Marie said, and sounded irritable. "And in silence, if you don't mind."

"I thought you were in trouble," Johnny said, "but I never had any idea—"

"I tried to tell you on the boat that I was a sort of—a—well—a—financial soiled dove. But you got sick."

"I'm sick again, angel."

Anna Marie glared at him. "That's characteristic of your tin-pot moral scheme and narrow beliefs. I presume the wedding is off?"

"No, no," Johnny said. "I still love you but you scare me. My only hope is that I can save you. Spiritually or physically—both."

"Ought to take a swing at you for that remark," Anna Marie said, "but I'm too weary."

"We can have a nice marriage ceremony," Johnny said, "performed by some prison chaplain. The bride will be radiant and attired in a number."

"Aw, go out in the rain," Anna Marie said.

A considerable silence ensued.

"I'm hungry," Johnny said.

"Why don't you call your two chums?" Anna Marie said. "Probably they'll give you curb service."

"Can't you cook?"

"No."

"Neither can I," Johnny said.

"Let's not eat," Anna Marie said.

Johnny looked his displeasure at the solemn girl and rose from the stool. The canned goods on the table were not extensive. He pumped pressure in the stove and lighted it.

"Did you mean to sell those planes to an oil company the way you said," he asked, "or were you—"

"I did, and the way I said," Anna Marie admitted, adding, "And you're a cad for asking the question."

Searching for a can opener, Johnny reflected that he had never been bluer in his life. The impact of recent events had stunned him. That the girl industrialist possessed a shady side was no great surprise to him. But he had not prepared himself to learn that she was practically a three-time loser.

"I can offer you Boston beans," he said, "or spaghetti with meat sauce, and a slug of orange juice to start."

"Go to hell!" Anna Marie said.

"Just as you wish," Johnny replied, with dignity.

He drank orange juice, heated beans and ate them, and managed to find a fairly dry cigarette. Anna Marie reclined in the bunk, drumming her fingernails on the wooden edge and staring into space.

"Annie," Johnny said, "you brought this on yourself, so far as I can judge. You don't help any by taking out your bad humor on other people."

She managed a wan smile. "I realize that, Johnny. I'm sorry."

"Will you have some beans?" he suggested.

"No, thanks."

"A drink of orange juice?"

"Please."

When she finished drinking, she got up and stretched, and paced restlessly up and down. Johnny darted wistful glances at the bed.

"We'd better stand watches tonight," he remarked, "in case those characters decide to come in and surprise us. I'll take the first watch."

"No, I will," Anna Marie said. "I'm not sleepy."

"Well, if you insist," Johnny said, and hastily took his shoes off.

He curled in the bunk, which was too small for him. Placing the stool against the rear wall, Anna Marie sat down and faced the door, which was secured only by a metal hook and eye.

"Isn't there a paring knife on that table?" Johnny asked.

"Yes."

"Keep it within reach. Hand me the stool if there's trouble."

"Okay," Anna Marie said. "Good night."

"Call me in an hour."

"All right."

"Keep the lantern going," Johnny said.

"Why?"

"This darkness is so thick it makes me nervous."

"Roger."

"Wake me at the slightest sound," Johnny said. "Be on the alert."

"Oh, shut up," Anna Marie said. "Go to sleep."

"Annie," Johnny said, "restrain your temper. We cannot afford to quarrel. Upon our complete co-operation may depend our very lives."

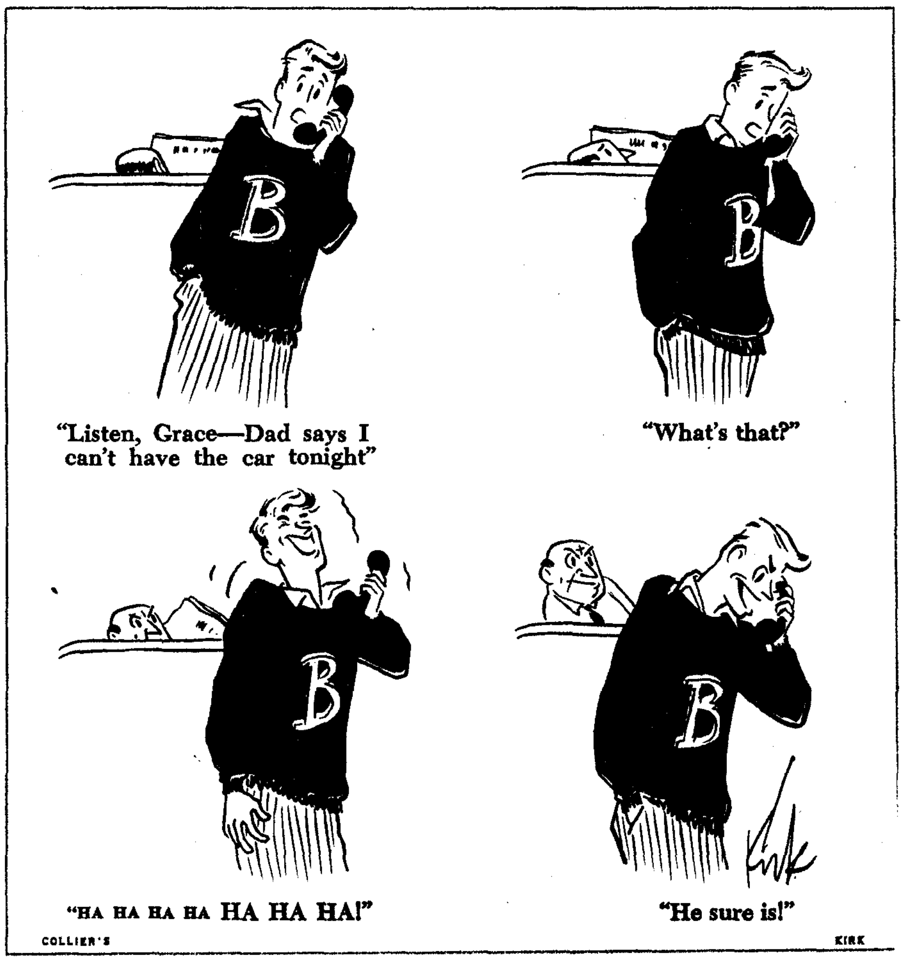
"Oh, nuts!" Anna Marie said.

LIFE on Mangrove Island was not dull. Later, recalling the four days he spent there, Johnny remembered such things as lovers' quarrels, drinking coconut milk, gunfire, a brush with a shark, delivery of his Sunday punch, and three and one-half days of rain. It wasn't a place you'd want to go to just to fish, eat and sleep.

The first morning was sunny, which somehow was surprising. Shortly after dawn, as Johnny kept watch and Anna Marie slept, the *chicleros* appeared bearing gifts. They announced their approach by whistling shrilly. Johnny woke his client, grasped the stool on which he had been sitting, and suspiciously opened the door. One of the men had two coconuts and the other was carrying a rusty rifle. Both of them were unsmiling and businesslike.

"Most peculiar," Johnny commented. "Can this be breakfast?"

"Certainly," Anna Marie said. "I told you last night to request curb service."



"Listen, Grace—Dad says I can't have the car tonight"

"What's that?"

"HA HA HA HA HA HA HA!"

"He sure is!"

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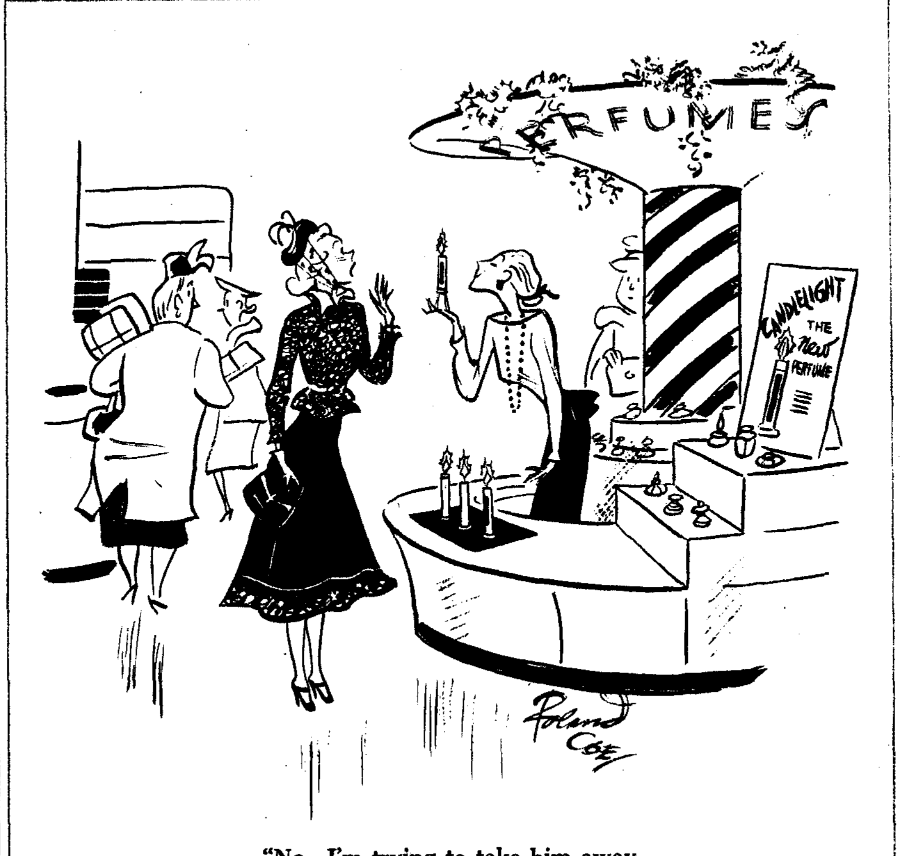

COLLIER'S "No. I'm trying to take him away from somebody who's using that!" ROLAND COE

The man with the coconuts deftly used his machete to open the tops. Then he handed them over.

"You should have grabbed him," Anna Marie said.

"You grab him," Johnny said. "Did you see the way he handled that knife? What do you think I am, a hero?"

"Not any more," Anna Marie replied. "Drink your milk."

Anastacio and Pedro retired, unamused and unthanked. The coconut milk left Johnny's appetite unsatisfied, and he rummaged in the stores shack, disturbing a busy tribe of huge rats that thoroughly frightened him. Mrs. Redo's expeditionary supplies were small and select—tins of kerosene and gasoline, cans of spaghetti, beans, soup, fruit salad and orange juice, tar paper, rope, canvas, nails and a few dilapidated tools. Sticking a hammer in his belt, Johnny returned to the other shack with a can of soup.

"I think I'll have a bowl of genuine Boston clam chowder," he said. "Care to join me?"

"No, thanks."

When the soup had been drunk, he arranged with Anna Marie regarding their individual toilettes. She was left in the shack, in possession of the hammer, while he retired to a secluded portion of the beach with a change of clothing. Afloat or ashore, he couldn't seem to escape from salt-water baths. A decent interval of time having elapsed, he came back to their little home with pinched skin and shaved.

"Can't let yourself go to pieces in the jungle," he said.

"No, sir," Anna Marie said.

They agreed to scout for the *chicleros*, and among the palms found their tiny hut. It contained nothing but a few rags, a pile of blackened stones for cooking, a couple of ancient pots, odds and ends of food, and some energetic rats. Anna Marie turned hastily away in disgust, and stumbled and almost fell. Johnny caught her arm worriedly. Blue shadows lay under her eyes, and her face was pale.

"Are you feeling all right, Annie?" he asked.

She nodded.

"You look sort of peaked."

"My spirit's more or less broken," Anna Marie said. "Even my pride's gone. I've never been so outmaneuvered in my life. Either I'm slipping, or I'm not as sharp as I thought I was."

"Well, don't brood about it."

"I can't help thinking how dumb I am."

"Let's go over the hill," Johnny said. "Maybe the ship didn't finish unloading. We might do something."

The canyon was drier and easier to traverse. Anna Marie tired rapidly, but Johnny put a supporting hand in the small of her back and propelled her through the worst stretches.

FROM the crest was a good view of Biscuit Bay. The Leise Neilsen had sailed away. They stared gloomily at the empty expanse of sparkling water.

"There goes your old ball game," Anna Marie said. "For us, that is."

"I want to go down and look around," Johnny said. "Are you up to it?"

"I'll try."

As they walked into the area of palms, a hacking noise rose above the sound of the waterfall. Johnny led them off the trail and in a wide circle. The noise abruptly stopped. Crashing in the underbrush off to their left transfixed them; they caught sight of an antlered buck bounding toward the hogback. Johnny moved on.

Protected by heavy growth from the beach, shielded by the palms, was a natural clearing. The shingle was literally covered by the stout wooden boxes Johnny had seen being hoisted from the hold of the ship. The marks of their passage from the beach were already obliterated, and they were partially covered by cut greenery. Johnny wiped the sweat from his face and frowned, bothered by certain obscure suspicions.

"Any questions?" Anna Marie said tiredly.

"Not now," Johnny said. "I've guessed the answers to a lot of them anyhow."

Movement behind made him whirl about. A *chiclero* was there, his machete ready. He gestured toward the canyon with it. Johnny shrugged his incomprehension.

"*Vamos*," the man said.

"I don't know what you mean!"

"*Vamos!*"

The man advanced, prepared to strike. Johnny realized he wasn't merely being threatened. "Let's go, Annie," he said.

(To be continued next week)

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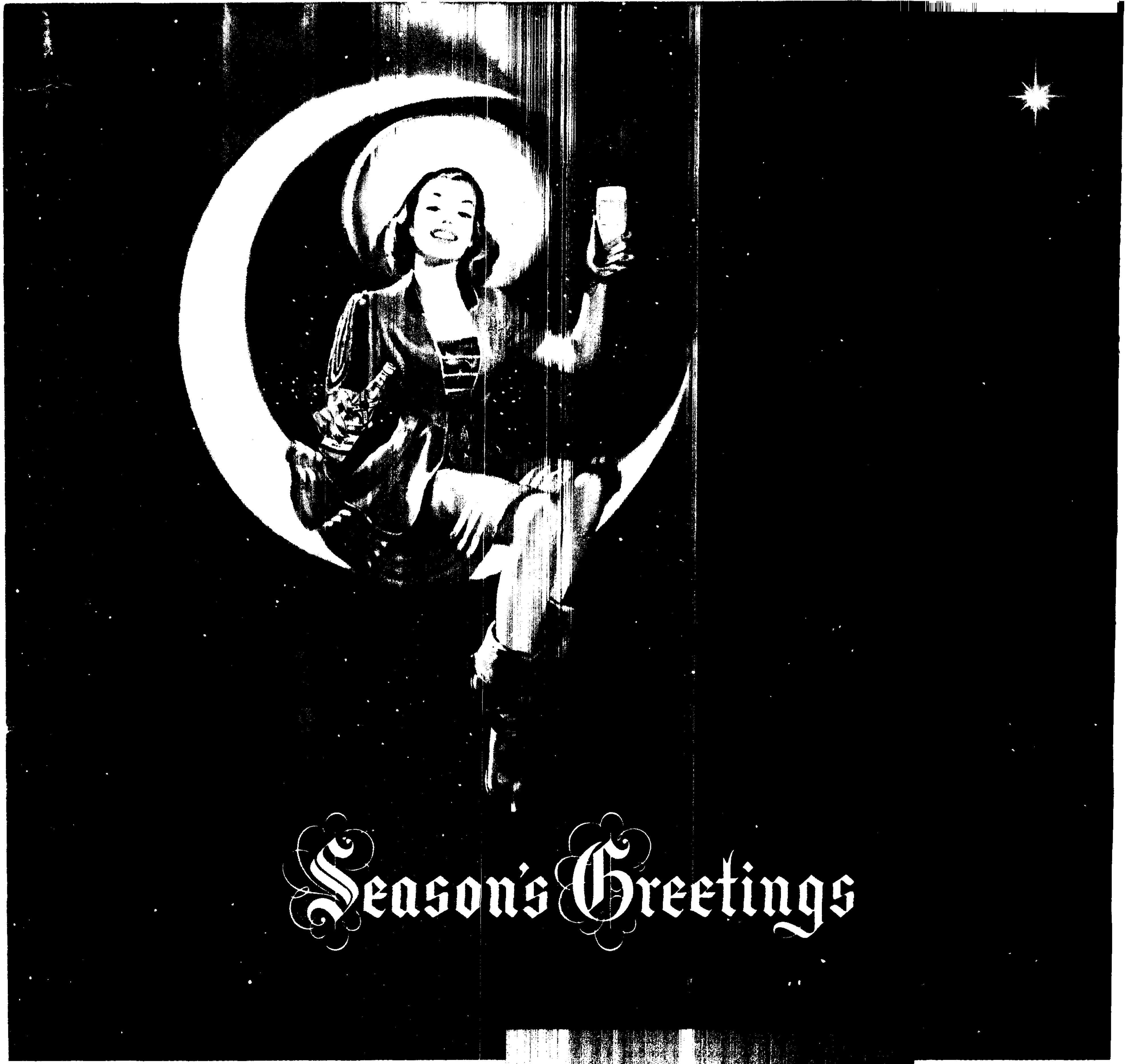

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THROUGH HELL AND HIGH BRASS

Continued from page 26

forecasts are subject to dizzy variations and shiftings.

Doolittle has always insisted that the number one enemy of his bombers and crews was the weather—*not* over the targets, but over their home bases. In 1944 and 1945, there were accidents to 3,346 heavy bombers, causing 2,100 fatalities, as compared with 3,191 missing in action. Many of these accidents were collisions in the air due to fog or storm; nearly all were attributable to bad weather over the Eighth's fields, which were concentrated in East Anglia just behind the North Sea coast.

At dawn on that 5th of January, Doolittle had dispatched more than 500 heavy bombers, with over 600 fighters in escort, against Kiel and Elberfeld in Germany, Tours and Bordeaux in France. This maiden venture with the Eighth was the largest operation he had ever commanded, twice as big as his greatest effort in the Mediterranean.

When the mission took off, Doolittle was aware of a foul mass approaching from the west. Its progress was slow, however; all the meteorologists seemed positive the planes would get back with time to spare, before it struck. But suddenly the sluggish mass began breaking into turmoil and churning ahead with a speed that would blanket all of East Anglia under zero-zero conditions.

Forebodings of Disaster

Doolittle, pacing in front of the huge wall map at headquarters at High Wycombe, Buckinghamshire, began to get urgent messages from his three division commanders. Each foresaw disaster to his flock; each wanted permission to flash the recall signal immediately.

No one but the commanding general, Doolittle himself, could order a recall. If he recalled a mission before its military purpose was executed, and then it turned out that he had done so needlessly, he could not share or dodge the full blame; nor could he evade total responsibility o both the Supreme Command and the American public if he failed to recall, and the bulk of our air strength in Europe was lost or damaged in one great lare of accidents.

Meanwhile, there were other harassing onsiderations. Each mission that was not completed meant a stab at Marshall's aith that D-Day would be free of the *Luftwaffe*.

Also, there was the effect of a recall on the morale of the men. Jim knew that ome of the first groups had already eached—and were at this moment ombing—the nearest targets; while many of the following groups, and those n the longer runs, were already—or soon would be—staking their lives to ass through enemy fighters and flak. It would be hard for those crews to understand why they should turn tail without ombing, and run fruitlessly back hrough the same fighters and flak—nce the weather over the Continent as perfect!

All this, the Eighth's new commander ad to ponder as he judged the chart nd watched the clock through a few minutes that seemed an eternity. Then he napped: "Recall!"

Tragically, before his planes had recrossed the Channel, the freakish English eather played another heartbreaking rank. The storm center gelled again, as uickly and inexplicably as it had urted. The mission landed in clear nd unlimited visibility.

Jim knew that in some quarters, where e could least afford loss of prestige, e was now suspected of timidity; yet he so knew that to be faithful to his personal conception of command and to his own estimate of the consequences to American strength, should a weather catastrophe decimate the Eighth, he could not do other than he had.

Six days later, on another major operation, an identical situation developed. Again, Jim recalled. And again, with demoniac perversity, the weather reversed itself at the last moment. Jim was swiftly called on the carpet at Supreme Headquarters by General Carl "Tooey" Spaatz, of Eisenhower's staff, who had over-all command of the United States Strategic Air Forces in Europe.

Spaatz looked at him coldly when he entered, and exclaimed, "It seems doubtful that you have the guts necessary to run a big air force!"

Jim flushed. Reproach as grave as this is usually for commanders about to be relieved in disgrace. All the years, all the flight and technical knowledge he had given to help build American air power to its present might, all the happy achievements that had led so many of his friends to dub him Mr. Air Power were fading.

For once, Doolittle spoke quietly, without heat and without bouncing around. He explained the reasons for his decisions, fully, succinctly and firmly, then saluted and walked quickly out. He neither knew nor cared whether Spaatz was satisfied with the explanation. He was satisfied, himself, and that was all that counted. Better to have a griping Air Force, a disappointed Supreme Command, and a banished Doolittle than to have no Air Force at all.

U.S. ARMY SIGNAL CORPS

In 1945, Jim received the French Legion of Honor from General Alphonse Juin

An Invitation from "Tooey"

For several days, Jim heard nothing more, and went on with his job. Then, abruptly, Spaatz appeared and ordered Jim to accompany him on a swing around the Eighth's divisions. They took off in General Spaatz's B-17, flown by a very capable and experienced combat pilot, Lieutenant Colonel Bob Kimmel.

The weather was ideal, with every forecast indicating that it would remain so. Before leaving each base, Doolittle and Spaatz, after the instinctive habit of old pilots, checked the weather. At one, they actually got a "Fine. No change" report, only to walk outside and find rain beginning to fall!

Jim said, "We'd better beat it for home."

They were no sooner airborne than fog came. It didn't come blowing in, as fog usually does; instead, it just sifted down on all sides at once. Within a few minutes, it was as if they were flying inside a violently shaken vat of milk. It became too bad to go on, or to turn back.

It took all the skill and coolness Kimmel could muster to crab the ship blindly into a field, not knowing at what instant cattle or trees, wires or buildings, might loom on the nose. The United States Air Forces in Europe might easily have lost their two highest-ranking officers that afternoon.

Kimmel braked the ship to a safe halt. Then Jim and Spaatz got out and stood looking at each other in the dripping gloom. The moral was obvious: If it were this touchy for a lone B-17 in such weather, how would it be with 500 or 1,000 B-17s groping to land in a concentrated area like East Anglia?

Spaatz remarked quietly, "Jim, I see what you mean about this weather, and I want you to know I've changed my mind about something."

High Honor for a Reservist

Slightly more than one month after that fog-drenched afternoon, Doolittle got his third star, becoming the only reserve officer to attain the rank of lieutenant general in World War II.

Most of us remember the mammoth pattern of the Allied strategic air warfare that mashed Germany—socially, militarily, economically, and industrially. It was entrusted to the R.A.F.'s bomber command and the United States Strategic Air Forces, consisting of the Fifteenth (based in Italy) and the Eighth.

What made the work of the Eighth—apart from its size—notable and interesting was the impact of Doolittle, the nonregular officer, upon its problems and personnel.

By moves that were to him, as a businessman, only common sense, he smartened its shape and pace. Jim discovered that one of the Eighth's three divisions was composed of a mixture of B-17 Flying Fortresses and B-24 Liberators. This made a pretzel of the division's supply, maintenance and briefing activities, since these two types of plane differed widely in operational characteristics.

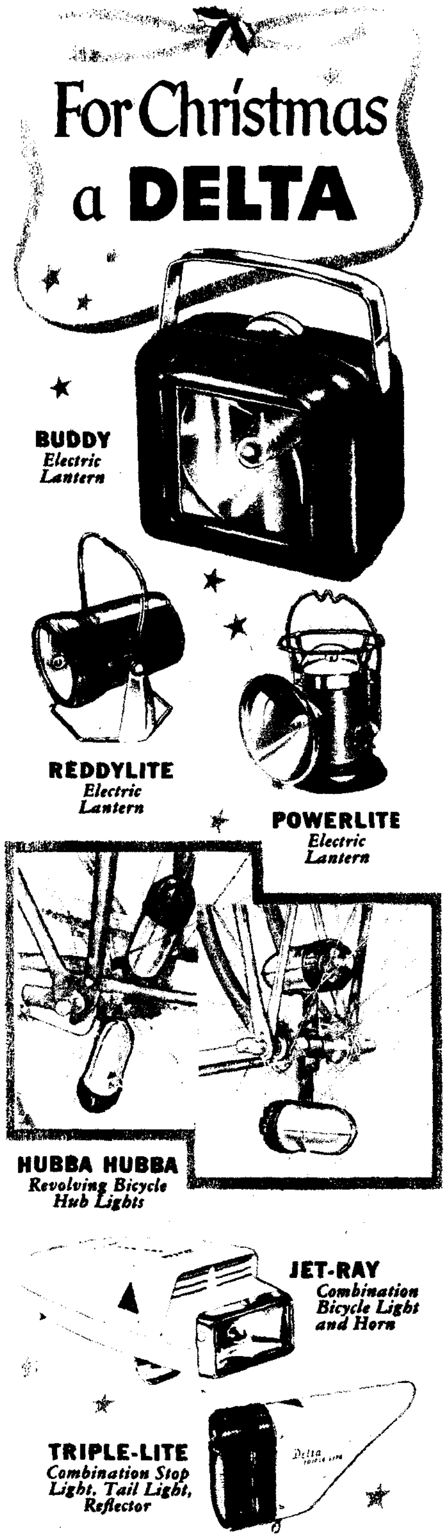
Jim therefore made the second division wholly B-24s, leaving the third—like the first—wholly B-17s. The proficiency of both the second and the third zoomed; the percentage of planes inoperational for repairs and other causes in each was reduced, and this in turn meant more ships available for missions.

By April, the Eighth reached its first 25,000 bomb-ton month; on May 7th, its first 1,000-bomber mission. The "sorties" graph then climbed steadily until, in June, more than 60,000 tons of hot eggs were delivered, 40 per cent of them within a thousand feet of the target center.

Still considering the Eighth from a businessman's viewpoint, Jim decided that a separate fighter command was unwieldy, causing much duplication in effort, adding to pre-mission confusion, and risking mistakes in signals and in rendezvousing. He disbanded it and split its 15 groups among the heavy-bomber divisions, five to each. This, in effect, made each division a whole and separate Air Force unto itself.

One result was the foiling of the nifty German fighter trick of joining the bomber stream on returning missions, especially when the homing was made at dusk, and then shooting the big 'uns down as they circled to land. The Germans were safe from defensive flak because our gunners couldn't fire into a sky full of Yank bombers. But with the reorganization, each division's fighter components escorted the bombers right to their bases, and it took a wily Kraut to sneak in undetected.

Jim had visited the Fighter Command Headquarters shortly after he assumed



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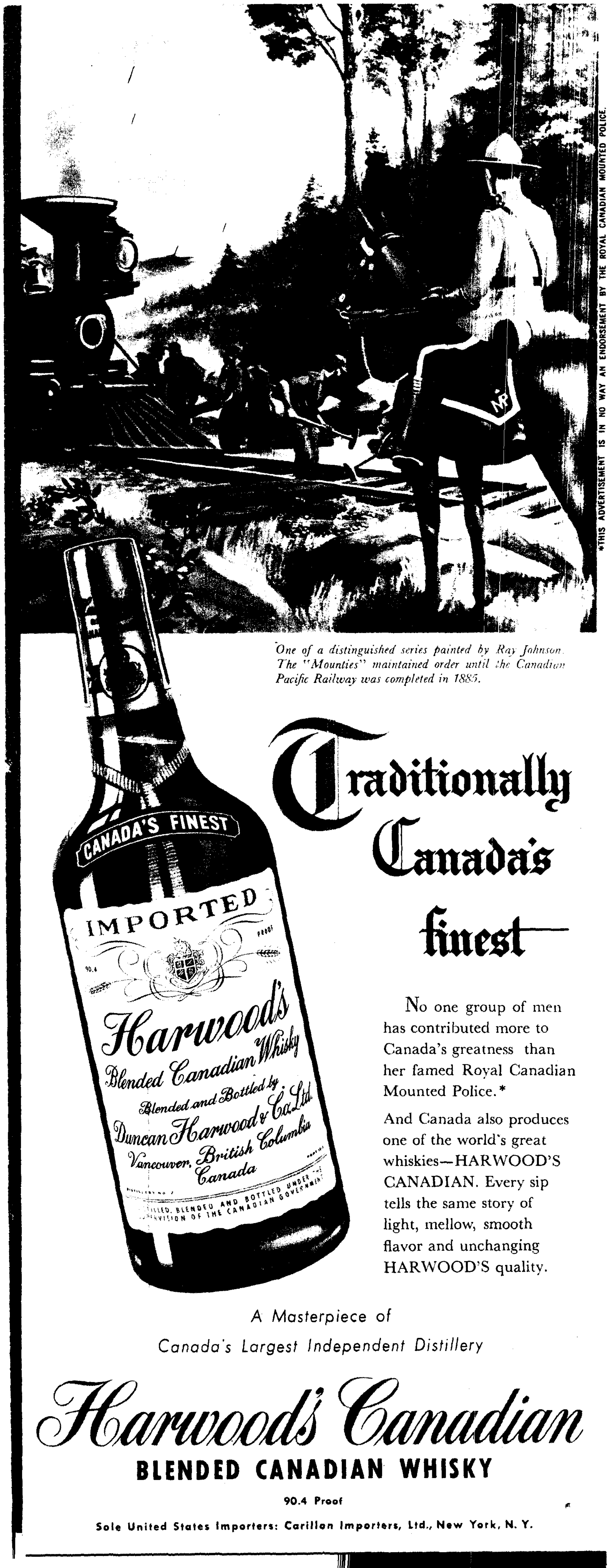

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leadership of the Eighth. Bustling around, he saw, on all its walls, placards with the motto: *The first duty of the fighters is to bring the bombers back alive.*

This negative philosophy gagged him; he whirled to Major General William E. Kepner, head of the Fighter Command, and said, "Where in hell did those come from?"

"Orders!" said Kepner. "From above. Months ago."

"Now you've got new orders," Jim cracked; "Mine! Have those — — signs taken down right away!"

Frustrated Fighting Spirit

Bill Kepner, ex-private in the Marines, and veteran of six major engagements in World War I, is second in fighting heart to no man in the Air Force, including Doolittle. The signs had kept him in an agony of frustration. He stared hard at Doolittle.

"Are you telling me that we can really take the offensive?" he asked.

"That's exactly what I'm telling you!" Doolittle retorted. "We'll never win this war by playing sheep dog. Guarding and barking won't get rid of wolves. Have a few of your fighters fly close cover to take care of the attackers who bust through. But instruct the majority to peel off, and chase all the Germans they spot. Chase 'em up and down the sky. Chase 'em into the ground. Chase 'em all the way to their airfields and bang those too. And meanwhile, put up new signs here:

"The first duty of the fighters is to destroy German fighters!"

Kepner let out a Comanche yell that frightened every Wac and mess sergeant in the area.

Jim still believes this was the most useful military decision he ever made. If he had not jolted the fighter doctrine from defensive to offensive, he believes the German air force would have grown in strength, despite our bombing of their production.

Losses on "deep penetration" missions over the Continent had been 6 per cent. When his fighters began *looking* for the Germans, instead of *waiting* for them, the rate dropped until it was only six tenths of one per cent. On April 26th, the Eighth was able to carry out an 800-bomber raid on Hannover and Brunswick in Germany without a single loss.

Ultimately the sharp decline in losses even affected bombing tactics, in a curious manner. At first, 75 per cent of our losses was due to enemy fighters, and 25 per cent to flak, but as the enemy fighters were beaten from the skies, those figures were exactly reversed. In the months having the lowest rate of loss, 75 per cent was due to flak. Consequently the colossal, thundering, massed formations that obscured the sun over Germany like the day of doom, came to an end. They were "flak bait." The new formations were scattered in small units, and opened up like a football team on pass defense.

One change that Doolittle introduced, in his drive to spur the Eighth to greater "efficiency over target," probably made him for a while, to use his own words, "the most detested guy in the United Kingdom."

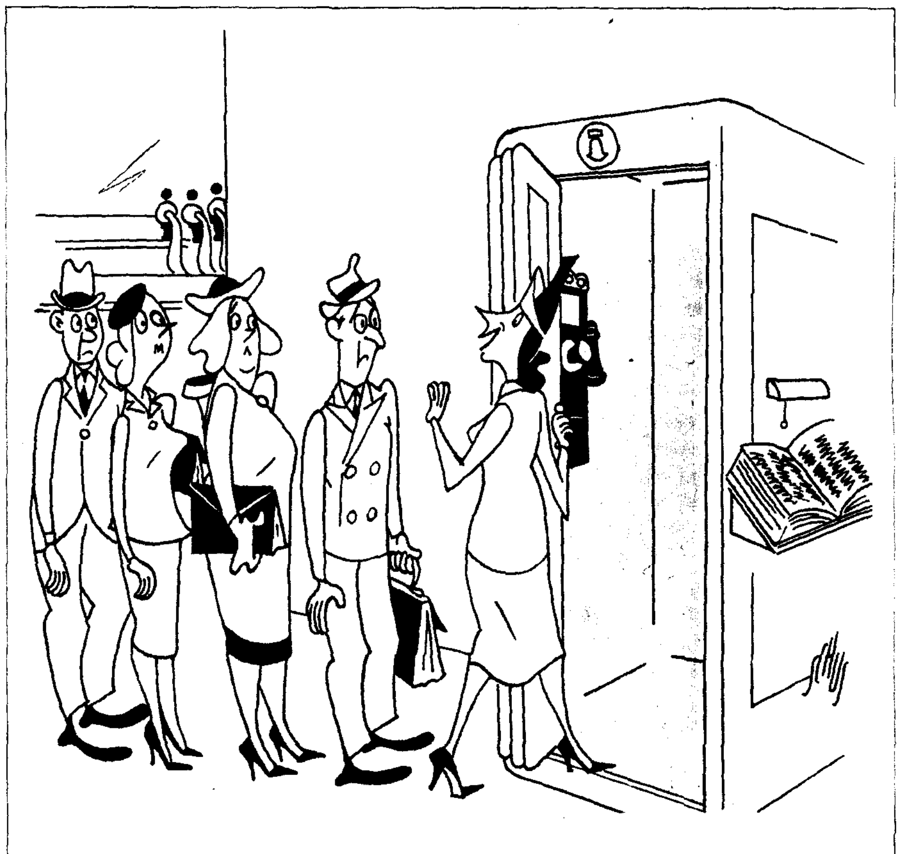
The mission limit for combat personnel had long been set at 25. Jim, after careful analysis, judged it took a bomber crew ten missions to learn its stuff and 15 to become really good, leaving only ten at top efficiency. Jim upped the number to 30, which he figured as a 50 per cent gain in crew value. Further surveys proving this to be so, he got a 100 per cent increase by raising it again —to 35. He also got the war's loudest and most sustained blast of griping.

Chances for Survival Rise

Presently, however, the evidence on the charts was sufficient to win over the most homesick kids. Chances of survival had jumped substantially even in the dangerous, virgin ten, because of the leavening which crews with a high number of missions gave to each formation.

Anyway, Jim was now feeding on his main personal gripe. Being the only Allied commander who had been in actual combat against two of the Axis capitals, Tokyo and Rome, it was his ambition to round off this one-man Axis-buster record. He wanted to lead the first U.S. raid on the German capital, but the whole subject of "going to Berlin" was a sore point.

Doolittle had no sooner arrived in London than R.A.F. brass was on his neck, asking when he was going to send



COLLIER'S "I won't be a minute—I just want to hang up on him" ADOLPH SCHUS the Eighth to take a daylight smack at the Nazi capital. The British created as much of a commotion over this as the Russians did with Roosevelt and Churchill for the second front. Many political and propaganda motives made the project extremely desirable, of course, yet Jim's unvarying answer had to be, "The Eighth will go to Berlin when it has sufficient long-range fighter escort!"

Doolitle believed in an aggressive and roving escort, rather than the apron-string variety, not only because he deemed it better defense, but also because it was more in keeping with the American temperament; he thoroughly believed in the *principle* of escort necessity. He had always opposed the theory cherished by a bloc of Air Force old-timers that heavy bombers were self-sufficient and self-protective, a theory some clung to despite the war's quick lessons.

When, early in 1944, the long-range fighter became a reality, he enthusiastically organized the Eighth's first Berlin trip. But Doolittle wasn't on that raid, nor any of the subsequent ones. The Supreme Command had turned him down peremptorily—not, be it noted, so much through concern for the safety of the outside of his head, as for the secrets inside it.

THE MIRACLE OF TEPAYAC

By JOHN STEINBECK

A beautiful Christmas tale of Old Mexico—about a simple peasant's role in a holy and miraculous event.

In Collier's next week

Jim knew the main facts of the coming invasion: strength, time, place; and it was known that the Germans were giving prisoners a drug, pentothal, which makes the toughest man blabber like a guileless child.

Teaming with Patton Again

There was, however, the exciting shadow of D-Day to mellow his disappointment. He felt confident that the Eighth had been fetched to an efficiency and fighting pitch that, together with the R.A.F., the United States Ninth (Tactical) Air Force and other air units, would insure the absence of he *Luftwaffe* from the Normandy beaches. He was sure, also, that the Eighth was ready for whatever lay beyond the invasion, and it was Doolittle's old hell-raising companion from North African days, George Patton, who rung n his support when the invading armies got rolling toward Germany.

Their reunion was blessed, in one ense, by a message Patton sent to Jim on October 19, 1944, when mud and hortages had handicapped the Third Army's advance:

> Dear Jimmy: This is to inform you those ow ——, the Germans, gave me my first bloody nose when they compelled us to bandon our attack on Fort Driant in he Metz area . . . I have requested . . . air) . . . bombardment to teach those — — —— they can't fool with Ameri-ans . . . Am therefore asking you to see o it that the Patton-Doolittle combination is not shamed in the eyes of the world . . . and that you provide large bombs of the nastiest type and as many as you can spare to blow up this fort, so that it becomes nothing but a hole."

Peck's Bad Boys of the Army were together again! George Patton was, like Doolittle, among the very few pivotal commanders whom Eisenhower had brought up with him from the Mediterranean—together with plenty of aspirin.

Sometimes their swashbuckling co-operation during the great campaigns brought moments of grave danger as well as of drama.

A Message from Nuremberg

Late in the following March, George Patton's armor was rolling merrily again, this time across Bavaria. Jim planned to help it along by a massive scourging of Nuremberg, toward which Patton was reported plunging from a point less than 100 miles away. The Eighth's three divisions were bombed and gassed, the briefing done, all the wheels set in motion. Suddenly, after midnight, there was an urgent signal from France to Pine Tree, the code name for Doolittle's headquarters in England. Patton was in Nuremberg! It took desperate measures to flash "Stop" to all the divisions, which, in turn, had to filter it down through wings and groups to numerous squadrons on a hundred bases. Then Doolittle had to select another target, re-bomb, re-brief, and get the mighty business of a mission off at dawn on schedule, so that a precious good day would not be lost.

It turned out, later, that Patton *wasn't* in Nuremberg. One of his light vehicles, adventurously probing far in advance, had probably scouted the city and radioed the fact to Third's headquarters. For to Patton's lads, even a jeep venturing into a town meant that the place was in the bag.

Most of Patton's relations were, of course, with the Tactical, not the Strategic, Air Force. The brilliant plane-ground radio teamwork between his armored divisions and the fighters of Brigadier General Otto P. Weyland's 19th Tactical Command, a part of Lieutenant General Hoyt S. Vandenberg's Ninth Air Force, enabled Patton to make what he called his "tour of the Continent" and forced new concepts of mobility down orthodox military throats.

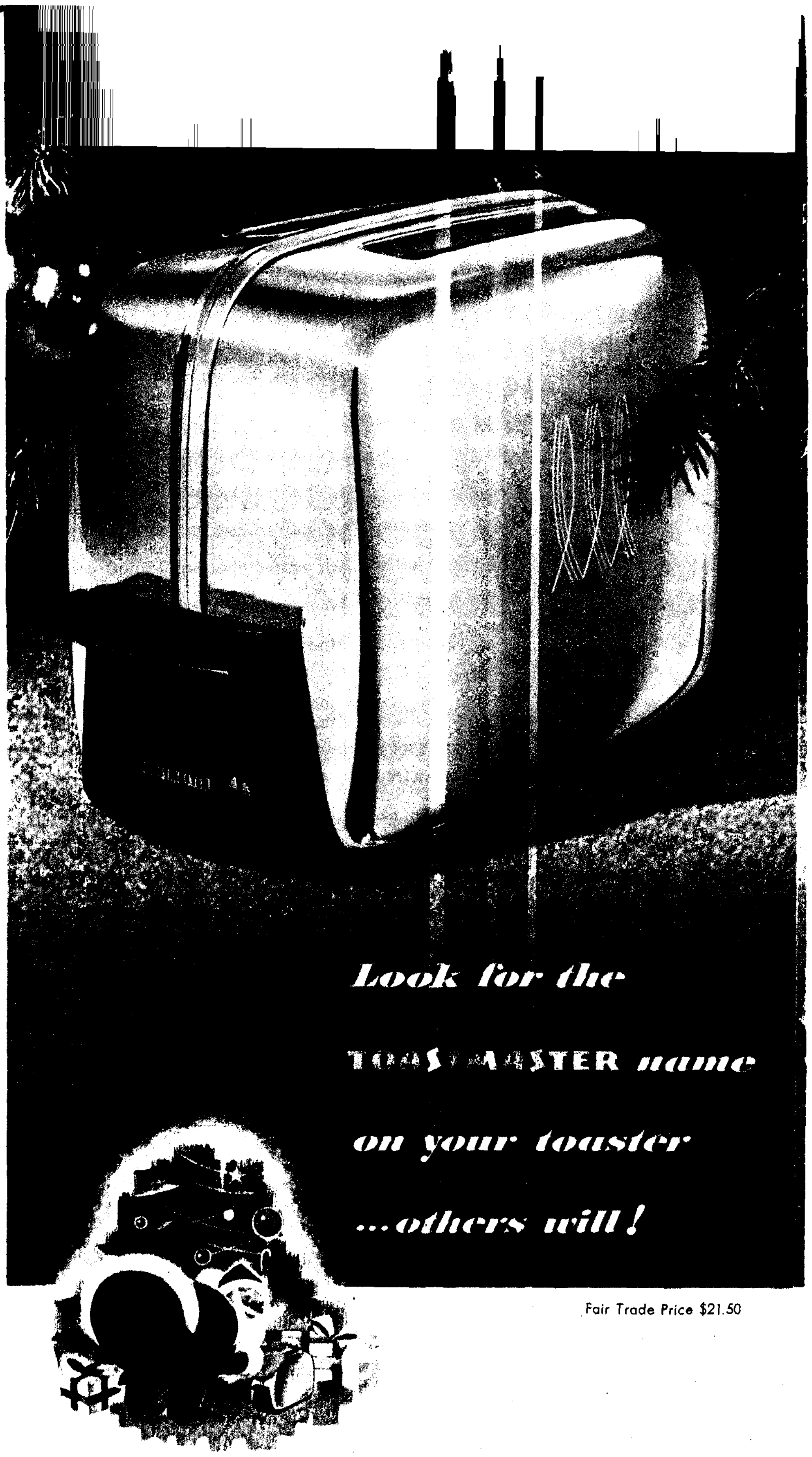
But Patton had a full appreciation of the weight-power of the Strategic Air Force, too; in the aftermath of the Saint-Lô "break-through," 1,500 of Doolittle's bombers ruptured the Normandy stalemate and shook the G.I.s loose for their rush to Paris and the Siegfried Line.

Therefore, Jimmy and Georgie were forever exploring the possibilities for another knockout of that nature, and what they hit upon turned into one of the great but comparatively unknown dramas of the war.

Together with Spaatz and Vandenberg, they concocted a break-through plan to end all break-through plans, with nothing less than the Rhine itself as the immediate goal. When the Third Army got past Metz, 1,000 of the Eighth's heavies, plus the Ninth's medium and fighter bombers, would strafe in front of it for three consecutive, murderous days. Patton and his tanks would then roar through, while the last bombs were still rumbling, and race for the coveted river. The blitz was to begin on December 19th—and they were to cross the Rhine before New Year's.

So the speculations went. But they forgot one thing: the inconsiderateness and unco-operativeness of the German General Staff!

On December 19th, Doolittle was frantically poring over maps, weather charts, and his Eighth's reports on operational strength. On the same day Patton was at Verdun, locked with Eisenhower and practically all the SHAEF brains in the grimmest conference of the war. The



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Germans had made their own breakthrough! The Battle of the Bulge was on!

No other event of his wartime service gave Doolittle more private satisfaction than the selfless fighting zeal shown by his Eighth in those waning days of 1944, when catastrophe for the ground armies was oozing bloodily westward from the storm-obscured hills of Luxemburg.

At this critical period, the Eighth was as full of faith and fire as it was sleek with organizational fitness. Striking at the roots of the Bulge's supply lines and sources, it dropped nearly 100,000 bombtons in December and January, most of them on the approaches to the Ardennes and more than 60 per cent on targets the bombardiers never saw in that zero-zero weather.

With dangerous overloads, the giant Forts and Libs staggered off from all the Eighth's bases in mornings as dark as midnight. In fog and sleet and rain so dense the pilots could not see the earth under their wheels, they steered trustingly toward the red flares that lighted the runways' limits, guiding them until they were airborne. They lumbered into a sky they couldn't—and wouldn't—see all day. Then, when they came back, they felt their way down by radio and the red flares.

Losses Didn't Halt Missions

In the first ten days of the Bulge, Doolittle's command had far more planes destroyed and crews killed in flight accidents than by enemy action. Nearly 50 per cent of the accidents were in landing, 20 per cent in take-off, and many of the rest were collisions in the air. Yet day after day, Jim was able to send off missions of 1,500 heavy bombers and 750 fighters, while the ground crews worked around the clock. On Christmas Eve, the blackest day of the Bulge, 2,056 bombers and 1,024 fighters were dispatched, the largest single mission of all time.

There are, of course, lighter sides to war for all men, even those who bear the life and death responsibility of high command. One feature of life among the Allies that gave rise, in all ranks, to a lot of hilarity was due to Eisenhower's obsession for unity and fraternalism in his Anglo-American staffs. What the Supreme Commander meant, primarily, was that he didn't want his officers and men calling one another Yank or Limey so-and-so's.

Because he is naturally a gay and sociable man, and because his business experience and foreign travels had versed him in many national mannerisms and foibles, Doolittle probably found it easier than any other top American officer to obey Eisenhower's wishes with regard to the "cousins." But, like every commander, Jim ran the risk of being done in by his worshipful assistants—some well-meaning soul like Colonel Bruce Johnson, for example, who was Doolittle's headquarters commandant in World War II, and his devoted friend since World War I.

Operational headquarters for the American invaders were provided and furnished by the British. It was up to the Yank big shots to find their own living quarters, a routine job which fell to each headquarters commandant. When Doolittle's gang arrived from the Mediterranean, therefore, Colonel Johnson took a jeep and spent his days combing the countryside for a house and grounds he deemed worthy of Jimmy.

Whenever he spotted a likely place, he would go in and try to persuade the folks to move out, so that the great American air general could move in. Not from want of a spirit of Allied co-operativeness, but from want of another place to live, the folks invariably kicked Bruce out.

Finally he came upon just the right joint—a dream! He was determined not to be turned away this time, even if he had to pull a gun on 'em. A dignified civilian opened the door, and Bruce launched a fast and fulsome spiel, not too delicately suggesting the notable honor he was conferring upon the gentleman and his family by letting them abandon their home for Jimmy.

For ten minutes the civilian got no word in except a helpless "But—but—but—"

Presently when Bruce's wind faltered, the man managed to blurt, "Really, old chap, I've been trying to tell you that we'd like nothing better than to help—hands across the sea, and so on. But this is the home of Air Chief Marshal Sir Arthur Harris, head of the R.A.F. Bomber Command, and I don't quite see how he could conveniently vacate, even for his distinguished American colleague, do you?"

The day after Germany surrendered, King George VI and Queen Elizabeth paid a congratulatory visit to Doolittle's headquarters. Protocol demanded that the headquarters commandant must open the door of Their Majesties' car, salute as they stepped out, and mutter a few gracious phrases of welcome. Bruce got shined and polished from cap to chukkas and was prancing around and practicing long before the royal arrival.

An "Incident" Was Avoided

Almost too late, Jim remembered that Bruce suffered a slight speech impediment—and so did His Majesty! Here were the makings of a scene that might be considered the worst American gag since the Boston Tea Party, get Jim and his staff flung into the Tower of London, and curdle the White House milk. Jim hastily collared Bruce: "Look, it's all right for you to open their car door. But I'm warning you! Don't you dare open your ——— ——— mouth or try to say one ——— ——— word, or I'll have you court-martialed! No, damn it, I'll shoot you—myself!"

Several days later, Doolittle started for Okinawa in the Pacific, his job in Europe finished. Reviewing it, he knew there had been some mistakes—in judgment, in target selections, in failures t follow up, in underestimation of the enemy's ability to come back under fire, in exaggerated claims by air enthusiasts But after all, it had been the first war fo strategic air force. Proof of its very rea success, in making possible eventua over-all Allied success, would be told b Chief of Staff Marshall in one sentenc of his final report: ". . . Our long campaign against the *Luftwaffe* had greatl weakened its capacity for combat . . and there was no effective air oppositio to our *highly vulnerable* initial landings. . . ."

When Jim reached his new command with the United States Strategic Ai Force lacing Japan from the Pacific islands, his fighting leadership had circle the entire globe. He arrived on Okinaw scarcely before two atom bombs on Japan finished the cycle he had begun ther three years previously with the 16 bomb tons of his Tokyo raiders; and the finis of his personal cycle was marked as h stood upon the deck of the battleshi Missouri, with General MacArthur an more and gaudier brass than he had eve seen jammed in one lump, to watch th Japs sign their surrender.

The fighting over, Jim "wanted out" a eagerly as any other civilian. He is bac at his vice-presidential desk with She Union Oil Corporation now; back to th business of peace, which he finds infinitely more adventurous and excitin than the business of war.

THE END

With this last installment in the series o articles on General Doolittle, the autho W. B. Courtney, and the editors of Collier wish to express their thanks and appreci tion to Brigadier General J. S. Allard, lif long friend and military associate General Doolittle, who served as chief a viser and collaborator with Mr. Courtn during the many weeks of preparation a writing.

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THE EISENHOWERS OF KANSAS

Continued from page 19

What led young Roy to work after school in a drugstore in Abilene and what convinced him that one day he would own a prosperous drugstore of his own?

What gave young Earl the restless determination to see the world from the engine room of a tramp steamer and to go on from there to be an engineer when kids he'd gone to school with in Abilene became salesmen or merchants?

What brought forth in the sensitive Milton the qualities that made him a vice-consul to Edinburgh at twenty-six and two years later led to his appointment as assistant to the Secretary of Agriculture?

The geneticists say firmly that the determining factor in the success—or failure—of any family is heredity. The behaviorists say just as emphatically that environment is the important thing. One who reads the arguments of each might well come to the conclusion that both heredity and environment contribute greatly to what a family becomes, and one might in fact use the Eisenhower family of Kansas as an example.

You might come to that conclusion if you were to spend a few days in Abilene with the men and women who grew up with the Eisenhower boys, and with the older citizens of the town who knew David and Ida Eisenhower, their parents, and who still remember Jacob Eisenhower, grandfather of the boys.

A House of Friendliness

If you spent hours inside the plain white house on East Fourth Street where David and Ida brought their sons up and fingered the books that David loved to read and saw the wall plaques of glass on which the mother had painted (one on the wall by the door reads revealingly, "Call Again"), you'd somehow feel the friendliness of the house and you might get a hint of the things that contribute to the growth of a family in America.

The rooms are exactly as they were in 1942 when Ida Eisenhower died, and the whole house is furnished with utter simplicity—a simplicity which intensifies rather than contradicts an impression of comfort. Some of the rugs were woven by Mrs. Eisenhower and two of them by her husband's uncle, Frederick Eisenhower, who died in 1884. In the bookcase there is an old German Bible that may be the only tangible link with the ancient past of the family.

Perhaps it was brought to this country in 1741 on the good ship Europa (Captain Lumsdaine of Rotterdam commanding) by Hans Nicol Eisenhauer (that is how his name was spelled in the ship's log).

Hans Nicol was born in Germany but he lived in Switzerland and later in Holland. It was from a Dutch port that the Europa sailed. There has been much speculation as to the origin of the family name. In the Germany of medieval times men were often named after their trade. *Eisenhauer* in German means, literally, "iron striker"—a warrior who wielded an iron weapon, or possibly a "worker in iron."

Unconcerned with Ancestry

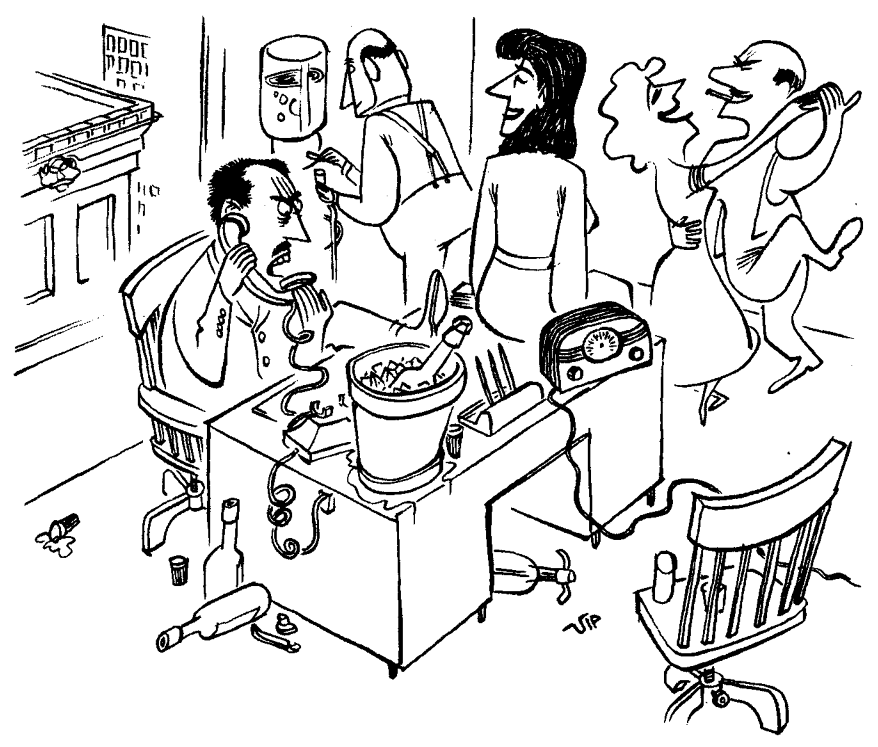
Whatever its exact meaning, the name which sounds so much like a German-Jewish family title is not a common one; there are only three Eisenhauers in the New York telephone book and only two Eisenhowers. So far as the family knows they have no Jewish ancestors but this is a question that doesn't concern the five brothers much. They live very much in the present; not at all in the past.

I was with the general once in London when a letter arrived from his brother Milton, then with the OWI in Washington. The general read it, roared with laughter, and then read a passage from it to me.

"I was at a cocktail party here in Washington," he read, "given by one of those real old dowagers. She said very nicely to me, 'You must come from a fine family, young man. You have an important job here and your brother is leading our troops abroad and I understand another brother is a banker. What a pity it is that you Eisenhowers are Jewish!' I looked at her, sighed unhappily and said, 'Ah, madam, what a pity it is that we aren't!' "

General Eisenhower chuckled when he put the letter down. "How about that, Milton? Wasn't that a wonderful answer to give the old battle-ax? I'd forgotten that there were people like that still in the world."

But to return to the old Bible. If Hans brought it to this country he lugged it to Lancaster County in Penn-



COLLIER'S "Well, it just so happens that I am at the office!" VIRGIL PARTCH

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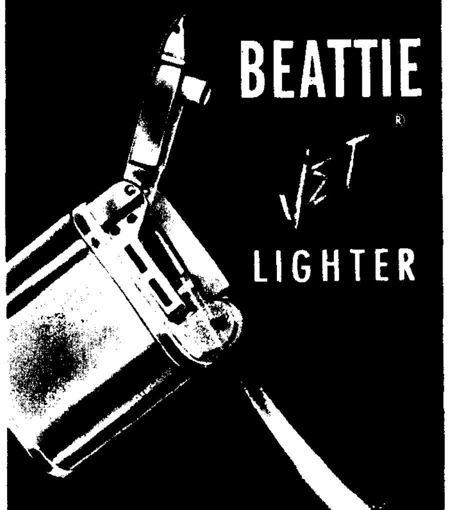

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sylvania where he built himself a house and became a farmer. He arrived there in troubled times, and in 1756 his home was burned by Indians. What happened to the book then? Hans may have given it to his friend, the Reverend John Caspar Stoever, pastor of the Lutheran church at Jonestown.

It is a strange quirk of fate that an Eisenhower and a Stoever were friends in 1756. The sons of Hans Eisenhauer went west to Kansas, and the Stoevers migrated to Virginia. The paths of their descendants remained separate for a hundred years, until the eyes of a shy young man, David Eisenhower, fell upon the face of Ida Elizabeth Stover (somewhere the family had lost one "e" in its name) who had just come from Virginia. They were married in 1885 and became the parents of today's Eisenhower family.

Heritage of Independence

There is one quality that marks all of the sons: a strong sense of independence and their insistence upon individual rights. The Eisenhowers have always been individualists, from the time old Frederick the weaver pulled up his roots in Pennsylvania and brought his family to Kansas.

And the Stovers, too, were people who had minds of their own. Ida Stover was strong enough to persuade her parents that she wanted a college education. This was something rare for women in the last century. So she enrolled at Lane University and a kindly fate made her a fellow student of David Eisenhower.

Ida's parents had been independent enough to abhor slavery and to say so publicly. That was during the Civil War when they lived in Virginia, a state in which such radical thinking was not taken lightly. Mother Ida Eisenhower was independent all right and even when her son Dwight began to climb the ladder toward military greatness it did not deter her from expressing strong views on the evil and stupidity of war.

But something more than mere ancestry molded the Eisenhowers. And if you spend a few days in Abilene you'll feel that the warmth, the humor and the high regard for people, which characterizes them, may well be the product of living in Abilene. It is a friendly town, filled with friendly people.

Sit around with genial Charlie Case, a retired stockman, and Bill Steel, a clothing merchant, and Laraine Long, an investment broker, and Charlie Harger, publisher of the Abilene Reflector-Chronicle, and Attorney Paul Rayer, and Postmaster Jim Robson (who played on the football team with Earl) and Emmett Graham, who operates an automobile finance company, and a few others who knew the boys when they were growing up. Then you'll realize that no boy gets the firm foundations on which to build his life, from his ancestry alone.

We sat around the table at Emmett Graham's house one night, eating a lot of pheasant which Emmett and Long had shot two days before, and I listened to a hundred tales of the Eisenhowers as boys.

The more I heard the more I realized that these had been five very normal kids; they didn't like school and they did like fishing. They were not averse to tossing a rock through a neighbor's window on the North Side, and they never ducked a fight. They hated to climb into their Sunday clothes and they were much happier playing baseball than they were at Sunday school. Except for Milton, none of them was an exceptional scholar, although Ike once got a perfect mark in geometry at high school.

When they had arguments among themselves they settled them as American kids have always settled arguments —with their fists. Edgar and Ike probably had fifty fights with each other and Ike says ruefully that he is still trying for his first victory. Nor as they grew older were they model youths. They flirted with the girls of the town and none of them had any particular objection to taking a drink or sitting in on a poker game. They accepted the moral tenets, not the strong religious dogma of their parents and they live by those tenets today.

No one can say that he was ever cheated by an Eisenhower; no one can say that he was done an injustice or even an unkindness by an Eisenhower. This is the verdict of those who have known the five all their lives.

Listening to the neighbors as they talked about Arthur and Edgar and Ike and Earl and Milton I learned a great deal about those brothers.

"Remember the time Dwight hurt his leg so bad," someone recalled, chuckling. "Swelled up like a balloon and looked like they'd have to amputate it. But Dwight wouldn't let 'em. He had a high fever and he knew he was getting delirious, so he made Edgar promise to sit there by his bed and keep the doctor from cuttin' off that leg. And by golly, Edgar did, and somehow the leg got better of its own accord."

"Always raisin' hell, those two," another recalled. "Look at this yearbook of the high school in 1909 when Ed and Ike graduated. That's Edgar—his nickname was Big Ike. And there's Dwight—they called him Little Ike. Their mother hated those nicknames."

"Milton was a bright kid," someone broke in. He turned to Charlie Harger. "You gave Milton his first job, didn't you, Charlie?"

The eighty-four-year-old publisher nodded. "Yes, I guess I did at that. He worked for me on the Reflector-Chronicle and he was always asking questions. He kept on asking questions when he got to Kansas State, and that's when he met Doctor Jardine who helped him a lot, though, mind you, Milton never needed too much help."

It was Dr. William H. Jardine, then president of Kansas State, who recognized the potentialities in the questing, restless mind of Milton and whose influence made him successively college instructor, vice-consul and assistant to the Secretary of Agriculture.

"Of course everyone was glad to help any son of David's," Charlie Case said. "He was a well-liked man in this town—a good man."

The personality of the boys' father, David Eisenhower, at first shadowy, began to have substance as they talked of him and after a while I began to have a lot of respect for him.

Portrait of Their Father

In most stories written about the Eisenhowers David is referred to as an engineer. Actually David Eisenhower was an engineer only in the sense that he took care of the machinery at the Belle Springs Creamery. During the time he was raising a family David never made more than $125 a month, but none of his sons remembers ever having been hungry as a child.

He was deeply religious but in later years he didn't completely accept the teachings of the River Brethren, so called because the original founders of the sect lived on the banks of the Susquehanna River in Pennsylvania. All of the Eisenhowers before him had belonged to this strict church which stressed the virtues of self-denial and which considered extravagance or drinking or even the wearing of bright dresses by women as sinful.

David's father, Jacob, had been a preacher in the sect and David's interest in religion is revealed in the books that still stand in his bookcase. Among them there is even a well-thumbed copy of the Talmud, which stands between

Dwight Moody's Pulpit Echoes and Biblical Tales. But David's almost mystical preoccupation with religion and his fervent search for a faith to which he could give complete allegiance never interfered with his intelligent handling of his sons.

He couldn't give them spending money but he could and did assign a small plot of land to each of them. After school each boy raised vegetables on his particular plot and when the crop matured he would sell his corn and cucumbers and keep the proceeds. During summer when school was out each of the boys took full-time jobs either on a farm or at the creamery or on the Abilene Reflector-Chronicle.

The one job they all hated was that of lighting the stove at 5:00 on winter mornings. David rotated that task among the boys, each serving two weeks. David was strict—but fair. Everyone in town remembers him as an amiable man. He had a horror of debt and he insisted upon paying cash for everything. He was gentle and lacking in the dynamic vitality of his wife; but he died without ever having made an enemy.

The talk went back again to the boys and someone mentioned that it was Phil Heath, then publisher of the Reflector-Chronicle, who gave Ike his chance to enter West Point. "Phil went to see Senator Bristow and talked the senator into recommending Ike. Of course Ike had to pass an examination but he needed approval by a senator too, and Phil Heath attended to that. Don't think Ike ever forgot it either. Ike never forgot a friend or anyone who had ever helped him or any of his brothers."

"Remember way back when Edgar was so set on going to law school?" someone chuckled. "David never did know where his son got the money for his entrance fee. He got it from his Uncle Chris."

Uncle Chris was Chris Musser, who had married Amanda Eisenhower, David Eisenhower's sister. Uncle Chris had aught the boys at Sunday school, and when Edgar had made up his mind to be lawyer, he had come through with the 200 necessary to enter the University of Michigan.

Uncle Chris's daughter Florence mar-ied Ray Etherington and now they live in just about the nicest house in Abilene. It is completely furnished with authen-c early American pieces and in the itchen is a big "dough tray" (used for he rising of dough) that the Eisenhower oys gave cousin Florence when they urned the family home over to the town o be part of the Eisenhower Memorial Foundation. Charming Florence Etherington told me that neither Edgar nor Dwight ever forgot her father's kindness in helping Edgar when he needed help badly.

"Yes, lots of people helped the boys," Charlie Case went on. "But that isn't anything extraordinary around here or anywhere else in America, I guess. Hardly any boy ever grew up without help from his folks or his neighbors. Take Bill Sterl here." Case chuckled. "Ike once told me that more than once Bill gave him and his brothers clothes on credit. Well, Bill has done that to dozens of young fellows here in town. It wasn't just the Eisenhower boys."

"I always got paid in full," Bill Sterl said, smiling.

"No man can go it alone," Charlie Case said. "I'd say the Eisenhowers were typical of most families. They were always helping each other out."

Just a Good American Family

Well, that about wraps it up. Forget that Dwight is a world-famous figure and in him and his brothers you've got just another good American family that has evolved through generations. Always, no matter how far back you go, you'll find Eisenhowers and Stovers who refused to follow the mass of the crowd blindly. They realized that the important thing was not to follow but to make an individual effort to think things through.

No man in history ever had such pressure put on him as Dwight D. Eisenhower when his name was put forth as a possible candidate for President.

His brothers were all importuned to urge him to run, but they just shook their heads smilingly. Pressure? How could you put pressure on an Eisenhower who was convinced that he was right?

Out in Abilene, Emmett Graham told me of a reporter who had come to town from Kansas City to interview Mrs. Eisenhower just after her son Dwight had been made General of the Armies. She was just beginning to fail then but she saw the reporter because, after all, he'd come all that way from Kansas City to talk to her.

"Tell me, Mrs. Eisenhower," he asked confidently, "what do you think of your famous son now?"

She looked up, considered the question and then with complete honesty asked in a puzzled tone, "Which son do you mean?"

It takes a lot of families like the Eisenhowers to make up a great country but we've got them. We're lucky. We've got them all over the land. ❑❑❑

LANDMARK IN AVIATION

NEXT week Collier's will dramatically present the story of aviation in a variety of articles and vivid art. Timed to coincide with the forty-fifth anniversary of man's first flight in a heavier-than-air craft, the issue will mark the return of the Wright plane to the United States and the presentation of the Collier Trophy, America's highest aeronautical award.

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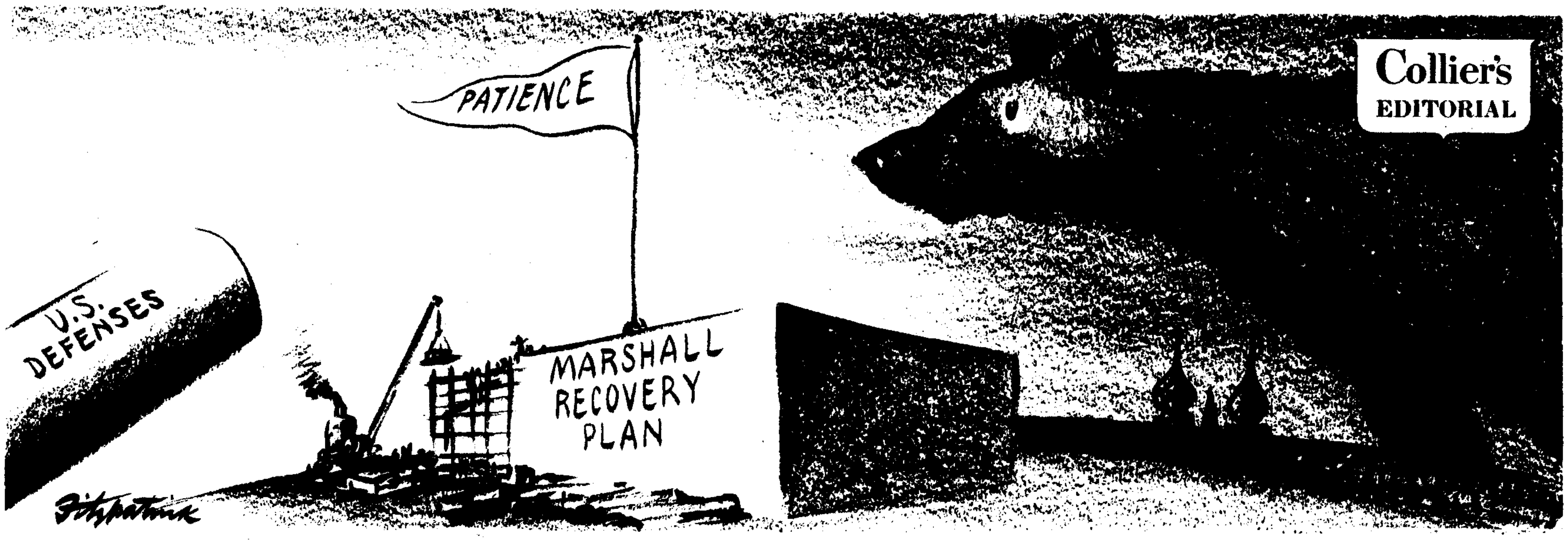


Collier's
EDITORIAL

Collier's believes...

RUSSIA SCOWLS AT ALASKA: IF YOU looked at the Russian airfields and military concentrations just across the Bering Sea from Alaska, you might reasonably guess that Russia was planning to attack the United States.

The Russians don't invite us to look. The Russians have never favored nor even permitted inspection. That is the real reason Stalin, Molotov and the Politburo rejected Bernard M. Baruch's plan for the international control of atom-bomb manufacture. To control bomb making you have to inspect establishments capable of producing bombs. The Russians even in the days of the czars feared inspection. They reject it now.

Still on a clear sunny day it is possible without spying to observe the concentration of Russian forces on the western side of the Bering Sea. Frank L. Kluckhohn, flying with American Air Force aviators along international routes, did have the chance to see what the Russians are doing on the Siberian side of the straits. Their efforts are impressive, as Mr. Kluckhohn's article in this week's Collier's makes very plain.

The fortification of Russian territory so close to Alaska is not by any means an announcement of Russian intention to attack Alaska. We have very considerable air forces in Alaska. We certainly do not intend to attack Russia or Siberia. We want peace, not peace at any price, but peace at almost any price short of surrendering our freedom and independence.

A very well-informed statesman recently guessed that the chances of Russia's forcing war upon us were no more than one in four. That certainly does not make war unavoidable. It does suggest a serious risk. We might well be frank about the world situation and the hazards that confront us. At the moment Russia is the only power capable of waging war on a large scale against the United States.

We don't want war. Does Russia? Nobody outside Russia can answer that question. Possibly nobody inside Russia can answer it. Let's look at the evidence.

Russia is on the move. Russia, the sleeping giant through so many centuries, is animated by a proselyting evangelical zeal in behalf of Communism. Marx, Engels, Lenin are studied, quoted, interpreted as though they were great religious leaders.

Marxism is a godless economic religion. It has possessed the Russians and the ruling classes of all the near-by countries in middle Europe. Russian-trained Chinese have all but conquered China. Communist unrest has disaffected large areas in Burma, Malaya and other lands in Asia and the South Pacific. The Communistic missionaries, whatever their race, look to Moscow for guidance and inspiration and definite instruction. Even Henry Agard Wallace in the last campaign followed the Moscow line precisely. What Henry Wallace did in the United States other politicians, dupes or otherwise, are doing about the world.

We have no proselyting ambitions for our own economic way of life. We think we produce more and distribute more fairly than Russia or any other people. But we do not want to impose our system on anybody else. Russia is expansive—on the prowl. We are content to live and let live.

But will we be allowed to live in peace?

Russia fishes in troubled waters. Russia keeps waters troubled. It is easier and infinitely cheaper to obstruct than it is to rebuild. The Marshall idea of aiding Europe to re-establish its producing power requires money. Billions of dollars, that we provide.

What is the answer for us? Not surrender to Communism. That is certain. Not abandonment of our friends who cherish the same ideas of right and freedom that sustain us. That would be merely another form of surrender, and not a bold nor honorable variety. What then can we do?

Probably we shall find our way out by doing even better what we are now trying. Keep our heads clear.

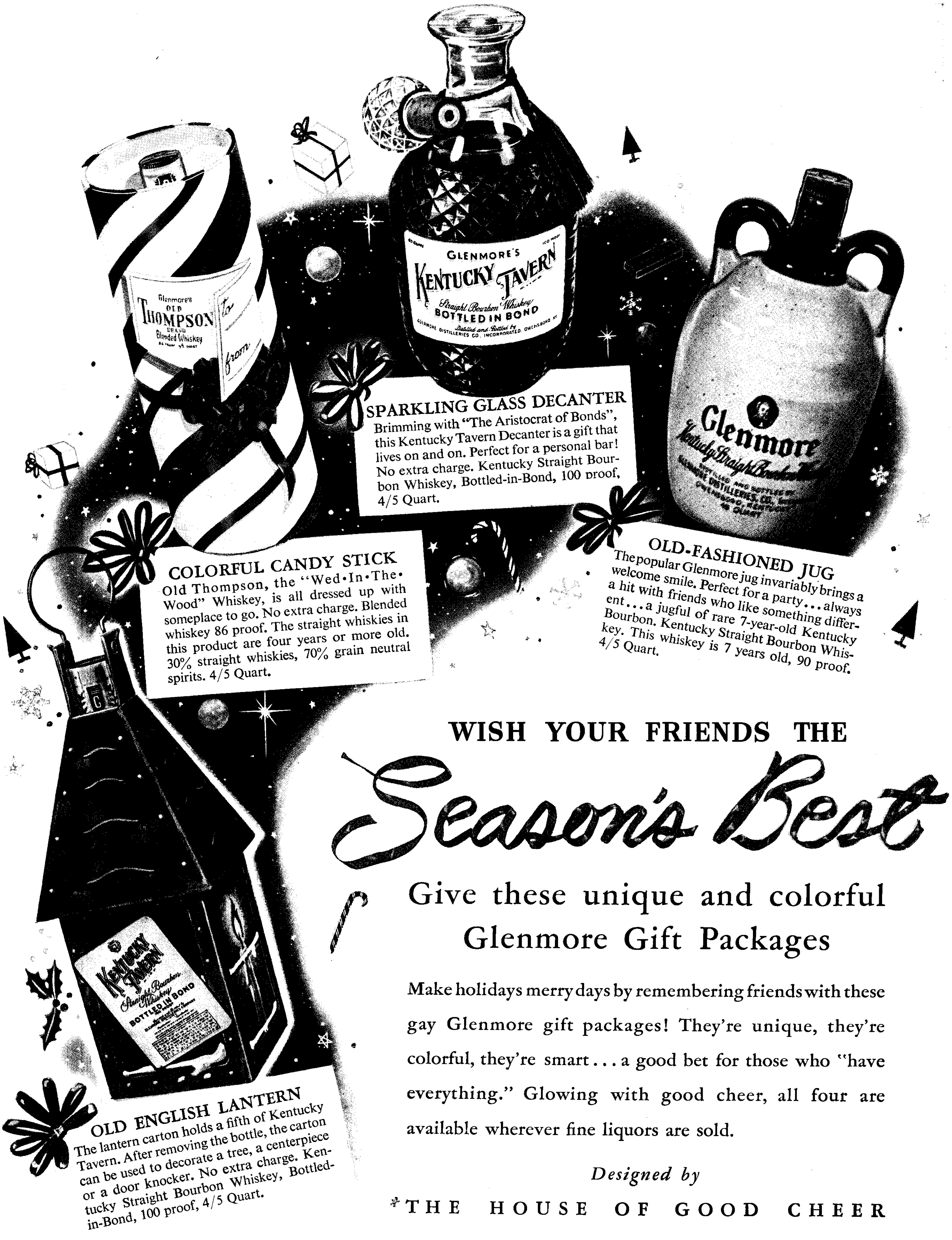
We shall have to continue to act as Americans and not as some other people. That means that we shall have to continue to help those European countries that are seeking to help themselves. Wherever we have influence we should use it on the side of removing the causes of discontent which make submerged masses Communist bait in many lands. We did well along these lines in the Philippines and we know the technique.

Most of all we shall have to keep well prepared against attack so that an act of aggressive war against us will not seem to Russia an inviting speculation.

Hardest of all we shall have to keep our national temper and reconcile ourselves to the fact that Russians doubtless will continue to be difficult, unpleasant and obstructive for some years to come. Foolish, impatient men could easily blunder into a war, but informed, disciplined statesmen can probably avoid a war in this most difficult period of history.

At such a time we expect great things of our rulers. We count on their steadiness, their wisdom to see us through great danger. We owe them generous, patient and understanding support that will make their great tasks endurable and ultimately successful. . . . W. L. C.

☆ ☆ ☆ "It is the aim of Collier's to reflect impartially the best contemporary thought and *on its own behalf to speak fearlessly without partisanship on all questions affecting the nation's welfare.* It aims furthermore to keep always before its readers a high, sane and cheerful ideal of American citizenship." . . . ROBERT J. COLLIER ☆ ☆ ☆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